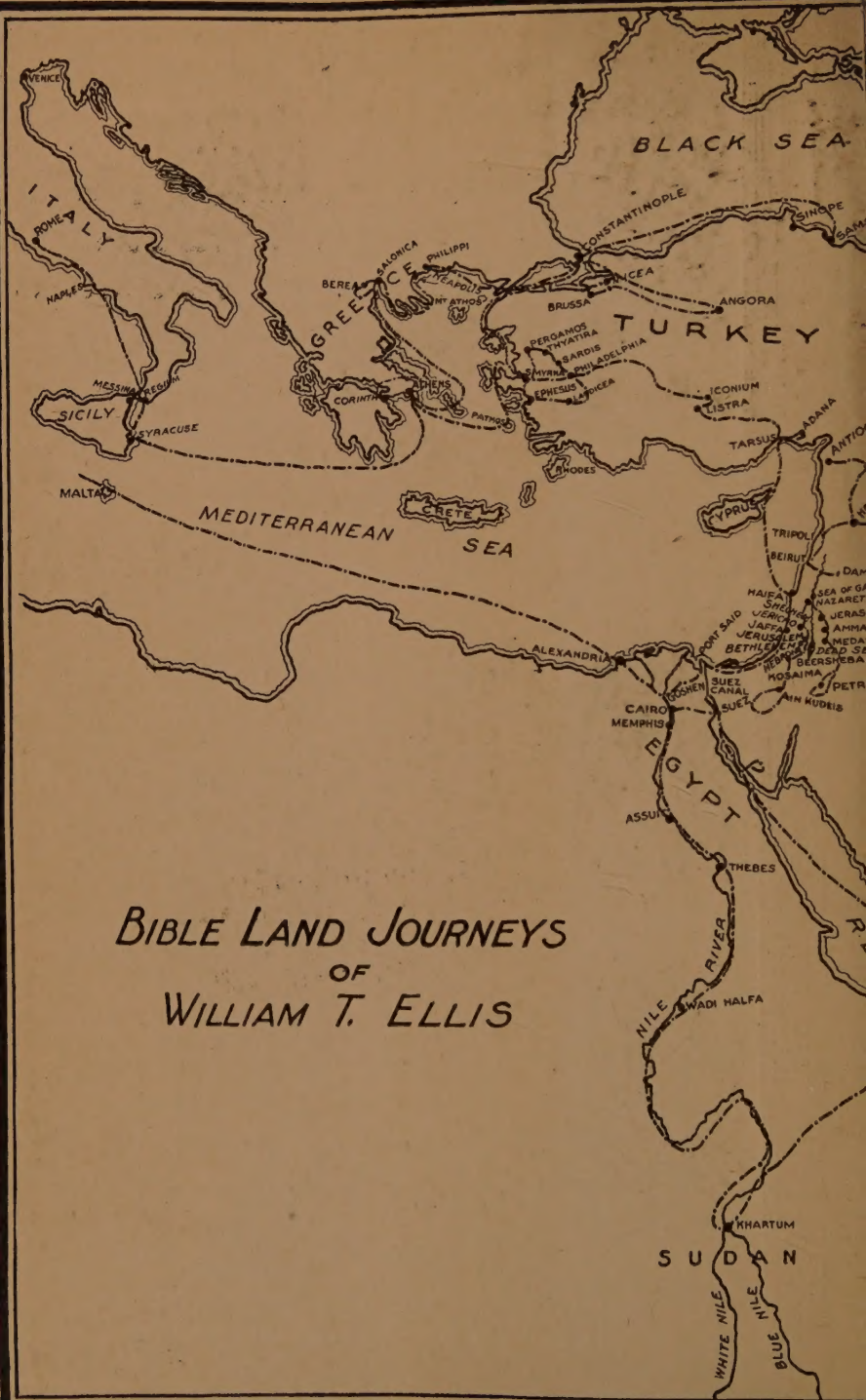
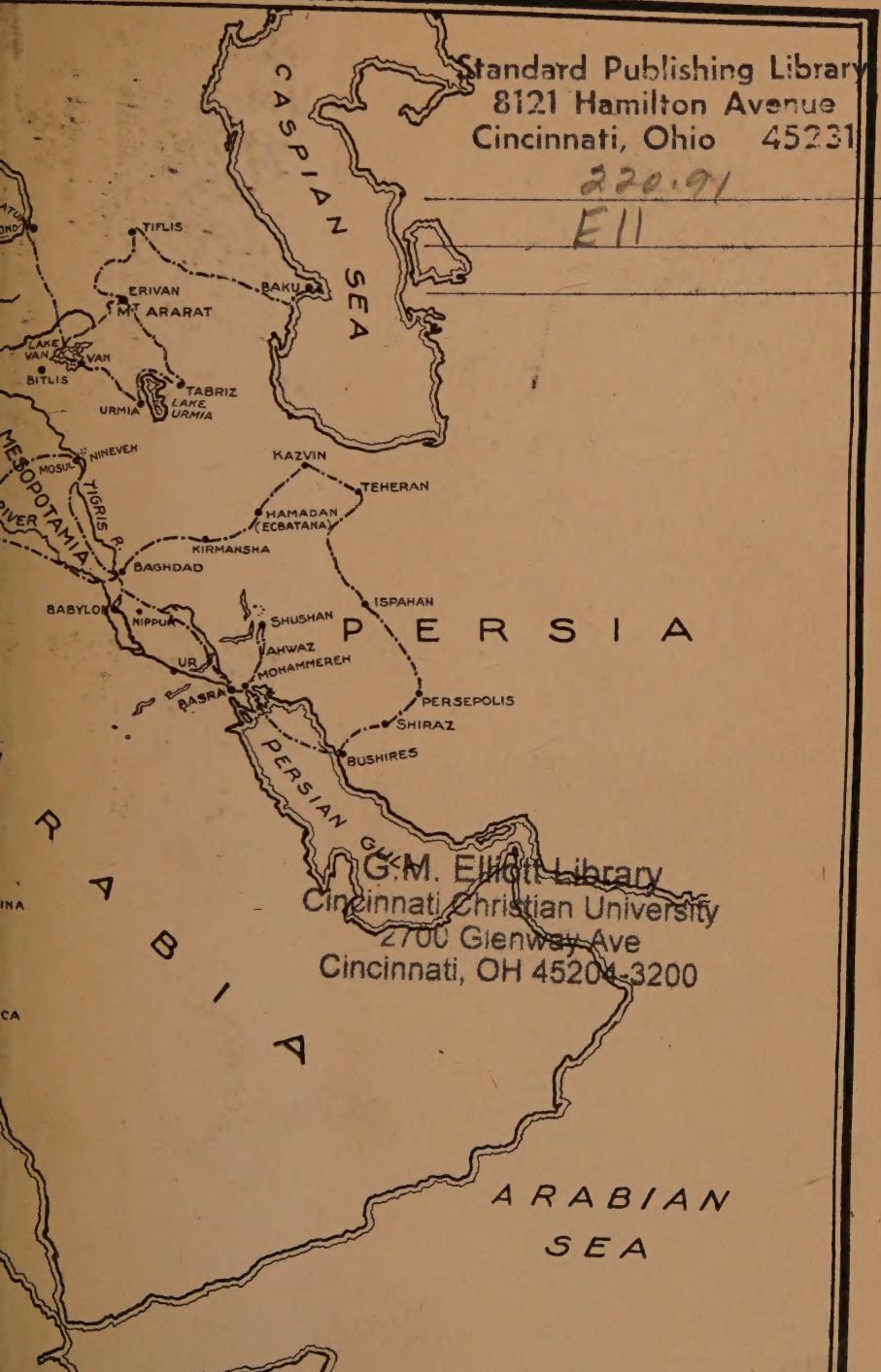


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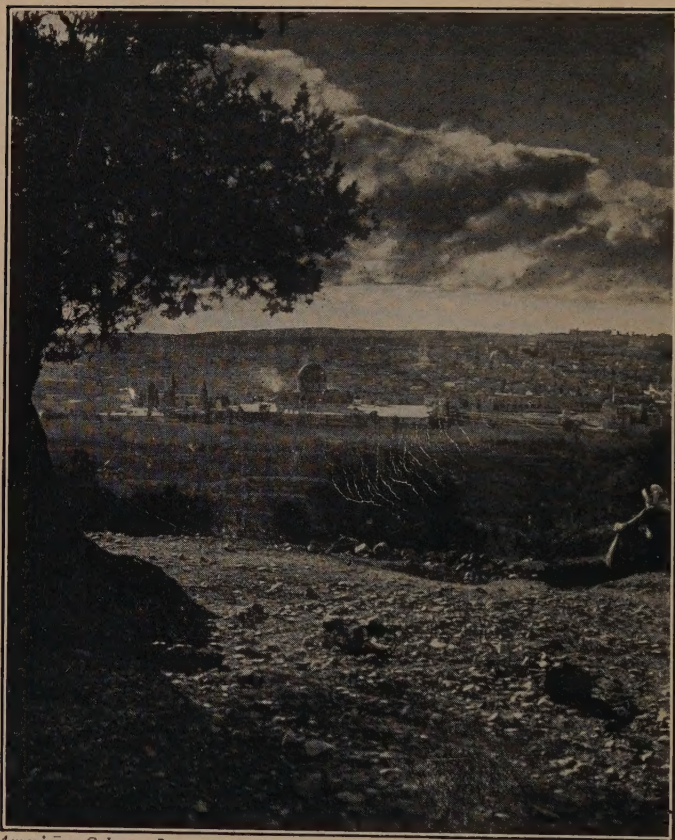
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VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM OLIVET.

BIBLE LANDS TO-DAY

BY

WILLIAM T. ELLIS



D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK :: LONDON :: MCMXXVII

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TO
THE WIFE WHO WENT ALONG
AND
TO THE LITTLE DAUGHTER
WHO STAYED BEHIND
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

AS THE AUTHOR SEES IT

FELLOW craftsmen may charge me with having been wasteful of material, in having crowded into this one volume the possible contents of half a dozen books. There is enough of wayfaring adventure here to make a fat travel book.

Our spectacular "finds" in mid-Sinai, of Kadesh-Barnea and of the forgotten City of Esbeita, are entitled to a volume by themselves.

Even if we had gone only to Hierapolis, in Central Turkey, with its Niagara of stone, one of the world's unknown wonders, or to the other ruins of "The Seven Churches of Asia," a book upon archæology in Bible Lands would have been justified.

Jerusalem, the city of memories and of moods, capital of questioning spirits the world around, which bulks so large in the following pages, has filled many books: yet its story is still new in the experience of every sojourner, to be told afresh from year to year.

It has been a grief to be obliged to condense into a few long chapters our heart-warming following of the footsteps of Jesus, in and about Galilee and Samaria and Judea, and across the Jordan to glorious Jerash. It will require more than one book's limit to exhaust the possibilities of this phase of our pilgrimage.

Because I am a journalist, and because of the "Today" in this book's title, I have had to deal fully and

PREFACE

frankly with the drama of world politics now staged in the theater of Bible Lands. Many readers will be surprised and shocked to learn of the peace-imperiling present-day doings of the European powers in the Near East. Civilization is entitled to the truth about all international affairs. So I have stated conditions as I found them, as touching the Zionist experiment in Palestine, the French outrages in Syria, the Independence Movement in Egypt, the Nationalist Government in Turkey, the transformation of Greece, the muddle in Mesopotamia, the new day in Persia, and the "Exchange of Populations" between Turkey and Greece. Also I have portrayed the peculiar place and power of America in Bible Lands. Whoever reads this book through will have a comprehensive knowledge of the critical case of international affairs in the Near East.

First and most important of all, however, the theme of this book is the vastness and variety and vitality of Bible Lands. The record primarily concerns our pioneer journey over the entire geography of Holy Writ. We hope that we have introduced to the world a larger, clearer setting than is commonly known for the Greatest Book. However inadequately presented, here is a new apologetic for Christianity, which no serious-minded person may ignore. To know the Bible's background is to have new light upon its message; for the Bible, from first to last, carries the savor of the soil in which it grew.

Except where otherwise indicated, the illustrations are from our own photographs.

THE AUTHOR.

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BIBLE LANDS TO-DAY

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CHAPTER I

OVER EARTH'S OLDEST HIGHWAYS



PERHAPS it was the journalist's instinct for a "scoop" that set us off on this unprecedented tour of the whole extent of Bible Lands; but before the quest had ended the mere travel feat had been subordinated to mighty meanings and messages of a land still freighted with spiritual significance and with political portentousness to the living day.

We found more than we looked for.

Why we have had no predecessors on this eventful and wonderful journey is not easy to explain. When one considers the long Christian centuries wherein pilgrimage to sacred sites was counted a supreme act of religious devotion it seems incredible that nobody has ever before sought to master in one consecutive journey all the far-flung lands of the Scripture.

Of pious pilgrims to little Palestine there have been uncounted millions: all of the familiar holy places of the Holy Land are monumented shrines, and have been so for centuries. Zeal for visiting the land of our Lord has been responsible for an almost unbroken stream of pilgrims for nearly two millennia. This was the lure that caused the history-transforming Crusades of the Middle Ages; and more wars and political

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imperialism than an American Christian cares to contemplate. Nevertheless, I cannot find that anybody, be he saint or palmer or soldier or scholar or adventurer or archæologist or explorer, has ever left record of having traversed, at one time, the full course of the geography of the Old and New Testaments.

"Travel is easier in these days of the auto," the reader naturally comments. True enough; yet men fared farther afoot, or riding quadrupeds, in the ancient caravan days, when the great trade routes of the known world stretched from Britain to Peking. A new admiration for the hardihood and initiative of the travelers and traders of long-ago and simpler days is awakened in the person who, with no little difficulty, penetrates from Europe into untraveled Asia, only to find that he is on the beaten track of the dead centuries. What our day acclaims as spectacular achievements of airplane and automobile, in covering the vast waste spaces of the East, was done with monotonous and unremarked frequency by the armies of the conquerors of long ago. The Bible record itself surges from Mesopotamia and Persia across Arabia and the Mediterranean countries to the seats of imperial power in Macedonia, Greece and Rome.

The route of Jonah's journey from the Mediterranean to the Tigris was, for instance, sensationally exploited when recently first covered by automobiles; although no allusion was made to the reluctant prophet who traversed it long ago. The telegraph told the press of the world the tale of the first Jerusalem-to-Bagdad motor trip: yet the Hebrew exiles trudged it afoot, more than twenty-five hundred years ago. Even

OVER EARTH'S OLDEST HIGHWAYS

to this day, the lowly donkey and the inscrutable camel must be credited with longer "runs" than the ubiquitous automobile. Bible times were travel times. Only the prevalent ignorance of geography keeps students of the Scriptures from being amazed at the extent and variety of the journeys of the characters in literature's supreme Story. Abraham was more of an adventurer than men who to-day write "F.R.G.S." after their names. Paul's journeys were imperial in extent, as well as in consequences.

What may be termed the flesh-and-bloodness of Bible personalities emerges as a clear impression from a tracing of their travels. Nobody can make a traveler believe that robust-hearted old Paul, with his eagle eye for life's deeper meanings, as well as for its outward expressions, did not really enjoy himself as he pursued his perilous itineraries. Any one familiar with the earth's byways, as well as with its highways, will declare that his memories of Europe's capitals and famous "sights" have grown stale; but that his days and nights on the desert, or amidst the mountains, or on storm-tossed native craft of many seas; and his conflicts with robbers and with hunger and cold, abide as his real travel treasures. Who can doubt that, amidst the commonplace quiet of humdrum life at Hebron, young Esau and Jacob were often regaled by Isaac's tales of Abraham's adventures, as he pioneered his way from Ur of the Chaldees, in the lower Mesopotamian Valley, to Haran on the highlands; and then, later, down through ever restless and adventure-filled Canaan to the repose of the encampment by the Oak of Mamre. Waste no pity on pilgrims for the

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perils they meet: for these are far outweighed by the pleasures.

This volume would be justified were it simply a demonstration of the vastness and variety and vitality of what may be called Bible Lands. It pushes the horizon of Scripture students far out beyond the conventional confines of the Holy Land; by which is meant, usually, only Palestine. The unique Book, which never commanded more public attention than to-day, ranged over practically the whole of the then known world. It did business with the great empires of its era. One of the constantly recurring temptations which beset us in our ten months in Bible Lands was the allurements of other history than that of Scripture. Not a square mile of Bible geography but is overlaid with the enticing experiences of the centuries. There is scarcely a single conspicuous figure of the classical period who did not at some time or other beckon to us from some spot which we were considering from the standpoint of its Scriptural associations. The roads we traveled, in trailing Bible characters, were also the roads that had echoed to the feet of famous soldiers and statesmen and scholars and other leaders of the human race. Every era and epoch of past glory spoke to us from tumbled or excavated ruins. Imagine having to pass Babylon with only a few allusions in its relation to the Hebrew story! And in Athens and in Rome and in Angora and in Ephesus and in Sardis and in Shushan and in Persepolis and in Amman and in Jerash, we felt obliged to shut out from full and leisurely consideration all of the epochal meanings of these seats of

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destiny, except such as are directly related to the theme we had assigned ourselves. An overflowing sense of the interrelation of the Bible's background with the background of all ancient history cannot be escaped by anybody who traces the old, old trails.

Whoso sets out to follow the route of the events of Scripture, soon discovers that he is literally following the oldest highways of history, the main-traveled roads of human development. Doubtless the savants have known it all along; but the plain man of affairs finds the fact fairly uncanny. All of the greatest movements of mankind that have made history, up to the fifteenth century, went over the route of the Bible Story. After the fifteenth century, the western developments which took place in the New World had their springs, definitely and avowedly, in that same Scripture.

This conviction grows steadily, until it becomes almost an obsession. Would you know the classical world? The term is interchangeable with "Bible Lands." Study a map of Alexander's conquests, or of the dominion of imperial Rome, and, lo, it coincides almost exactly with the scene of the events of the Old and New Testaments. Commerce, science, literature, art, philosophy, politics—in short, what we call "civilization"—all arose and were developed within the area of the Bible background. Really to know Bible Lands is a liberal education. For Bible Lands are also Art and Science and Commerce and History Lands. Nobody can know the maps and men of the Bible narrative without coming to know also the places and personalities which bulk largest in the

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annals of the human race. This interweaving of the sacred record with the chronicles of the nations is one of the unique characteristics of the Bible, possessed by no other religious writings.

So the truly up-to-date person is obliged to take cognizance of the places where the story of the Scriptures was enacted. Not to know them is to be uneducated. An intelligent comprehension of our own times requires a reasonable degree of familiarity with those regions which are the staple story of the Sunday schools and of the churches, and the background of all classical history.

Modern Biblical criticism sometimes forgets that the Old Testament is the best attested historical record that has survived the centuries. Only in recent decades has archæological research brought out of the storehouse of ruined and unremembered cities the long-buried records of kings and conquerors and countries and peoples to substantiate the narrative of Holy Writ. No reader of the Bible need give ground to any ignorant critic of its historicity. Although the course of the Bible events runs through at least two millenniums of time, and impinges upon the diversified life of Babylonia, Egypt, Syria, Greece and Rome, it checks up accurately whenever there is adequate authentic data with which to compare it.

All efforts to make out the Bible to be the untutored creation of a primitive and isolated group of orientals—a small book of a small people in an undeveloped era—are born of ignorance of geography and of history. Every modern discovery of archæology tends to make the ancient world older and larger and more

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sophisticated. The "skeptic," who used to say that writing was unknown in the days of Moses, is now seen as an ignoramus, even by the modern school-boy: recent diggings in Ur of the Chaldees have given us a grip on sixty-five hundred years of recorded history—and incidentally proved the Father of the Faithful to be the product of a ripe city civilization. Likewise, latest study of historical sources has shown that Jesus was no provincial Peasant, no small-town Carpenter, but that He dwelt at the confluence of the tides of His time, and that in His daily life, and in His farings-forth of ministry, He moved amidst all the outward splendors and appurtenances of the Greco-Roman life at its height. Nobody who knows the facts can escape the conclusion that the Bible, merely as a historical record, is a big book and a source book, which needs a cosmopolitan consciousness for its comprehension.

For myself, I had to go down the Appian Way, and through Paul's cities in Greece and Turkey, and to and fro in history-crowded Syria and Palestine and Egypt; and off into untraveled Arabia and mysterious Mesopotamia and remote Persia, before I could fully sense the magnitude of the truth that the Bible is a place Book. One's mind gropes for an explanation of the fact that the efforts of all the aspiring world-conquerors of the ages, from Sargon and Cyrus down to Napoleon and Kaiser William II, were either confined exclusively to, or else definitely entered into, what we know as Bible Lands. This was true not only of such monarchs as Nebuchadrezzar and Alexander and the Cæsars, but also of leaders of hordes, such as

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Jenghis Khan and Kublai Khan and Tamerlane and Othman the Turk. This same arena was the stage of the rise of great civilizations, like the Greco-Roman, the Persian, the Islamic and the Egyptian.

Here also, and most important of all, arose the three monotheistic faiths—Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Either the Creator chose to reveal Himself to mankind most definitely in this region because it is the center of human history; or else Bible Lands became the center of all history because the Creator there made Himself known to man. In the geography of God there is surely such a thing as place providence. All regions are not alike to Him.

If it may be permitted to a mere layman, who knows little except what his own travels have taught him, to make a suggestion to the theologians and religious teachers and leaders of this generation, I would say that the particular Christian apologetic for to-day does not lie within the fields of philosophy or of doctrine, but in the demonstration of the reality of the record of the Bible. This Book is proved genuine by its place references. It dealt with real people and public problems and actual scenes, as well as with the profound spiritual verities. In devotion to the latter, the Church has allowed the former to grow misty and unreal. If a thousand forceful representatives of each of the great branches of Christendom could devote a year to such a journey as we have just completed, over the entirety of the Bible background, the effect upon every single one of the problems confronting Christianity to-day would be incalculable. The Christian Church does not have enough first-hand and compre-

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hensive knowledge of the territory which must be visited before the Book itself can be fully understood. The Land interprets the Book. Fewer homilies might be needed if more facts were habitually presented in our pulpits and Bible classes. An increase of real travel by informed Christians amidst Scripture scenes (not the two-day visits to Palestine which the modern Mediterranean cruises permit); an enlargement of understanding of the historical and geographical background of Scripture; a perception of the unchanged usages amidst the peoples in these lands; and an awareness of the present problems which persist in vital acuteness at the strategic center of human life where the events of the Bible were enacted—these would result in something akin to a world-wide revival of religion. Our day is ready for such a message.

Here I come to another rather stupendous generalization, which has developed as I have journeyed, and causes me to marvel that teachers of history and of international politics can ever fail to relate their themes to this livest of all literature, the Bible. As already said, this road of the Scripture Story runs through the heart of history, contemporary as well as ancient. More current world politics may be learned in three months of travel in Bible Lands than by four years of study in a university. If one knows what the great nations are doing or designing in the Near East, he may the more easily discern what policy dominates them at home. It was in Bible Lands, the ever turbulent Balkans, where Paul had some of his most adventurous experiences, that the world was set on fire in 1914. To-day there are more smoldering flames,

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potential of world conflagration, in Bible Lands than in all the earth besides. A short cut to comprehension of world politics is a place study of the Bible. It seems as if an inscrutable Providence had designed that this little fragment of the earth's surface should always be central and pivotal to human affairs.

In Bible Lands a man is in the midst of the facts of international relations which in the West are only shadowy theories or policies or propaganda. In all of its red rawness, imperialism confronts the traveler. Intrigue that is concealed in Geneva, Paris and London is known by its results to even the peasants in the Near East. Soft and sweet words are put forth in European capitals to represent the attitude of the great nations toward one another, and toward the little peoples. Machiavelli's bones may be buried in the Church of the Holy Cross, in Florence; but his spirit still dwells in the chancelleries of Europe. A fog of diplomacy and propaganda obscures from the West what even the hamals, hunkering by the roadsides of Bible Lands, waiting for burdens for their mighty backs, discuss as obvious facts of policy on the part of the competing nations. Out here nobody, not even the tourist, can remain wholly ignorant of what Europe's projects and jealousies really mean, when wrought out into human affairs.

That theme is a book in itself; so I proceed precipitately to the generalization that all of Europe's immediate postwar projects in Bible Lands have been failures. Details may be found in subsequent chapters: but it is important to remember what happened to them all:—

OVER EARTH'S OLDEST HIGHWAYS

The Lloyd George-Veniselos scheme for the annexation of Western Turkey to Greece was a complete and ignominious and tragic collapse, carrying down with it the British government of the day.

France's assumption of control over Cilicia and Syria has resulted in abdication of the former, and such a shameful, costly experience in the latter that a large *bloc* of public opinion in France is calling for a withdrawal from Syria.

Italy is entirely out of Anatolia.

All of the elaborate schemes for an expansive "Armenian homeland" have fizzled out into the Soviet Republic of Armenia in the Caucasus, now an integral part of Bolshevik Russia.

Great Britain's romantic project for the hegemony of Arabia has cost literally barrels of shining golden sovereigns, and consequent wars and the downfall of her puppet kings, and the rise of a new "strong man," and the alienation of the friendship of the Moslem world.

The working out of Zionism has satisfied nobody, least of all the Zionists.

Down Babylon way, in Irak, with its oil, Great Britain's path has been strewn with rebellion and other obstacles, and the British taxpayer is clamorous for withdrawal.

British overlordship in Persia has collapsed.

In the case of Egypt, Great Britain has been forced to abandon her project of a protectorate, and to accept at least the nominal independence of the nation.

While Greece still holds the Ægean littoral of Macedonia, few students of international affairs look upon

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this condition as permanent, with thirsty Bulgaria and Yugoslavia demanding Ægean ports as their right.

That is a startling record. It means that Bible Lands people are as refractory as ever—and more resolute for recent, war-born “self-determination.” The peoples whose varying fortunes form a large part of the Old Testament narrative evidently have no intention of becoming passive pawns in impenitent Europe’s old, old game of imperialism. This little fragment of the earth’s surface called Bible Lands certainly has an uncanny habit of being forever the most up-to-date theater of world disturbance.

Ominous as is the present state of the world’s oldest highway, the very citation of the conditions through which it winds makes plain the truth that here also lies the road to world peace. This thoroughfare, which runs like a red strand interwoven into the long line of history, leads to Jerusalem, “the City of Peace.” Perilous problems cluster around it; and it traverses our day’s acutest danger spots; but, lo, its lesson is that we must go to Galilee, rather than to Geneva, to find peace. Not pacts, but purposes; not documents, but discipleship; not the maneuvering of statesmen but the mastery of the Saviour, holds promise of that new world era wherein men will abide as brothers.

“That’s mere idealism,” comments the “practical” man, as he shrugs his shoulders. Without tarrying to dwell upon the demonstrated truth that your “practical” man has been the bat-blindest figure in history, while the seers and prophets and dreamers have overturned empires and systems with their ideas; I merely point out that this oldest highway of earth, which

OVER EARTH'S OLDEST HIGHWAYS

we have been following, and which is central to the Bible Story, is the route over which traveled the Great Change that affected all subsequent history, the Gospel of Christ. The most significant fact about this thoroughfare is that it once echoed to the tread of Apostles, saints and martyrs, with their audacious program of a world made new. Theirs is the one scheme of social reconstruction that has worked at all. And theirs is the only practical plan that contains a real prospect of peace for our day. Men will have to retrace their steps to the City of Peace if they really mean to get away from war.

That rather old-fashioned truth is the newest and most important finding that has come to me along this portentous highway of the ages.

CHAPTER II

ROME



ROME holds something for everybody. She is more than a city; she is a succession and conglomeration of cities and of epochs and of interests. All are needed to make Rome the unique city that she is—Rome, the Eternal City; Rome, the artist's paradise; Rome, the archæologist's treasure trove; Rome, the historian's Golden Milestone; Rome, the Christian's Shrine City; Rome, the unplumbed problem of contemporary diplomacy and the experiment station of world-dictatorship.

Pity the poor traveler, especially if he have no more than the average American's knowledge of history and geography, who must "do" Rome in a few days. Like the blind man of Scripture, he sees men as trees walking: everything moves in a mist. Rome creates confusion of mind.

One day, in a Roman print shop, an Irish-American nun, rather homesick, accosted us, because we "talked American." In the course of a long and delightful conversation, she inquired our route; and when told that we were bound for all Bible Lands, cried enthusiastically, "Then you'll see Assisi, where St. Francis lived!"

In the midst of a guide's lecture to a party of tourists in the Colosseum, he was interrupted by the inquiry, "And will you show us where Jesus was crucified?"

ROME

A chance-met American banker, an official in a Presbyterian congregation, remarked to me in Rome, "Jesus never got to Rome, did He?"

It is apparently difficult for many tourists, amidst the jumble of Roman ruins, where everything in the past appears to have happened, their minds enclouded by blended tales of martyrs, cæsars, warriors, poets, popes and statesmen, to distinguish what history is of secular annals and what of ecclesiastical; or what is legend and what is fact.

To escape distraction, the one wise way to study Rome is to pursue a definite quest; follow a cord, as it were, through the labyrinth. Indeed, the principle holds true in all travel. Sight-seeing defeats its own object: the tourist ends up with a confused clatteration of impressions and no clear memories. He suffers from inevitable mental indigestion. Under the tyranny of a guidebook, or worse, of a two-legged guide, who usually has an open palm and open lips, but a mind that is closed (if it exists at all), the tourist attempts the dreary round of catalogued "sights" that he "must see" and at the last has accomplished little more than the privilege of sending picture post cards home to his friends. Only the person brave enough to ignore what he does not need or desire should venture on a foreign sight-seeing expedition.

The pilgrims who are crowding Rome during Holy Year—the Jubilee which recurs every quarter of a century, for the quickening of religious zeal—are more fortunate than they themselves perhaps know. They are saved from Rome's heterogeneity. While their moods and mentality and their understanding of the

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purpose of Jubilee Year differ as greatly as the type of Italian peasants and American pilgrims, they all have the one principal purpose—to make the prescribed round of prayers and of pious visits to designated sacred spots, and usually to receive the benediction of the Pope himself. A fine glow of genuine spiritual exaltation is manifested by all of them. Their religion is real, and the pilgrimage is the outstanding experience of their lives. To see large companies of them threading the corridors of the Colosseum, led by priests, and pausing at intervals for prayers, and then going forward singing the ancient Christian canticles, after the fashion of the early Christians who, so singing, faced death at tooth and claw of wild beasts on this very spot, is to get a thrill which no antiquities or museum can impart. A new sense of the triumphant continuity of Christianity is gained from these rapt pilgrims standing on the ground made sacred by their brethren of old, who were “slaughtered to make a Roman holiday.” As I have again and again watched the processions of singing pilgrims, a great wooden cross carried in front of them, making the rounds of St. Peter’s, and of St. Paul’s Without The Walls, and of St. John Lateran; and visiting the Catacombs; and climbing on their knees the Holy Stairs, where Luther received the gleam that started the Reformation, I have had a fresh vision of the powerful hold of unseen and spiritual verities upon the human mind. More than a million avowed pilgrims, from literally the whole world, have visited Rome, the seat and center of the Roman Catholic Church, during this Jubilee Year of 1925.

Our day’s changed religious conditions are repre-

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sented by the pilgrims in Rome. Twenty years ago, it seemed to me that practically every worshiper that I saw in St. Peter's stopped to kiss the well-worn toe of the old bronze statue of St. Peter; and none troubled to rub the spot first with hand or handkerchief, in concession to science's new microbe theory. This year, only a small proportion of the visitors to the church go through the rite—yet enough to make a steady stream—and more than half of them first wipe off the statue's toe before pressing it with their lips. I noticed one man lay his hand on the statue and kiss his fingers. Only once did I see this statue used for healing purposes, when a poor woman with a bandaged eye pressed it against the cold metal.

Equally changed is the Pope. Pius XI, a kindly, gentle-faced shepherd of souls, who shows no sign of weariness or professionalism or impatience, as day after day he greets en masse huge delegation after delegation, and personally blesses each of the scores or hundreds who are daily admitted to special audiences, is a wholly different type from the long line of popes whose names are blazoned all over Rome upon works and walls and statues designed to perpetuate their own fame. Even the highest inscription upon the church of St. Peter's itself, that around the inside of the lantern above the dome, proclaims that it is "for the glory of Pope Sixtus VI." Had one leisure for so frivolous a pursuit, it would be interesting to keep tally of the respective number of times the names of ancient popes and of modern American motion picture stars appear upon the walls of Rome to-day. The present Pope is commemorating Jubilee Year, not by a monument to

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himself, but by a great Missionary Exhibition, which is the most complete display of world-wide Christianity's activity ever got together. Such is the new and more spiritual mood of contemporary religion.

My point is that the pilgrims to Rome, with one purpose, probably got more of the "sights," as a by-product, than most conventional tourists. They have a silken cord on which to string as pearls their memories and experiences. The best way to "do" Rome is to go in pursuit of a special object—such as the traces of one of the cæsars, or of classic writers, or of medieval painters, or of Christian history, or of the meaning of Mussolini and Fascismo—and then all the baggage of incidental knowledge that one can carry off will be acquired by the way. Thus I pursued Paul and Peter through Rome. After many days of this single-eyed study I discovered, by checking up with the guidebooks, that I had, quite incidentally, come into contact with all the major show places of Rome.

How scrambled is Roman history every traveler's experience illustrates a dozen times a day. On one occasion, in the search for sure remains of the Rome Paul knew, I was taken to the oldest survival of the Etruscan city, which antedates the Rome of the Latins, the *Cloaca Maxima*, or great sewer, which ran by the Mamertine Prison in which tradition says both Peter and Paul were incarcerated. So notable is this twenty-seven-hundred-year-old bit of engineering that it throws doubt on the simple tribal life of the Etruscan kings who occupied the hills of Rome before the Latins drove them out. Hardly had fancy begun to play upon these doughty Etruscans, who also probably sculptured the



Photograph used by permission

ROME'S PANTHEON WAS STANDING IN PAUL'S DAY.



Photograph used by permission

ONE OF THE FEW EXTANT SIGHTS OF ROME THAT PAUL SURELY
SAW—THE PYRAMID OF CAIUS CESTIUS.



Photograph used by permission

IN THE MAMERTINE PRISON, WHERE PAUL AND PETER ARE SUPPOSED
TO HAVE BEEN KEPT.



Photograph used by permission

BOTH ST. PAUL AND NERO KNEW BEAUTIFUL BAIÀ.

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familiar bronze Roman wolf, to which the suckling figures of Romulus and Remus were added in later ages, than—spang! my conductor had plunked me right into the midst of modern Roman engineering and sanitation and the recent vagaries of the Tiber. By way of engineering and architecture, I suppose it was, versatile Michelangelo was produced, and at once a new reel was running, depicting the glories of this master mind of the Renaissance. Before my mental vision could be focused, I was witnessing an exhibition, with illustrations at hand, of modern Roman sculpture as contrasted with the masterpieces of the classical period. Yonder, amid the ruins of Nero's Golden Palace (Don't crowd: the expert only means a few fragments of gray brick that have been dug up and reveal nothing to the layman) once stood the choicest artistic treasures of the Roman Empire, for which Nero ravaged the palaces and temples of the East. Really, though, they were not Roman, but Greek; and the Greeks, you know. . . .

"Help! Help!" cries the brain not as agile as a mountain goat, and so not capable of these acrobatic leaps from century to century, era to era, subject to subject. Yet that is "seeing Rome." The city is an inextricable tangle of multitudinous interests, the garret of the ages. It is never one topic but an encyclopedia. Dug-up busts of cæsars are cheek-by-jowl with statues of Garibaldi and the modern poets. In this most elaborately monumented city on earth one is forever running across such contrasts as that in the Borghese Gardens, where a placid marble Roman matron of the pre-Christian period stands side by side with a heroic

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bronze nude figure of a soldier of the late war, one leg gone and the stub thrust forward, wounded also in the side, but fighting on to the end. The immense Colosseum is now dwarfed by the glaringly white and rather garish Victor Emanuel Monument, in commemoration of 1870 and a united Italy.

The oldest intact statue in Rome, the one object that Paul, and probably Peter, saw as it stands to-day is the marble pyramid, erected about the middle of the first century B.C. as the tomb of Caius Cestius. Paul doubtless passed this on his way to execution outside the walls. Before the English-speaking visitor has got his mind fixed on this miniature of an Egyptian tomb, which was one of the last objects seen by Paul before his execution, he is diverted to a modest headstone, less than a hundred yards distant, inscribed

HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.

—the grave of Keats; which somehow dwarfs Caius Cestius' attempt at immortality. In the same graveyards rests the body of Shelley; another reminder of the charm that Rome has ever cast over poets and novelists and historians. Dante's home is a "sight" sandwiched in between visits to antiquities.

Amidst the welter of Roman ruins, it is rather difficult to keep one's sense of chronology so clear that one realizes the absence of remains contemporary with the sojourn here of the Apostle Paul. Aside from the black pyramid of Caius Cestius, 116 feet high, which itself has had to be repaired, there is literally nothing of man's creation standing that is as it was when Paul, the prisoner, dwelt in Rome, somewhere in the years

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between 56 and 67 A.D. The ruined arch of Drusus, at the beginning of the Appian Way, then existed in all of its marble magnificence, and Paul passed under it when he arrived; the oft-mended Pantheon with its peerless dome; the now battered Temple of Neptune and the so-called Temple of Vesta, probably then displayed somewhat the same form as they now show. That is all. Everything else is in ruin. Most of the famous remains that are now the outstanding "sights" of Rome had not been built in the Apostle's time. Paul never saw the Colosseum, or the Arches of Titus, Constantine and Septimus Severus, or the Forum of Trajan or the catacombs. The Rome that ruled the world has lost its former semblance. Fragmentary reminders of the first Christian century there are, of course: as the excavated ruins of the Roman Forum and the Forum of Augustus—the emperor who borrowed his greatest fame from a Baby of whom he never heard; for the most generally known fact about Augustus is that he was reigning when Jesus was born in Bethlehem—and bits of walls, of sculptures, of palaces, of baths, of temples and of tombs. These are like pieces of bone from a disinterred graveyard. As a plain fact of historical record, Rome has been seven times destroyed. She is the "Eternal City" only in somewhat the same sense as the showman maintained a "happy family" containing a lion and a lamb—by renewing the lamb frequently.

In looking for traces of the Apostles in Rome, the traveler is due for serious disillusionment. Paul's prison, the Mamertine dungeon, where he may have been kept on his second visit, probably in the year 67,

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is the one best-attested site. Records are clear that this was the principal prison of Rome, and that here many Roman captives, including the schoolboy's old friend, Vercingetorix, suffered incarceration; and the "unbroken tradition" which bulks so large in the City of Rome's presentation of her show places, declares that not only Paul, but also Peter, suffered imprisonment in this vile hole. It is even claimed that the little spring of water, in the rock floor of the lower dungeon, was miraculously created in order that the Apostle might baptize converts. The guide also shows the print of Peter's face on the rock wall where he once stumbled; but nobody likes to think of the warm-hearted fisherman as having so flinty a face as that!

Dungeons were dungeons in Paul's day. This lower Mamertine Prison, semicircular in form, is perhaps twenty feet in diameter, the only entrance being a small hole in the ceiling, through which prisoners were lowered. That from this loathsome den came Paul's second letter to Timothy, during his second imprisonment, reveals a greatness of self-detachment and of the supremacy of the spirit over the body that measure the true stature of the Apostle.

Several other less credible memorials of Paul's two sojourns in Rome the city displays. One is a crypt under the Church of Santa Maria in Via Lata, on the Corso Humberto, which is offered as the dwelling where Paul preached to inquirers: the substructure seems to be Byzantine only. A pillar to which the attendant declares Paul was bound is inscribed in Latin, "But the word of God is not bound."¹

¹ II Tim. 2:9.

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Even less convincing are two sites of the "hired house" where the Apostle dwelt for two years, shown in the Jewish Ghetto; one within a church, avowed to be merely a site, with no relics; and the other a room in the second story of a comparatively modern building.

On the traditional scene of Paul's decapitation, along the Via Ostiense, are the Churches of the Three Fountains. Pious legend declares that when the valiant old warrior's head was severed from his body, it rebounded three times, and at each spot where it struck the earth a spring gushed forth. Not far away is the most beautiful church in Rome, surpassing even St. Peter's, St. Paul's Outside The Walls, built on the site of a basilica erected by Constantine the Great. Beneath the altar of this church it is claimed that the remains of Paul now rest.

Next to the Mamertine Prison, the most interesting reminders of the Apostles are displayed in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, where the Franciscan friars show, in a passage discovered as late as 1915, two grave crypts where, they assert, for a long time before they were removed to their respective churches, the bodies of Peter and Paul were concealed. In this same gallery are a number of terra cotta inscriptions—mere scribblings by humble Christians—invoking the aid of Peter and Paul. These are centuries later in date; but are offered by the friars as evidence that Peter once was in Rome, since these early Christians bracketed the two apostles together in their thought and petitions.

In the background of all pursuit of traces of Bible characters in Rome lies the old controversy, which has

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endlessly raged for centuries, between the Greek and Latin branches of Christendom, and between the Roman Catholics and Protestants, as to whether St. Peter was ever bishop of Rome; or, more fundamentally, as to whether he was ever in Rome at all. Latin tradition is naturally strongest and most insistent upon this point. The Bible itself nowhere says that Peter was in Rome—though one interpretation of Peter's First Epistle is that it was not written, as stated,² from the literal Babylon on the Euphrates; but that by "Babylon" was meant Rome, after the usage of the Revelation. Peter certainly was not in Rome when Paul addressed his Epistle to the Romans, before visiting the city; else he would have been included in the list of those saluted. Nor was he there during Paul's first two years of imprisonment, so prolific of Pauline letters and personal allusions. Neither could he have been in the city during the early part of Paul's second incarceration, or the Apostle would have listed him in the category of names in the Second Letter to Timothy.

Nevertheless, the early Church writers, including Clement and Dionysius and Eusebius and Irenæus and Origen and others, are explicit in their declarations that Peter died in Rome, crucified head downward. The probable site of his execution is now the center of the grand Plaza of St. Peter's, where the obelisk stands between the fountains, which was then bloody Nero's execution ground. Church records declare the body of Peter to be entombed somewhere within the walls of the crypts below St. Peter's—the most interesting part of the church, with its remains of Constantine's original

² I Pet. 5:13.

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basilica. The whole of this largest church in the world is, of course, a memorial to the Fisherman Apostle.

Charming as a legend, worthless as history, is the story associated with the Quo Vadis Chapel on the Ap-pian Way, where, so runs the tale, Peter, fleeing from Nero's fierce persecutions, met Jesus, and cried, "*Quo Vadis, Domine?*"—"Whither goest Thou, Lord?" The Master replied that he was going to Rome to be crucified again in Peter's stead, since the Apostle was running away; whereupon the ever impetuous Peter confessed his sin and returned to Rome to die. In the Quo Vadis Chapel I was shown the very footprints of Jesus in stone—recalling the many footprints of Mohammed, Buddha and Vishnu shown to pilgrims throughout the East. The idea of the footsteps of their Lord has evidently appealed strongly to all religious devotees.

That the Apostle John was once in Rome, and thrown into a vat of boiling oil, from which he escaped unhurt, is an unsupported legend. Concerning the many Christians who antedated the arrival of Paul, there is no trace. The catacombs, with their fascination, were only cemeteries, and were apparently not employed as places of worship during the first century: this devotional use of them arose long afterward. The Colosseum, as already stated, was built later than the Apostle's day.

From the New Testament we learn of a large group of free companions of the Apostle Paul during one or both of his two Roman imprisonments: Luke, Timothy of Lystra, Aristarchus of Thessalonica, Mark of Jerusalem, Demas of Thessalonica, Tychicus of

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Ephesus, Epaphras of Colossæ, Epaphroditus of Philippi, Onesimus, the runaway slave of Philemon of Colossæ, Titus, Artemas, Zenas, Apollos, Trophimus, Crescens, Onesiphorus, Eubulus, Prudens, Linus, Claudia. Of Roman Christians known to Paul we also have a list of at least twenty-seven persons, a number of them being so designated as to show that Christianity had penetrated even into the household of Nero. At least five of Paul's Epistles were written from Rome.

If sites and relics are unsatisfactory, Rome is not. Crossing over the centuries, with their telescoped history, we try to see Rome as Paul saw it—for surely the leniency extended to him as a notable prisoner, dwelling in his own hired house, permitted an occasional excursion abroad in the city, to its sociable baths, and up to the heights of its hills. What dreams this superstatesman must have unfolded to his companion, as in the cool of the evening they viewed the city from the Janiculum, a project that is still one of the fairest city panoramas in all the world. Being a man of culture, Paul had an eye for the beautiful works of art that abounded in the magnificent capital. Beyond the stately marbles and palaces, he saw the teeming wooden tenements of the poor; with the squalor of the slaves. He was not unmindful, too, of the little children romping about on the hillside, under the care of nurses. A lonely man himself, he watched with wistful pleasure the family groups picnicking near; for wholesome, happy family life has ever been the salt of the centuries. The Apostle's keenest interest was always in human values; night and day he brooded upon mankind.

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His thoughts of Nero's prodigality—and profligacy—must have been stern thoughts, that stretched on to the time of retribution for the fratricidal, matricidal monster. They were deeply tragic thoughts, too, as he foresaw the sorrows in store for the Christians upon whom the “jaws of the lion” were closing. Imperially, this statesman-apostle's imagination ranged abroad to rich and mighty Asia Minor, where he had watered his Gospel-planting with his blood; to his own beloved Cilicia and Syria; and to Jerusalem and the farther East, whither other Apostles had journeyed with the Message. Of all this world, the Rome which he saw stretched out before his feet was the center. Ah, to capture it for his Christ! Did Paul anticipate the glory and power that the centuries had in store for this proud city as a seat of organized Christian influence? I think he would have been more interested in the present World's Missionary Exhibition in the Vatican than he was in the fast-rising splendors of Nero's Golden Palace.

No thoughtful traveler in Rome to-day can escape feeling the imperial significance of the city. Little wonder that Paul cried “I must see Rome.” As it was, so it is, a nerve center of world movement. There is even now the pulsing of portentous developments in the throb of the city's heart. Rome, as representing Italy, is plainly being prepared and poised for some great stroke. It needs not the suspicions of statesmen to perceive that Mussolini, the world's greatest living dictator, is making his nation ready for a vast adventure. Up until now he has been organizing Italy; and no traveler who knew the country five years ago will

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deny that in every visible respect there has been improvement. It is the change of spiritual tone that is most noticeable. There is a "feel" of intensified patriotism in the air. Even the drilling companies of black-shirted little boys radiate it. Italy is on edge, and expectant. Army and navy are being made fit. The personnel of the navy were electrified when Mussolini recently told them, substantially, "I have new plans for the navy. Hitherto you have been taught to study only defensive tactics, as a second-class power. All that is changed. I want you now to study and train how to attack even England!" Bombast and buncombe? Doubtless: but it put the desired militancy and intransigency into the navy.

Italy to-day is militaristic and imperialistic. "It is all a bluff," says one professional observer, stationed at Rome; "while it is true that Italy is swaggering about with a chip on her shoulder, and daring anybody to step on her toes (as witness the demands on Greece and the attack on Corfu, and the apology from Afghanistan, and the insistence upon an equal part in all great European conferences), yet it is only part of a grand gesture by Mussolini, to distract attention from Italy's serious domestic conditions, and to fire the nationalistic spirit of the people." May that commentator be right. Others, who watch the development of an air force second only to that of France, and see the conversion of the Island of Rhodes, on the coast of Turkey, into a great naval and aviation base, recall Mussolini's declaration, "Italy's future lies in the East," and wonder whether the Duke has not his eye upon the fertile and under-populated lands of Tur-

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key, which are adequate to supply all of Italy's need for expansion or commerce. One of the ominous factors in the whole unrest of the Near East is the likelihood of Italy's seeking opportunity to become embroiled with Turkey; for that would upset the new "balance of power" around the Mediterranean, which has arisen since the War, despite the Paris peace pact.

Musings upon Rome's present, as well as upon her past, lead straightway to the ruthless Imperial Idea, which nineteen centuries of Christian teaching of human rights and justice have not been able to extirpate. Paul confronted the eagle with a dove; he challenged the very basis of the world's greatest empire by the teaching of democracy. By nearly two thousand years, he anticipated the clashing principles which came to grips in the World War. Indeed, there would have been no World War had not Christianity taught men to think for themselves and to exact the rights of man. By the nature of its Message, Christianity was subversive of the imperial conception of Rome, built as it was upon special privilege and human slavery. Paul welcomed all classes, from patricians to slaves, into the Christian church, where they met as simple brethren, equal before God. Naturally, if that sort of movement should extend far enough, it would mean the end of the Roman Empire. And it did. Even Constantine's mischievous attempt to amalgamate State and Church could not fully arrest the inevitable and irrepressible conflict between imperialism and democracy, between classism and brotherhood.

At the moment, with Italy the most outspoken and unabashed exponent of the imperialistic idea (although

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not the most formidable), and frankly seeking only her own advantage, irrespective of the rights of other people or of abstract justice, we are witnessing a strange recrudescence of imperialism on the part of the great powers. France and Great Britain are both engaged in trying to subdue by force peoples who are fighting in and for their native lands. Italy openly complains that these allies of hers had grabbed the territory most valuable for imperial exploitation before she could get a chance at it. But her hour is near; and for it she is making ready. Once again the issue is Paganism versus Christianity; Rome versus Judea; Nero versus Paul; Mussolini alive versus Wilson dead.

CHAPTER III

THE APPIAN WAY AND ITS GREATEST TRAVELER



SOMETIMES single phrases picture places and periods. The Appian Way is one such. Into these three words are crowded images of the ceaseless march of prideful Rome; of far-ramifying imperialism; of the stateliness and sumptuousness of the old Roman life; of official "triumphs"; and, most definitely, of an uncowed Hebrew prisoner in chains, Paul of Tarsus, whose progress along the Roman end of this storied highway was turned into a new kind of triumph. Tourists in Rome are usually driven a short distance along the Appian Way as one of the sightseeing experiences that may not be omitted. Because Paul went all the way from the Mediterranean to Rome over the *Via Appia*, we, too, have covered the same route. Into nine hours of automobile travel have been crowded a peerless panorama of history, of rare scenery and of the colorful, moving life of the Italy of to-day.

This trip, rarely taken by tourists, and never, so far as I know, by any Bible commentator, holds everything that can thrill or charm one—memories of Paul, and of many familiar ancient Roman names; ruins as pictorial as they are plentiful; sites of deep historical interest; scenery of the most beautiful; the mountains or the sea, and often both at the same time,

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being always in sight; and then the people, more picturesque than anywhere else in all romantic Italy. One could almost envy Paul the week or more he spent on the laborious journey, afoot or on donkey back, from the sea to Rome; for he had time to taste to the full these varied values.

It must be borne in mind that when the Apostle Paul traversed the Appian Way, to the music of his clanking chain, this imperial highway, which crossed the whole of western Europe, including Britain, and leaped over seas into Greece and Macedonia and Asia and Egypt, was at the height of its favor and use. Practically abandoned now by through traffic, in the Apostle's day it was thronged with the springless chariots and coaches and carts and animals of Roman officialdom and trade; and with marching legions, off to war or home to barracks; and with travelers of every guise and grade and race. It embodied the whole passing show of life. In all of our modern civilization there is no spectacle comparable with the Appian Way in Paul's time. What we note to-day along the way as ruins, he saw as splendid reality. Fortresses, temples, amphitheatres, palaces, baths, statues, tombs, colonnades, beautiful villas—all in his eyes were glittering and gorgeous actuality; yet less real to him than the Message that he carried.

As his military convoy, with their prisoners, were frequently and roughly crowded to the side of the road, to make way for the heralded passage of some imperial dignitary—perhaps of Nero himself—on the way to the luxurious baths and lovely scenery of Baia, hard by Puteoli, where Paul landed after his ship-

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wreck on Malta; we may imagine this little old man in chains looking at the proud spectacle through the dust that caked and choked him, with the far-seeing eyes of a philosopher-statesman, and musing upon a Greater than Cæsar himself, Whose ambassador he was and for Whom he hoped to help win Rome. Travel, especially slow travel, is provocative of thought; and we may be sure that not a little of the ripe wisdom of Paul's five Epistles from Rome was inspired or tintured by his observation of life on that microcosm of the empire, the Appian Way.

Impeding the modern traveler like a prisoner's chain is his inability to speak the language of the peoples amidst whom he moves, and the too-rapid speed at which he goes. The automobile ministers to superficiality; and it is also an obstacle to ordinary human fellowship. Paul was not so hampered. In his day, all the Roman world spoke Greek. He could converse with peasant and with patrician. And from what we know of the man—this I thought as we stopped our machine for a few minutes by a vineyard to ask for grapes—Paul used every contact as an opportunity for letting fall the Word. As he passed through crowded villages, with their tenements (for the abominable Italian usage of building abodes of the poor perpendicularly is somewhat a heritage from Roman times), he did not look upon the people as strange specimens, filthy and bad mannered, but as human souls, each with capacity for transformation by the new life. When he tarried at a fountain, where peasant girls were filling graceful earthen jars, his talk, like that of his Master before him, was kindly parable of the Living Water.

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There was nothing of the casual and detached and unseeing and superior attitude of the tourist about this greatest traveler upon the Appian Way.

Ideas run on roads as rapidly as the fleetest messenger. Therein lies the secret of the spread of the Roman imperial system and of Greek culture. Many a sermon has been preached to show that Rome's matchless system of highways was a Providential preparation for the swift spread of the Christian Message. Communication is the first essential requirement of civilization. That is why the radio portends an entirely new era of world society: no civil laws that may be promulgated, as the Roman persecutions of Christianity demonstrated, can withstand the power of great ideals universally disseminated. When men begin to think upon the same topics, even if they do not all arrive at the same conclusions, something like a common mind is assured. The most familiar recent illustration of this principle is the way the Bible-born American and Allied war aims, as compellingly stated by President Wilson, established an irresistible solid spiritual "front" in all the earth; which "front" really won the war.

Roman law, running over Roman roads, created a new world order: and those same roads spelled swift transmission for a truer and better idea than that which animated the Empire. By every manner of transportation and travel that traversed the Appian Way, the Gospel was borne to the uttermost parts of the Roman world. Slaves in the retinues of officials conveyed the Good News to other slaves afar; merchants carried the Message as the most precious part of their

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wares; soldiers told the Tale, from camp to camp, from central barracks to the limits of active service; peripatetic philosophers, like Justin Martyr, a rather privileged class of teachers, expounded the new Faith as they went; zeal-filled Christians, sometimes fleeing from hostility in one region to more tolerant parts, and often traveling only because the Word burned within them for utterance—all these made part of the endless procession on the Appian Way and the other Roman roads.

Thus, by methods unknown to us, Christianity was carried to the capital itself years before ever Paul could fulfill his ambition to see Rome. The Church there was so mature, by the year 54 or thereabouts, that it was qualified to receive and understand Paul's profound Letter to the Romans which is perhaps the most closely wrought piece of reasoning, on highest plane, that ever came from the pen of man.

Before the Christian Church was thirty years old, a great diversity of her messengers were threading the Roman roads, sometimes carrying treasured copies of the sacred writings that later were gathered into the Christian Canon, as well as others that have been lost. Mark's Gospel, and perhaps that of Luke also, and ten of Paul's Epistles, and that of James, were doubtless in circulation among the Christians before the year 65 A.D. These treasured writings, which were read in many a strange company of inquirers and of disciples, were supplemented by a host of eye-witness stories by persons who had actually seen and heard Jesus in the flesh, or who were on terms of personal friendship with the Apostles. As we ride along this Appian Way,

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recalling the variety of messengers with the Good News who passed over it in the first century, we glimpse a fresh significance in the New Testament word "witnesses." Christianity's swift spread was at first due to the testimony of men and women who with their own eyes had seen, and with their own ears had heard, the Saviour and his little band of intimates. To transmit this Good News was a passion as well as a mission.

Out of the speculative East, over this same Appian Way, had come many varieties of religion: cosmopolitan and international beyond our provincial and standardized West's comprehension was the long line of teachers who passed in procession toward tolerant Rome. The new faith of Christianity was in competition with all of these, as well as with established Roman paganism. Not only the fires of later persecution but also the rival claims of other attractive faiths, tested first-century Christianity.

What were the reasons, humanly speaking, why the teachings of Jesus secured the victory, and have kept on winning throughout the centuries? First of all, Christianity recognized the personality of the individual: no mortal was too lowly to be enabled to look up and say "Father" to the Infinite Creator. This tremendous democracy of the Gospel can hardly be overstated, especially in contrast with the caste- and privilege-weighted competing religions. Also the Jesus Way struck straight at the underlying consciousness of sin, or maladjustment of the individual spirit with the Eternal Order; and it alone offered Divine forgiveness and peace. The tremendous ethical emphasis of Christianity, in a day when pagan faiths not only

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conceded immoral conduct to man but even made special provision for it—the very gods themselves having been guilty of scandalous behavior—was a real allure-ment, although at first sight it might seem a deterrent. There is a sense of decency and right and justice in even the most debased of men; and the appeal to this quality in man is the most powerful that can be made. Even the bad everywhere recognize the merits of goodness. In an age of gross sexual looseness, Christianity insisted upon chastity. When power and cruelty were generally synonymous, Christianity required gentleness and pity and helpfulness from its followers. At a time when revenge was wholly honorable, Christianity demanded forgiveness. Even during an era when every one's goal was to escape labor and achieve luxury, Christians were taught to work with their own hands, and to live simply, temperately and in self-restraint. Covetousness and lying were bracketed with idolatry in the Christian teaching.

So the "saints" shone white against the black background of paganism; and the whiteness became desirable in the eyes of all classes—aristocrats, plebeians and slaves. Thus developed that powerful body of spiritual Seekers, who, without weapons of worldly authority, outmatched Rome's material might, philosophy's subtle strength, and the flesh-serving power of Paganism.

History has no other story like this. And its one meaning for to-day is that the ancient simplicities and integrities of the Christian religion are still sufficiently powerful to make right whatever is wrong with human society. As one travels amidst ancient ruins, he gets occasional clear glimpses of the moral putrefaction that

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had eaten into the life of the world at the period of Christianity's advent. Every man who has seen Pompeii and its relics in the Naples Museum thoroughly—women are not permitted to do so—will know what I mean when I say that the noisily-bewailed degeneracy of our own era has a long, long way to go before it can descend to the depths of Roman life at the period of the Empire's greatest splendor.

This, then, was the life—the life that the locked rooms and the covered pictures of Pompeii reveal—into which the first Christians carried the Good News that created “saints” even in Nero's household. To trace the route of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand, or of Alexander into India, may be of interest; but it is completely transcended by the importance of the Quest after the setting and course of the Book that is the Story beyond all others. (For, present usage to the contrary notwithstanding, the Bible is not a collection of isolated texts, but a great Story, and the best-attested record of antiquity. What the Bible tells in matter-of-fact fashion of historical facts, as concerning the Assyrians, Hittites, Israelites and other ancient peoples, the historians are only nowadays beginning to learn from dug-up records and freshly understood ruins. Some day a competent author will set forth the interweaving of the Scriptural record with all the great places and human movements of the past.)

Our journey over the Appian Way did not begin, like Paul's, at Puteoli, but at Rome; and it ended at Naples, the short stretch between Naples and Puteoli being covered later. In a sermon or a Sunday-school lesson it is easy to say that Paul went by the Appian

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Way from Puteoli to Rome: but it is easier said than done. It must have taken Paul approximately a week to cover the distance of one hundred and fifty miles between the two points. How he would have acclaimed the automobile and the train and the wireless and the printing press, as servants of his Good News! Our day has the machinery, but apparently not the Message.

Early of a morning—yet not too early to have been preceded by a delegation of priestly pilgrims whom we saw entering the catacombs as we passed—we set forth from Rome for the journey over the Appian Way, untried by any chauffeur whom we could discover. The road's repute is bad; but, blessed be balloon tires and shock-absorbers, we made the trip leisurely, in nine hours of running time, with no serious inconvenience. For a present-day traveler, the Appian Way not only invests with flesh and blood and bones the great Apostle, but also such shadowy figures as Horace, Cicero, Virgil, Seneca and the long line of Rome's rulers and warriors.

This road, which Scripture has made a sacred place to Christians, was also so highly regarded by the Romans that they built tombs and statues and monuments and other memorials along it. Thus, almost as soon as one passes through the Arch of Drusus, still standing, but despoiled of the ornamentation that Paul saw, one comes to a succession of fragmentary antiquities. Outstanding among these is the great circular tomb of Cæcilia Metella—built as a Roman matron's grave, but having undergone many uses since, including that of a fortress in the Middle Ages. Antique fragments cease to be interesting, after a time, espe-

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cially when they are so confusingly and meaninglessly numerous as along the Roman end of the Appian Way. They are only pitiful reminders of the vanity of grasping after a remembered name when the breath has left the body.

Paul has shown a better way. In all the expanse of the Greco-Roman world that he covered, there is not a single authentic relic of the Apostle. No staff or parchment or dwelling or grave abides of which one can say with assurance, "This was Saint Paul's." Ten thousand lesser figures have their names carved in surviving stone: but Paul's name is written only in the minds and hearts of mankind; and his power, greater than that of any emperor, still fills the world. Call the roll of known figures who have passed along the Appian Way, analyzing them one by one, and it will be seen how this prisoner in chains overtops them all, a hero of the ages.

From the multitude of fragmentary endeavors after fame, we lift our eyes to the Alban Hills, thinking the while of a weary and devout Jew who had doubtless often whispered to himself the Psalmist's words, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." Between the road and the fragments of the great aqueduct, cypresses rear their spires, and ball-topped pines add a touch of singular beauty. The scenery takes one's mind off the big square flagstones, with which the Romans paved the Appian Way, now worn and bumpy from centuries of traffic by springless chariots and carts. (Slave labor and autocracy underlie, as ugly facts, all the structural achievements of old Rome.) We pass present-day Italy's great aviation field, with its hangars

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for dirigibles and planes, and give thought to the new enginery of imperialism and militarism. Tall wireless masts mock this ancient road's famous speed of communication.

As fellow travelers on the Appian Way, we meet oftenest the fantastic wine carts of the region, on their way to the thirsty city. Brilliantly colored, elaborately decorated, and with a queer, perpendicular canvas hood for the protection of the driver, these carts are one of Rome's distinctive sights. They are not, however, the only means of getting wine to Rome; huge casks, as big as watering carts: little long kegs on the backs of donkeys; glass carboys jauntily perched on the heads of men and women; grass-wrapped bottles in wagons and on beasts—all carry the fruit of the widespread vineyards to a city which nowadays has an abundant supply of sweet, pure drinking water. Italy's grapes are not especially palatable, most of them being grown only for wine-making.

Such is the persistence of the simple, elemental forces of life, that the traveler realizes afresh how the grapes along the Appian Way have kept on growing, throughout the changing centuries, though palaces and temples and empires are submerged by the debris of the ages. In Italy, the vines are not cut close to the roots, as in the East, but are lifted on trellises and trees. Along our route we witnessed Italy's "three-story farming"—trees, for fruit and firewood, being the top story; the grapevines trained artistically among them the second story; and the vegetables growing on the ground the first story. All space must be used to the full in this overcrowded country.

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Still there are crowds idle in every market place. America and northern and western Europe have nothing analogous to the large companies of men to be found in village squares and at road intersections of every town in southern Italy. These men are less interested in the everywhere present traces of antiquity than in the immediate problem of work and bread. A great past does not necessarily make for a great to-day: happy is the nation, free from the "dead hand" and borrowed glory, which has its face to the future. Italy, fortunately, does not, like England and ancient Rome, have the "dole," but she has as great a host of men who could claim it. Somehow, though, these men have secured the hunk of bread and the bit of fish or cheese thrust into its center that is the daily food of the Italian poorer classes. (The miracle of the loaves and fishes strangely accords, in its character and proportions, with common Mediterranean usage.)

We are looking for the Three Taverns, and the Forum, or market place, of Appius, where delegations of Roman Christians awaited the coming of the Apostle Paul, letters from Puteoli having apprised them of the date of his arrival. The traditional site of the former is near the modern town of Vallettria, about thirty miles from the city, a good day's walk; while the Forum of Appius was some ten miles farther on, near the Pontine Marshes. There are no marks of Paul's presence in either place: many a later saint is more popular in Italy than the Apostle Paul. As sites, Three Taverns and the Forum of Appius fail us; but the scenes are here in similarity, and it is easy to reconstruct the picture.

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A strangely varied company of Christians, old and young, high and low, but mostly humble folk, is that which has walked the Appian Way to give welcome to the prisoner-apostle. Perhaps the elders of the church, mounted, are the ones who have gone the longer way to greet the great teacher, whose mighty letter to the Romans had already become one of the Christian treasures. As they wait, in the market place and by the roadside, talking eagerly and happily, and watching every cloud of dust that appears down the road, in the hope that it may be the military convoy of prisoners, these Christians are set apart from others about them by their quietness, by their peaceful and radiant faces, and by their serene fellowship. No raised voices, no coarse language, no petulant disagreements, no impatience, mar the solidarity of the group, who, though Nero is on the throne, are as yet free to avow their faith and to talk about it to others. So the curious residents at Three Taverns and Appius Forum soon learn who the Roman visitors are, and why they had come.

Not all of the group are obscure folk: a considerable proportion of them are Christians of Cæsar's household.¹ We scan the group for the faces of Ampliatus, Urbanus, Stachys, Apelles, Tryphoena, Tryphosa, Hermes, Rufus and his mother; the families of Aristobulus and of Narcissus; of Nereus and his sister, of Patrobas, and of Philologus, all members of Cæsar's great palace household. Aquila and Priscilla may have been there, too, and Epænetus and Andronicus and Junias and Herodion and Asyncritus and Phlegon and

¹ Romans 16: 3-15.

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Olympas. Only dire necessity could keep at home the Christians in Rome whom Paul had already greeted by letter.² It is an extraordinarily personal and human and glowing welcome that awaits this "ambassador in bonds."

"There he comes!" at length cries one of the waiting Christians; perhaps an eager youth who had gone a distance down the road. In the cloud of white dust raised by the feet of the soldiers appear the prisoners, chained together and mostly on foot. Ahead of them, near Julius the centurion, yet nevertheless chained to a soldier by his side, rides Paul on a donkey, with Luke and Aristarchus on foot attending him. The marching unit, both soldiers and prisoners, are by this time accustomed to the special favor shown to the Christian teacher by Julius, and they are familiar with the wonderful story of the voyage and of the shipwreck upon Malta.

A short man, bearded and partly bald, with piercing eyes of unusual power, was Paul, his body thin and his skin sallow, from the Cilician malaria fever that was to him like a constant thorn in the flesh. The long journey of nearly a week, amidst ever increasing signs of Rome's stern might and ever accumulating tales of Nero's cruelty, injustice and unnatural character, has wearied the malaria-saturated traveler; and that mood

² Paul's appeal had touched all classes: gentlefolk, women of high degree, philosophers, like Dionysius, the Areopagite, as well as the masses of life-burdened common people. First-century Christianity was not "a proletariat revolution within the Empire," as runs the jargon of modern high-browism. This waiting company at Three Taverns is proof of the comprehensiveness of the Christian fellowship.

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of depression which is swiftest to attack the most sensitive spirits rides upon his shoulders.

Then, unexpectedly, he comes to the Christians at Appius Forum who thenceforth journey with him, crowding close and talking eagerly, until the larger company of believers are met at Three Taverns, where the welcome overflows. Is it any wonder that the heart of the Apostle revives, and he "thanked God and took courage"? We pass by the marveling of the legionaries and of the fellow prisoners and of the casual on-lookers, that this prisoner should be so wonderfully welcomed, after a fashion accorded to few officials who traveled in state (not even Nero was ever met by such sincere signs of affection), and contemplate this early exhibition of Christian unity and brotherhood. Was there anybody on the Appian Way that day to interpret what this new grouping of men portended? Far-reaching were the ties of imperial Rome; but here was a new fellowship that was destined to be more comprehensive and more powerful and more abiding.

Thoughts such as these throng the mind of the modern traveler over the Appian Way. Paul's experiences, Paul's significance, Paul's musings, invest every mile and object with peculiar interest. All along the road we meet the lowly donkey, such as Paul probably rode; the humble beast, so often slandered by being likened to some humans, which has carried the materials of all ancient civilization on its back. Literature and art have been less than just to this friend of man. Peasants, men and women, trudging along with the heavy-laden little beasts, hastily turn out of the way of our swiftly approaching automobile; not by rein or rope

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or rod, as in the case of horse or ox, but by pushing or pulling at hindquarters or tail—steering them by the helm, as it were. Big gray oxen, with widespread horns, increase in frequency on the highway, outnumbering the horses, as the Pontine Marshes are reached. After the hills are crossed, the land is flat, with many cattle and sheep and goats; and later, with water buffaloes. Of automobiles there are few: we did not pass half a dozen all day, until the suburbs of Naples were reached.

These malarious marshes must have been hard going for Paul, his system already impregnated with the fever. Since the days of Julius Cæsar various attempts have been made to drain the Pontine Marshes; but from time to time whole communities have been depopulated by malaria. The dwellers in the primitive huts along the way, which look exactly like little hayricks, do not to-day show conspicuously the characteristic signs of malaria. Here the Appian Way runs straight as an arrow, through double lines of pleached trees, alongside of the old canal which Horace has immortalized. It is a smooth and lovely stretch of many miles, lasting for hours. More desirable motor-ing could not be asked. Fishermen along the canal carry long poles, as well as dip nets four feet wide, and huge baskets besides. We did not see any catches made; but, then, throughout Italy, as in Paris and everywhere, there seems far more fishing than catching.

After passing the Pontine Marshes, the scenery along the Appian Way grows more and more like that of Palestine. Here are the same bare, gray hills, and orchards of olive and fig trees growing amidst out-



Photograph used by permission

TYPICAL ROMAN WINE CART ON THE APPIAN WAY.



Photograph used by permission

AN APPIAN WAY GLIMPSE WITH ALBAN HILLS BEYOND.



TRADITIONAL SITE OF PAUL'S PULPIT, BEREA.



NEAPOLIS (KAVALLA) IS A FINE HARBOR.

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cropping limestone. Cactus hedges here also serve as fences, their fruit, the prickly pears, which the natives love, playing havoc with unaccustomed fingers. Women, more gaily dressed than farther east, gather at the fountains, which are the social centers of the communities, and carry water jars on their heads. Some of the amphora, as at Terracina, are lovely in form and in decoration beyond anything seen in Palestine. The workshops and stores are built bazar fashion. Everything is "close to nature"—which sounds better than it looks. Our road winds tortuously about hills and along precipices. Walled cities, like Capua and Caserto, bespeak the heritage of the Orient; as do the castles and clustered towns on every height, many of which are pre-Roman. Farmers live in settlements, and not amidst their individual fields. The familiar stick plow of the East is in common use. It is an oriental face that rural southern Italy turns to the traveler.

In order to understand at all southern Italy, where the bulk of the country's population teems, it is necessary to bear in mind that these people are of the eastern Mediterranean stock, and so in good part oriental. Their type is substantially the same as persists all around the eastern littoral of the Middle Sea. Take any one of a dozen Italian traits for example—the way the young men glory in their hair, and dress it and themselves more elaborately than do their wives or sisters; the fashion in which they talk with their hands, and say whatever they want to say with a great superfluity of speech, conversation being the people's principal diversion; their quick, hot pride, that is without corresponding performance; their subordination of

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women; their disregard of dirt and disorder; their indifference to smells; their habit of idle at-homeness, as they lie stretched on mother earth; their amazing fecundity, and their love of little children and fitful harsh treatment of them; the depressing prevalence of child labor; the general childlikeness of adults—all these are but superficial expressions of oriental qualities. Southern Italy's manner of life here is Levantine, rather than European. Ineradicable feudalism, as represented among the Italian immigrants in America by the padrones, is shown by the land's history throughout the centuries. Since Roman days, down until within little more than a generation, there has been no such thing as a united Italy: the people have been torn and tossed about by rival imperialisms and conquests, fought over and fought about since long before the Roman era.

History gave Mussolini the proper material with which to establish a dictatorship. The Italians glory in him and his despotic ways. Walls are scribbled with "VV Mussolini!" His people are fanatically loyal—so long as he succeeds. When he leads them into some grand adventure, of which they have had little or no knowledge, they will follow him even as the oriental hordes followed their masters of old. I personally like the Italians, especially of the North; and this summary generalization is not meant to be unkind, but only to point out one of the fundamental human factors operating to-day in Bible Lands, for the world's peace or for world war. No sensible citizen of the West will think of the Italian situation in the same terms as he thinks of, say, the British or German condition. A Bible

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student is set to wondering about Paul's words, "God hath made of one (not 'one blood' as the old version has it) all nations . . . *and hath determined aforetime the bounds of their habitation.*" Perhaps there are deeper reasons for excluding from western nations the oriental and eastern and southern European immigration than the law-makers know.

Despite imperial Rome's overlay of standardization, it was the East of his boyhood that filled Paul's eyes as he jogged along the dusty Appian Way. Did the familiar sights and sounds and smells make him homesick? Or did they but intensify his passion for people, of every race and tongue, strengthening that spirit of universality which made him the Apostle to the Gentiles? While the bookworm develops theories, the traveler grows ever more and more interested in human life. All of far-faring Paul's philosophy and religion were related to humanity: his teachings were aimed at character. Because he had ranged so widely, he saw, as does every other wise wayfarer, without losing a proportioned sense of the necessity for nationalism, the essential unity of mankind, rather than its superficial diversities. Only the ignorant and light-minded tourist looks upon foreign peoples as curiosities and novelties, rather than as human beings substantially like unto himself. This sense of the likeness of all men in things fundamental delivered Paul from Jewish provincialism; and made him the interpreter of a universal Gospel which could produce the same effects in the uttermost Gentile as in the converted Judean Jew. Given his brain, and possessing his store of knowledge and culture, and considering where he went and what he saw,

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Paul could hardly help being a statesman. His ability to think in large units, and to see times as a whole, and to look upon life tolerantly (I can even fancy Paul as smiling at the innocuous flirtations of passing legionaries with the village girls, who, then, as now, were captivated by a uniform!) have ever been the hallmarks of greatness. His constructive conception of life, and his message of individual transformation, made this prisoner-philosopher a greater ultimate force than any of the destroying kings and armies who have passed along the same Appian Way.

It would take all of Paul's worldly wisdom and statecraft to summarize the significance of the Naples end of his Appian Way to-day. While his soul would still be refreshed by the indescribable beauty of the natural scenery, it at the same time would be stirred by the human problems that unroll before the eye. Drawing near to Naples (which is the modern successor of Puteoli, a few miles distant on the Mediterranean shore), one confronts the grim spectacle of overpopulation and of poverty. The least observant could not escape seeing that here are too many people. Every work cart holds at least two persons upon it; the very elaborateness of the decorations of the common carts and harness shows a surplus of human energy. This fecund Italy, which we commonly forget to call one of the Bible Lands, produces crowds, crowds, crowds; and then jams them together in alleys and tenements that make American slums seem spacious. There are so many unkempt children sprawling everywhere, and so many idle old men, that one wonders why there is no actual starvation. A strange mood of lawlessness

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dominates the pedestrian-thronged highways, especially in and near Naples. It needs both brakes and brains for automobiling here. There are seemingly no traffic rules. One goes to the right or to the left, as opportunity offers: when you see a hole in the ever congested traffic, enter it. These conditions and this spirit are not those of what van Dyke calls "The Land of Room Enough."

Paul began and ended his Appian Way journey by a climax. For Puteoli, his starting point, was the chief commercial city of Italy at the time; and a few miles below it, on the same superlative bay, stood Baia, the bathing resort of fashionable Rome. (Horace, the Latin poet, wrote that in all the world there is no spot so beautiful as Baia.) Only the ruined Roman mole upon which Paul disembarked; the amphitheater where later Christians were martyred; the arch through which he passed (near which now is an inscription recording that fact); and a few other ruins, remain to attest the ancient splendors of Puteoli. The present city is a depressingly squalid edition of its disreputable neighbor, Naples. Yet the glory of the natural setting abides. Mountains, bold headlands, castled islands, smooth beaches, warm and chemical springs, and lovely lakes enrich the immediate neighborhood. Beyond, ever in sight, shapely Vesuvius, probably not then an active volcano, gave no sign of the ruin it would wreak within a score of years.

It is almost unbelievable that during the seven days which Paul spent with the Christians of the then ancient Puteoli (the modern Pozzuoli) this privileged prisoner was not shown the "sights" of the neighbor-

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hood, so freighted with classical lore; for the city had been founded by the Greeks six centuries earlier. Hard by, and only a few hundred feet from the sea-shore, is Lake Averno, which the Romans regarded as the entrance to the lower regions. (*Vide* Virgil.) The lake is only a foot and a half above sea level; and one may almost cast a line alternately into the salt and fresh water. If the lake was then as it is now, and if Paul had been as good a fisherman as Peter, he would have desired to wet a line in these dread waters, for they abound in fish, at least nowadays. The big ones that I saw leaping in the lake appealed to me more than did most of the thickly strewn Roman ruins of the vicinity. If this be Averno, what has Elysium to offer a fisherman as a counter-attraction?

Romans were builders and bathers. At Baia, overlooking the beach, are the hot baths of Nero, substantially still as they were originally excavated from the mountain of lava; with all the usual chambers of a Roman bath, doubtless elaborately lined with marble in Paul's day. A tunnel into the heart of the mountain, where water perpetually boils, is the steam room; and it sets the visitor to dripping perspiration more profusely in half a minute than an electric cabinet or a Turkish bath does in twenty times that period. The sensation is a curious one, of a heavy sweat without any discomfort from heat. Doubtless it needed this particular bath to cleanse some of the physical effects of high living from the dissipated Romans who frequented it. In an outer chamber of this same bath, by the way, Nero is said to have kept prisoner his mother, Agrippina, before he had her murdered.

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Imagination cannot frame a greater contrast than that between the simple, holy life which Paul preached and the Christians practiced, and the degeneracy into which the rulers of Rome had fallen.

While we may sometimes wish that Paul, and his author-companion, Luke, had told us more of their travel experiences, along the Appian Way, in Greece and Macedonia, and throughout Asia Minor, it was their very absorption in the application of the New Life to their decadent times that restrained them from incidental tales of wayfaring. To them, as to us, the Appian Way was preëminently significant for the Good News carried over it. The physical persistence of the identical highway traveled by the Apostle means less, after all, than the present-day vitality of his mission and Message.

CHAPTER IV

SAINT PAUL, SOME OLD GREEKS; AND TWO AMERICAN WOMEN



WHETHER this chapter is to be about that celebrated old traveler, the Apostle Paul; or about two American women; or about a host of ancient Greek celebrities, the reader will have to judge for himself; personally, it looks to me as if the case is likely to be one of "ladies first."

My uncertainty arises from this man Paul's habit of becoming involved with all sorts of interesting places and people. What a manager of foreign tours he would have been, or foreign press correspondent; for he seemed ever to have an eye for the centers of greatest human interest. Everybody has heard rather lachrymose sermons about the tribulations of the wayfaring Apostle: but who ever heard him portrayed as the most enviable of men? Having one's head cut off at the end of such an exciting, life-crowded career as was Paul's is a far better fate than to have one's head nod away into final insensibility in a snug chimney corner. As I have trailed Paul over a considerable portion of the earth's surface, both the size of the man, and the geographical area he covered, have loomed larger and larger. That part of the map which must be called "Bible Lands," because the restless feet of this religious rover traversed it, is larger than all the region covered by the Old Testament history of the Jews and by the

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personal activities of Jesus. Besides, Paul's wanderings impinged upon a greater number of historical personages, places and events outside of the Scripture narrative. Above all other Bible characters, he had the scholarly equipment to appreciate the scenes of which he was a part.

In tracking Paul eastward from Rome (there is no clear record that he ever fulfilled his desire to go to Spain), it developed that he had sailed between dread Scylla and Charybdis, the Straits of Messina. As our steamer easily drove across the edge of the whirlpools that were such a terror to ancient mariners, the waters swirling ominously and oilily at the center, and dancing merrily at the edges, like water sprites at play, flinging up white arms to the sunlight, our thought was more of the rebuilt Messina, with its memories of the earthquake of 1906, which completely destroyed the cities of the vicinity, than of the ancient terrors of the Straits. Such is the dauntless faith of man in the general beneficence of nature that the devastated city between the water and the mountains had been restored: the American-built quarter being particularly attractive. Present-day red-roofed Regium, nearly opposite Messina, where Paul's ship, the "Castor and Pollux," touched, is likewise a post-earthquake construction.

Visions of Paul at the rail of the little grain ship, drinking in the loveliness of Sicily's coast, fill the mind as the modern ship makes toward Syracuse, where the Prisoner-Ambassador spent three days. We may grumble at the clacking and clatter of our Levantine-filled craft, but Paul's little ship was a slum in

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comparison. Any price is small to pay that takes one to lovely Sicily; and especially to history-crammed Syracuse, where the power of Athens broke; where Demosthenes died in battle; where Archimedes, inventor of the square, the lever, the draftsman's compass, the catapult, and the glass mirror (by the latter, according to a credulity taxing legend, destroying the Athenian fleet in this harbor), applied his arts to his country's defense; where Plato dwelt and Alcibiades played traitor; and where Carthage later succumbed to Rome. (I feel as if I were sprinkling my tale with Attic salt!) Syracuse had experienced nearly a thousand years of brilliant history before the "Castor and Pollux" entered its harbor, and the Apostle in chains disembarked for three days. All of this ancient history is now dated by Christ: what a symbol of conquest is the calendar!

This is not a sight-seeing trip—though I have met no other traveler who is seeing so much—else I would write at length of the great castle on the hill, dominating the now barren sites of the four former cities of Syracuse with its stupendous engineering works, mostly cut into solid rock. Somehow a man's awe of the skyscraper diminishes as he walks through fortifications like these, constructed twenty-five hundred years ago. The vast wall was largely built within twenty days by the labor of sixty thousand slaves. The theater, too, cut into solid rock, still accommodates about fifty thousand persons, when Syracuse triennially summons the best talent of Italy for the production of an ancient Greek play. Some of the immortal Greek dramas had their first production here. The old Tem-

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ple of Minerva, which has been reconstructed and used as a Christian church since the seventh century, must have caused Paul's heart to "burn within him."

Syracuse has the biggest catacombs known; and the Franciscan monks show, in the Church of St. Mar-
cian, the crypt in which they declare Paul preached. Like so many of the other Christian antiquities of the ancient world, the sure traces are clearly Byzantine. We may be certain, however, that Paul preached somewhere in Syracuse; although the Book of the Acts gives no record of converts.

In this soil, so like Palestine, outwardly and in its limestone substratum, quarrying was easy. Aside from the catacombs, with their occasional Christian inscriptions and bones, the most interesting rock cuttings are the great quarry, now turned into a garden, where the last seven thousand of the defeated Athenian soldiers were cast to die; and the famous "Ear of Dionysius," a cathedral-like cave with the most wonderful echo in the world. The tearing of a small piece of paper resounds through hundreds of feet of space. When the musical keeper sings the scale, a marvelous harmony returns. I wonder if, like myriads since, Paul evoked this echo; and, if so, what he said to it. Surely, too, he was not too engrossed a theologian to be interested in the Fountain of Arethusa, where, according to the legend, the Nymph Arethusa, fleeing from the unwelcome attention of the river-god Alpheus, was metamorphosed by Diana into this fountain. "Sacred" fish in abundance now dwell in the fountain, the edge of which is thickly grown with papyrus. Syracuse is the only place in Europe that the paper plant, of old

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brought from Egypt, now flourishes; and an attempt is being made to manufacture the paper on a commercial basis. Since Paul knew the Greek classics, he must have recalled Thucydides' famous description of the decisive battle of Syracuse, as he looked down on the land-locked harbor. Dominating the graceful fold upon fold of Sicily's mountains, with their terraced vineyards, and ever in sight, is Mt. Etna, Europe's largest volcano, the white smoke gently drifting from its crater, suggesting the figure of an old man with his corn-cob pipe, lazily sitting in the sun by his cabin door, and dreaming of the great days gone. What scenes old Etna has looked upon! Surely none was ever fairer than that of the nightly return of the gaily painted fishing fleet, across waters blue, violet, rose-red and vivid green. Only Etna remembers how many centuries ago these fishermen began to build their boats with high-posted prows. As Paul watched this beautiful procession of home-coming craft, did he compare the forms and ways of life on the water with those of his Apostle comrades who had once been fishermen on the little Lake of Galilee?

Even to tabulate the historical sites passed by Paul in his voyages in the Ægean would make this chapter resemble a page from a school history or from a guide-book: I must leave the ecstatic thrills over those associations to my fellow voyager, the classical professor. Ships from Italy now save the long journey around the Peloponnesian Peninsula by using the Corinth Canal, which connects the Bay of Corinth with the Bay of Salamis, scene of the world's most famous sea fight. Here we are at Paul's Corinth, where for a

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year and a half, on his first visit, the Apostle worked with Priscilla and Aquila as a tent-maker to pay expenses, and followed his real business of preaching the Gospel. At least three letters, only two of which survive and form part of the New Testament, were later written by Paul to the Christians at Corinth, who seemed to share their city's characteristic instability and turbulence. While he was in Corinth, Paul wrote the two Epistles to the Thessalonians and the Epistle to the Romans. Of course, Paul had his own exciting times in the city. (Acts xviii.)

As we poke about the long dead and buried and now exhumed city of Corinth, our first and most obvious thought is that Corinth is dead, but Paul and his Gospel are alive. All the proud marbles of market place and forum and theater and stadium, which once represented the glory and arrogance of the rich and vain and pleasure-loving metropolis, are but broken fragments for archæologists to speculate upon. The leading citizens of Corinth in Paul's day, who never gave a second glance to this little workingman Jew, with fingers sore from the tools of his trade, are now not even names on marbles; but Paul and his companions have immortalized Corinth. Our thoughts are with the comrades of the Apostle during his stay, Luke and Titus and Timothy and Silas and Aquila and Tychicus and Trophimus; and we speculate as to how far their talks together, and their dreams and prayers, envisaged an imperial triumph for their Message that would long outlast Corinth. This city was also the home town of some illustrious converts of Paul, whose names are enshrined in the New Testament. We try

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to visualize, as strolling about these public places, and looking off to the bay at sunset, Sosthenes, warden of the synagogue, beaten by the mob because a friend of Paul; and Crispus, another synagogue warden, who, with all his household, believed the Apostle's word; and Titus Justus, who gave Paul hospitality, and the considerable list of other converts. Were any of those named among the disturbers of the Church with whom Paul's letters dealt?

Quite incidentally, in connection with his Grecian experiences, we find this scholar Paul surpassing both the poets and philosophers of golden Greece in their own fields. Sappho, Greece's poetess of passion, never sang so exalted a song as Paul's apotheosis of love which constitutes the Thirteenth Chapter of his First Letter to the Corinthians. And a characteristic wonder is that Paul's matchless pæan of love was not written for any select circle of literary exquisites; but for a conglomerate company of very imperfect Christians, who had lately come out of the rotten life of one of the most immoral cities of the pagan world. To "Corinthianize" had become a synonym for vice. A curious little light upon the state of mind of old Corinth was shed by a personal experience of mine. While sipping coffee under the great plane tree which dominates the public square of the village on the site of the old city, "Mike," the café-keeper, who had been in America and was so homesick to return that he could not sufficiently shower attentions upon the visiting Americans, brought up a man who had twenty days before found in his field an old Roman seal. I bought it, without careful examination, the light being poor. Later, I saw that

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the seal was so grossly pornographic that I could not keep it. Yet this foul thing had once adorned a Roman gentleman's finger! That was the sort of environment in which grew the New Testament saints of Corinth.

Extensive excavations have been carried on in the old city by the American School of Achæology at Athens. When first a synagogue was uncovered, it was widely acclaimed as the one in which Paul had preached; but it is now known to have been of a later date by two centuries. Here, however, are the streets on the very stones of which the Apostle walked, and the colonnades where doubtless he was often in disputation concerning his Message. The ancient Doric Temple of Apollo, a rare ruin, was one of the sights of Paul's day. Archæology has opened to view fragments of the splendor of the life amidst which the great missionary labored; and all of which his work has survived and surpassed. As I ascended the magnificent acropolis, the Acro-Corinthus, which stands ward over the city, a fortress throughout millenniums, I knew that I was following the footsteps of this lover of wide horizons. With what yearnings of soul he must have sought the serenity of these heights, to brood upon the fertile plain below, and its teeming city, and its busy harbor.

Two Corinthians await the traveler's inspection to-day. One is new Corinth and the other is the old city, with its ruins; largely abandoned because of the prevalence of malaria. It was malaria which balked Nero's project to cut a canal through the isthmus. Here is a good place to read a new book which traces the downfall of the Roman Empire to the malaria-carrying mosquito.

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While the theory seems a bit overextended, there is no denying that conquering cities and armies of the past have been laid low by the little mosquito. The city of Cæsarea, in Palestine, for instance, where Paul was taken a prisoner from Jerusalem, is now uninhabitable by Europeans, because of malaria. New Corinth, too, as, indeed, all the region hereabouts, gave up most of its vitality as a tribute to this plague. Trade, education, health and general progress, all were enervated by malaria.

Until the American women came! At Corinth is an extensive orphanage of the Near East Relief, in charge of Miss Cushman. On her staff is Miss Carr, a Johns Hopkins nurse. After most of the thirteen hundred children, and the corps of workers, had been laid low by malaria, these women decided to do for themselves what the Greek government showed no signs of doing. Medicinal measures, of course, were adopted; but what is the use, reasoned these practical Yankee nurses, of consuming unlimited quantities of quinine with no attempt to remedy the basic conditions? Like Paul, in whose train they followed and whose Master they served, these American Christian women were doers of the Word, and not hearers only. Also like him, they were equipped with knowledge, as well as with a dominant spirit of helpfulness.

So Miss Carr undertook the task of exterminating malaria from this whole big city of new Corinth. Since "none of us liveth to himself, and none of us dieth to himself," it would not suffice to cleanse the barracks area where the orphans dwell: there is a socialism in nature which links the life of all classes and conditions

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together. As a first gigantic step, with no official assistance and no coöperation except that of her associates and the orphans, Miss Carr set about draining the whole city area. How Paul would have exulted in her! Perhaps he would have softened some of the rather ungallant words he wrote about women in his Corinthian letters if he had known Miss Carr and Miss Cushman, who are veritably in apostolic succession to the great pioneer himself. *A hundred miles of trenches* were dug by Miss Carr and her orphan boys in this war against mosquitoes.

Even that was easy as compared with the heart-breaking task of constraining these slack Greek citizens to cover all their wells and all standing water, and to take the most elemental precautions against malaria. Miss Carr has been heard to quote, in exasperation, some of the cutting remarks originally made by Paul concerning the Corinthians of his day—in the circumstances rather comforting Scripture, I should say. A woman fighting for the rights of little children is a formidable antagonist, as both the mosquitoes and the bitten and inert local officialdom found. For, to summarize a long and brilliant struggle, Miss Carr won, and completely wiped out malaria in new Corinth. Her own charges, the orphans, were saved; and the city itself found its vitality and capacity, and consequently its business, more than doubled. The achievement was so conspicuous that the government took notice of it; and put into operation various anti-malaria measures. Now, Miss Carr commands where once she entreated. All the wells and cisterns in two provinces are covered to prevent mosquitoes from

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breeding. If trenches are to be dug, the soldiers have to dig them. Johns Hopkins nursing technique has made such an impression in Corinth that it may eventually result in the extermination of malaria from all of Greece.

As I follow the trail of the Apostle Paul over his widely ramifying routes, I find that these present-day human traces of his Gospel and of his example are far more interesting than the ruins of cities that once he knew. Miss Carr's chief and associate, Miss Cushman, is perhaps the most vital personality that Corinth has known since the days of Paul himself. (And let it be remarked in passing that these two women work heartily and harmoniously together, in real affection.) Older than Miss Carr, and with a romantic career in the Near East, Miss Cushman is the most remarkable woman that I have ever encountered east of the Alps. She is now Miss Cushman of Corinth; not long ago she was Miss Cushman of Eubia; before that she was Miss Cushman of Constantinople; and, most spectacularly of all, throughout the war she was Miss Cushman of Konia. By all the tests of greatness, this one unassuming Yankee woman, who has been too busy to go home to America to lecture and to be interviewed and to be written and talked about, is a great personality. The various decorations that foreign governments have bestowed upon her are only a slight evidence of her unique achievements. Because of her association with two outstanding scenes of Paul's labors, Corinth and Iconium, she may be submitted as "Exhibit A," of the continuing power of his Message.

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To begin at the beginning, Miss Cushman is a New York State school teacher, who many years ago went to Turkey as a missionary, and was associated with Dr. William E. Dodd and Dr. Wilfred M. Post in the American Hospital at Konia, which city, it may be recalled, was the old Iconium of the Apostle Paul's travels and troubles. (Acts 14:1-8.)

There is an inherited streak of granite in Miss Cushman's character that came to the surface during her Turkish experiences, so that she could say, with Paul, "None of these things move me." When the Great War had proceeded awhile, and the other missionaries were forced to leave Konia and central Asia Minor, Miss Cushman simply refused to go! There was nothing in the experience of the Turkish officials that taught them how to deal with this sort of woman; especially since their country was not at war with America, and they could not well resort to extreme measures. There were orphans and refugees and prisoners needing succor, and Miss Cushman was determined to stand by them to the end. So throughout three years of the war she played a man's part and was, for most of that time, the only representative of all the Allies, big and little, in mid-Turkey. No allied consuls or diplomatic representatives were allowed to remain or enter. Special missions from the neutral countries were not admitted. Although Konia became a central prison camp, no liaison between it and the outside world was permitted. Mid-Turkey became a sealed land, like unto Tibet. Miss Cushman alone stood for the interests and principles of the allied nations.

So she was given the title of "Acting Consul of the

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Allied and Neutral Nations," and permitted to be the intermediary for the supply of funds and food and other relief to the motley host of military and civil prisoners, who ranged from Zulus to Montenegrins, with British officers and French Roman Catholic sisters as representative of the peak midway. Forty-six racial or national groups were in this flock of sufferers whom Miss Cushman shepherded single-handed. If the war correspondents had been admitted to interior Turkey, how the whole world would have rung with her story! Every newspaper and every motion-picture screen would have carried her portrait. This unself-conscious missionary never knew what she missed; nor cared. As a mere material incident of her vast and varied service for the nations of the world in mid-Anatolia, this acting consul, who up to that time was probably the only woman ever so designated, administered more than a million dollars of Entente funds; and that on a retail, bread-and-butter, clothing-and-shoes basis.

"A man's job," you say? Yet only a woman could do it. Any man who attempted to bulldoze the Turkish officials in the fashion Miss Cushman did would have been shot straightway. And only a woman could have cajoled them as she had to do, when cajolery was better strategy than bluster. There are forms of diplomacy not described in the manuals of the State Department. Not in vain had this shrewd woman spent long years among the Turks. All of her past rallied to the support of her present: which is a way the past has. Now she was fighting, single-handed and alone, as the champion of civilization and mercy: between the

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sick, the hopeless, the immured, on one hand, and on the other the outside world which held their loved ones, stood only this one American woman, with no weapons save such as had been forged in the armory of her own faith and character and experience.

How did she do it? Shut off from Constantinople almost entirely, how did Miss Cushman get the vast sums of money needed to buy food and clothes and medicine for this colony of prisoners that numbered from three to five thousand persons? She had early received assurances from Ambassador Morgenthau that her drafts for necessities would be honored by the Allies and by America; and her own reputation in Konia was so high that local bankers and merchants, who in the circumstances naturally wanted drafts on the outside world, trusted her implicitly. So Miss Cushman, accustomed only to drawing drafts on the bank of faith, simply wrote checks to a total of more than a million dollars, with all the confidence of a multi-millionaire. And every one was honored!

The curious company to whom this one American woman stood as representative of home and country and hope, comprised British soldiers from the Kut-el-Amara defeat, mostly Indian privates and officers, with, however, a sprinkling of English. It included the French Catholic Sisters who had been doing missionary work in Konia and thereabouts, and who had been interned as enemy aliens. These numbered forty at the outset, but at the end they were only six. A glimpse of the breadth of spirit of Miss Cushman is given in this connection. Not only was the Protestant missionary a warm friend of her Roman Catholic sisters, but when

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it came to providing the tragically frequent funerals of the British and other allied dead, this Yankee Congregationalist and a Roman Catholic priest conducted the religious services together. Heterodox? I suppose so; but as thoroughly Christian as anything ever done by Paul. The occasion was too great for any ecclesiastical lines; and both the priest and the Protestant missionary saw it.

Among the prisoners were some Americans, whom the Turks really had no right to intern. There were also Italians and French and Russians, and, later, Greeks. The Indian soldiers were most difficult to handle; but Miss Cushman's word was law, since it was also bread and hope. All sorts of queer folk, who were not prisoners, but who thronged to the one steadfast and bountiful personality in a shaking world, beset Miss Cushman: such as Afghans, Turkomans and Bokharis. Infinite courage was daily needed by this lone woman who had to comfort others continually, with no one to comfort her. For, voluntarily, Miss Cushman was as much of an exile as any of the multitudes to whom she ministered.

Emergencies reveal character: and it is to the glory of American womanhood that the war crisis in Turkey produced a group of heroic women who, alone and amidst incredible difficulties and perils, carried on with a resourcefulness and courage such as have marked only a few figures in history. Mrs. Christie, of Tarsus; Miss Graffam, of Sivas; Miss Vaughn, of Cæsarea; and, most sensationally, Miss Cushman, of Konia, all without any American associates or assistants of either sex, accomplished, single-handed, prodigies of valor and

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humanitarian service. Thousands of men and women who otherwise would have filled nameless graves are alive to-day to bless the memory of these women. One runs across them in unexpected places. An old hotel-keeper in Jerusalem, who had been interned during the War in and near Konia, was overcome to tears as he said to me, "Give my love to Miss Cushman. There is never a day passes that we do not think of her kindness to us when we had no friend. We are still alive only because of her." Scattered throughout Great Britain's far-flung dominions are hundreds of other men who could echo these sentiments.

Let nobody think, however, that Miss Cushman's war work was merely that of the conventional angel of mercy, who carries dainties to the sick and speaks consolingly to the prisoner. There was more of bread and meat than of delicacies in her provision for the hungry, and not all of the words she spoke were soft. Nobody can get through a big experience in Turkey by honeyed speech alone. Sometimes officials had to be bullied; and the peculiar equipment of this strong woman was that her long experience in the land had taught her when to be persuasive and when to be mandatory.

Imagine a day's work in the life of this woman who, in the heart of a hostile nation, was "acting consul" for most of the world's population. Handling a million dollars, as she did, in small sums over a period of years, is a task that gives many a bank work enough to keep a staff of several persons busy. Providing food for a family is a considerable part of the average woman's daily duty: Miss Cushman had to find, in a

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precarious market, the bread for thousands of hungry mouths. Interceding with a stiff-necked and unfriendly nation, in behalf of individuals with various needs and woes, is work that has driven many a consul gray-haired: it was an important part of Miss Cushman's diplomatic mission; for she could never issue an ultimatum, and she had to keep on good terms with the governor and with the Turkish military. Incidentally, there were records to be kept. Then there were the hospitals to be visited, a duty particularly individual, that could not be delegated to others. These sick and dying were under the burden of the added woe of being exiles and prisoners, with no friendly voice from the homeland, except that of Miss Cushman. Her melancholy duty it was also to bury the dead and report the deaths.

How did the letters get out? There can be no harm in telling it now; though when the facts first leaked out locally some men were arrested and beaten for their part in the transaction. Miss Cushman had many friends among the local Turks, made by years of missionary ministry, and some of these worked on the railroad, and became messengers in the improvised secret service that carried communications to Constantinople. No military news was ever imparted thus; only tidings concerning the imprisoned and interned and the dead. Resourcefulness became second nature to this woman, who stood as the sentinel of civilization in the heart of the enemy's country.

Konia, as a central city of Anatolia, became a distributing base for the Armenian deportations. As many as forty thousand of these unhappy victims were seen

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at one time on the Konia plain by Miss Cushman and by Dr. Dodd, who had not then been sent to Constantinople, a sufferer from typhus. Dr. Post did not have to leave until a year later. Half the Armenians of Konia, or ten thousand, were saved from deportation by these three Americans. Miss Cushman found herself at the end of the war with a thousand orphans under her care. In addition, there were innumerable refugees, looking only to the American woman for succor.

Miss Cushman is a hard woman to interview. She does not know the arts that commonly go with being a public character. The living present is so greatly alive for her that she does not take to reminiscences. About current work she will talk, and talk with frankness and zest. That she has been too busy to take a vacation since the War is perhaps as good an illustration as any of her devotion to service. Following the armistice, she continued relief and administrative work in Konia. That was no small chore; for the Nationalists soon rose to power. With a chuckle, Miss Cushman says, "I have seen great changes come to pass on the part of the Turkish officials. During the War I had to bow and say 'Effendi' to them. After the Armistice, they used to bow and say 'Effendi' to me. Then when the Nationalist Movement arose, again I had to bow and say 'Effendi' to them. But we remained good friends all the while."

After the rise of the Nationalists, Miss Cushman was in charge of three orphanages, with two thousand children, housed in Turkish palaces along the Bosphorus. When the Christians all fled from Turkey,

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and the orphanages were moved to Greece, she was made chief executive of the fifty-five hundred Armenian and Greek children who were concentrated in summer hotels at Adipsos, on the island of Eubia, or Negropontes, the scene of more Greek and Roman history than I know how to write.

It was here I found her in 1923, by the help of the American peace-time navy in the Near East, which sent a destroyer to convey me from Athens up the narrow and tortuous and swift but romantic and historic and beautiful Eubea Strait to the famous hot springs of Adipsos, where the Roman Emperor Hadrian delighted to sojourn. Cold springs and hot springs gush forth from the earth in many spots, and often side by side. Some springs are sulphur, some are magnesia and some are simply hot water. Cleanliness was made easy at this orphanage. Hot and cold streams commingle in a swimming pool. Laundry work is done in nature's steaming tubs. Hot water for cooking is heated in Mother Earth's steam chest. A rare spot and a lovely setting is Adipsos. Of all the regal and imperial and classical figures who have dwelt there, none was of the type of this substantial Yankee woman in a gray sweater, with strong lines in her face, but smiling, gentle eyes.

Anybody who follows the Apostle Paul's footsteps, and visits new Corinth, will discover that the principal enterprise of the city is the American orphanage, in which between two and three thousand of the big Adipsos family were organized at the time of the transfer, though the number has since been reduced to thirteen hundred. "Three thousand children are quite

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enough to care for in one home," Miss Cushman had naïvely remarked to me in Adipsos. At their head I found, on this present trip, practicing the thirteenth chapter of Paul's Letter to the Corinthians, this great-hearted woman, who is as absorbed in her present task as if there had never been any other chapter in her life. And surely her Master's "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me," is as merited at Corinth as was His "I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison and ye came unto Me" deserved at old Iconium. Paul's work and spirit, as expressed by Miss Cushman and Miss Carr, are hereby offered in evidence and proof that his mission is still being carried on.

CHAPTER V

STRANGE DOINGS IN PAUL'S GREECE



ONE who sets out to trail Paul over his widely wandering route, finds that various live present consequences of the Apostle's work divert the quest from the great pioneer himself. Greece is a conspicuous instance. Something so new and big and epochal has taken place in Greece during the past five years that it demands telling, along with the fascinating place-tale of Paul. The newspaper-reading world has heard from Greece only when a new overturn in government has taken place. (Since the War there have been in the country six governments and almost as many revolutions, and the present rule is a military dictatorship.) And the dramatic and well-nigh incredible transformation of the nation has not been told. It is a new Greece that the traveler finds to-day, restlessly alive on the ruins of oft-sung antiquity.

Hitherto, the tale has been one of tears. For generations the civilized world has been called upon to weep over Greece. Byron voiced the apotheosis of the tragedy of this people. So recently as two and a half years ago, when in Athens, I was, figuratively, drenched with Hellenic tears of self-pity, poured upon the unfortunate American journalist by high and low, cabinet ministers and chance-met strangers. Never was such a tragedy, I was volubly informed, as the defeat of

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the Greeks by the Turks and the sudden inrush of millions of refugees from Anatolia. The innocent bystander soon grew weary of these lachrymose recitals of a spineless people, suppliant to all the world for aid in bearing burdens created by their own folly.

Now, in less than three short years, forced by the stern good sense of America and other nations to set about helping herself, Greece has become a new nation. She is in the midst of a "boom" such as the pioneer people of the West know. Athens and her other cities are humming with activity. Paul and his party would have to step lively on their way to Mars Hill (I visited it repeatedly in an American taxi!) to keep from being run over by automobiles. All sorts of business are thriving, and the sound of the builders' hammer is heard everywhere in the land. Wages have risen several fold. A Greek friend told me at length of her woes in trying to secure a domestic servant. Every kind of labor is scarce—in a land with nearly a million and a half of recent immigrants, of her own racial stock. Farmers in the Peloponnesus receive five times as much for their products as they did three years ago. Prosperity is written on the surface of the life of the cities. The new traffic officers, in their natty gray uniforms, with white Sam Browne belts, have quite taken the luster away from the familiar Hallowe'en-costumed palace guards, in their red nightcaps and white drawers and shoes with huge silk pom-poms on top and many-buttoned blue tunics. And the gestures of the police, as they signal motorists to go or to stop, are of the sort that may be seen only in the histrionic Near East: one such officer on Fifth Avenue would

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draw a mob and block the traffic. But the people really do obey the traffic officers, as a Greek commented to me in a spirit of pride that had not lost its tinge of surprise.

Everybody is so busy in Greece that even politics is subordinated. When sitting at the little tables of the street cafés, instead of talking of a change of government, or of Greece's ancient glory, or of an inevitable war with Turkey or some other Balkan neighbor, the people are talking business; and "deals" of infinite and ingenious variety, for, naturally, a large part of the urban aspect of Greece's present "boom" consists in clever money-making schemes that do not call for actual labor or productivity; and in which gesturing conversation plays an important part. The cafés are not nearly so crowded in the daytime as they used to be.

Nothing but death could keep a Levantine from much speaking. The Eastern Mediterranean region is the chatter zone of the world. Words crowd out deeds. Just to talk and talk and talk is the general occupation and diversion, which even the American motion pictures have been unable to supplant. The Book of Acts records, with abiding fidelity to life, that the Athenians "spend their time in nothing else, than either to hear or to tell some new thing." At present, their talk is of prosperity. So marvelous is the thing which has come to pass that even the actors in it are scarcely able to realize its magnitude. Only a visitor returning after two or three years may understand the extent of the change that has swept over Greece. And he will almost have to pinch himself to realize that this is the same Greece which, three years ago, was wailing and

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whining because America was withdrawing her Red Cross, after eight months of bountiful service. In 1923 English-speaking Greeks, total strangers, accosted me on the streets of Mytilene to protest at the incredible news that the American Red Cross was to withdraw, and that its flow of millions of dollars for relief was to stop. These volunteer advisers tried to make me see that America would be as bad as the Turks should she do this heartless thing. It might be theoretically right for the American Secretary of State to proclaim the principle that relief activities in foreign lands should be limited to emergencies only; but what would Greece do without American money and American workers? The people would surely die!

That action of the American Red Cross has proved to be a greater service to Greece than all the bountiful ministrations which had preceded it. For it threw Greece sharply on to her own resources. It brought her abruptly up against certain Pauline teachings, such as those concerning the working with one's own hands; and as the famous saying that he who does not care for his own is worse than an infidel. An incredible stiffening of national backbone ensued.

Another factor entered unexpectedly: the million and a half of refugees from Anatolia, who were supposed to be the ruin of the country, proved to be its salvation. These involuntary immigrants are of sturdier, more self-reliant and efficient stuff than the Hellenic Greeks. Once they began to find their feet in the new land to which they had been unwillingly and cruelly sent, the Anatolian Greeks quickly revealed their character and caliber. They entered all lines of industry

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and business. From the artisan to the experienced business man of Smyrna, the refugees were soon making themselves felt as competitors of the old population of Greece. They worked harder, possessed more initiative and vision, and did not dissipate their powers in futile rhetoric or political discussions. Also, they quickly entered the fields of politics as the Refugee Party, and thus gave effect to their claims. In every department of life, these Anatolians have been as a burr under the saddle of the Greek horse. Dreadful as was the tragedy of the "exchange of populations," which in 1922-23 moved all Christians out of Asia Minor and all Moslems out of Greece, it has clearly worked out for the rehabilitation of both nations. The words of Joseph to his brethren are applicable: "Ye meant evil against me; but God meant it for good." The refugees are delivering Greece from the delusion that possession of ancient ruins constitutes present greatness. Any student of recent Greek history is likely to find himself quoting "Happy is the nation that has no history." More injury than benefit has come to modern Greece from the nation's former glory. The events of each age are, after all, most important to itself. Life is always contemporaneous in its real significance.

Pireus Harbor, the port of Athens, gives the returning visitor to Greece his first sensation. It has more than doubled its business within three years, having captured much of the former trade of Constantinople and Smyrna. The harbor is crowded with shipping. Hum and bustle make the city seem occidental. Labor is highly paid, and conscious of its power. American-

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made taxicabs are in flocks. Instead of going to Athens by the interurban train which so distressingly resembles the New York subway, in its form, in its manners and in its congestion, the visitor is driven swiftly there by automobile; past a continuous exhibit of construction.

What a different Athens from the one Paul knew! Warm, white, dusty, modern, crowded, the capital of Greece at first glance seems entirely of the Occident; until one notes that the men carry strings of beads instead of canes, and that horses and donkeys, and even automobile radiators, are decorated with oriental blue beads "to avert the evil eye." Then, with the involuntary exclamation, "Here comes Anatolia!" we jump out of the way of a recklessly driven, dust-covered motor bus marked "Marathon." It is overloaded, even to the mud-guards, with baggage (which in the East is *bag-gage*) and with baskets of grapes bound for market. Overcrowded, too, it is, as only the Orient knows how to overcrowd an automobile, with overwrapped Armenians, dressed as in Asia Minor, their faces half covered to keep out the dust of the way. (As an illustration of how cars are used to their capacity out here, an English correspondent reported a railway tragedy in the words: "The engine struck a Ford touring car squarely in the middle, and all of the fifteen passengers were killed." How many times have I had to bear the reproachful looks of wayfarers in the interior of Turkey because we would not give them a lift, although the Ford in which we were riding contained only five passengers!)

Of ragged refugees, Athens now shows few; instead, one sees well-dressed children from Anatolia on the way

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to school; and workingmen, clad as in Asia Minor, busy on the construction of new buildings. Thanks to an international refugee commission, with an American chairman, and a loan of fifty million dollars, the refugee housing problem has been carried far toward a solution. Attractive rural settlements of red-roofed dwellings are scattered over Greece, wherever there was new land to be cultivated or work to be had. Greece was an underpopulated country, especially after the 354,000 Turks had been deported, and the Macedonians had been largely pushed beyond the borders. Even after absorbing the 1,400,000 Greek refugees from Asia Minor, the population is only eight millions.

Of the total of nearly a million and a half of refugees, all but forty thousand families had been established in new homes, mostly on the land, before October, 1925. Some two hundred thousand did not need help from the commission. Those who have remained in the cities have been provided only with homes, if assisted at all. The agricultural settler has been given a new house, adequate land, essential livestock, seed, and subsistence for the family and its animals for six months. The average cost has been about five hundred dollars per family, advanced on a loan basis.

In addition to the 1,400,000 Greek refugees, there were between sixty and a hundred thousand Armenians deported from Turkey into Greece, of whom thirty-five thousand have already left, and most of the others are leaving as rapidly as possible. For a time, Christian Greece was actually deporting Christian Armenians. The latter insist upon the same rights as a special community which they enjoyed in Turkey; but this privi-

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lege Greece refuses, insisting that all who remain must become Greek citizens. So a steady stream of Armenian emigration, partly under pressure, is flowing out from Greece, mostly to the Armenian Soviet Republic in the Russian Caucasus.

It was hoped that the refugees would transfer to Greece the rug industry, and other special crafts, from Asia Minor; but this has not come to pass to any considerable degree. They have simply entered existing lines of business and agriculture, greatly intensifying the output of both. If the politics and religion of Greece could be as drastically vitalized as her business, there might be a reasonable expectation of a return of the nation's ancient strength and prestige. The new business boom has engrossed ambition and energy that might otherwise have been expended in public service. Even the Greek Orthodox Church finds it difficult to get recruits for the priesthood. From Scotland came a generous offer to provide four full scholarships for young men of the Greek Evangelical Church; but no candidates could be found.

Three American missionary institutions have been transferred to Greece—the Constantinople School of Religions, and the Smyrna Girls' College to Phaleron, between Athens and Pireus; and the Anatolia College, from Aintab to Salonica. The Greek government seems inclined to impose about the same restrictions, concerning language and teachers and religion, that have created so great a furore in Turkey. Whether missionary work is to be continued in an exclusively Christian land is one of the knotty questions that arise in connection with the exchange of populations. Cer-

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tainly Greece, and the Orthodox Church, are both better for the presence of the fine type of altruistic Americans who staff these institutions.

Paul would find Greece still a difficult problem, taxing both his intellect and his saintliness. Perhaps we may dismiss for the present the to-dayness of this Bible Land, and turn to its New Testament scenes and reminders. In this aspect, Greece is wholly delightful. One may trace the travels of the great Apostle amidst scenes that breathe of Greek history, Greek art and Greek literature. A fresh sense of the interrelationship of the Apostle Paul with classical culture grips the traveler who follows the great apostle's route in Greece and amidst the Ægean islands. This statesman-missionary aimed at the pivotal places of his world, so he could not omit Athens. One likes to think of the thrills of pleasure which came to his cultivated spirit as he strolled through the beautiful city and climbed to the Parthenon-crowned Acropolis, still to-day, in its ruin, the most impressive survival of the great days of the masters of sculpture. As we watched, with awed sensibilities, a sun of golden glory that was simply celestial, set full and fairly between the pillars of the Parthenon—frame almost matching picture—I wondered whether Paul, also, was accustomed to climb the Acropolis at eventide, for this refreshment to his tired soul?

Just below this hill of ancient splendors, on the north-west side—almost opposite the site of the proposed new excavations—lies the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, where Paul, standing on the spot made historic by the oratory of Demosthenes, stated the philosophical plea of Chris-

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tianity that is treasured as one of the world's masterpieces of human speech. Mars Hill, covered with a stately building in Paul's day, is now a mass of almost bare gray rock, about one hundred and fifty feet long, extending northwest by southeast. Steps have been cut into it; but for so long has it been a mere unadorned site that the yellow crocuses grow in its cran- nies, defying the winter winds. Dwarfed by the ma- jestic Acropolis, Mars Hill is, nevertheless, a high point in Christian history and geography and philosophy. It symbolizes the Gospel's claim to compete intellectually with all pagan systems of thought. Sitting on this old gray rock, where so many famous feet have trodden, the visitor mulls over the thought of the long line of giant intellects which, in succession to Paul, have contended for the Christian religion in the domain of scholarship. On this spot was attested Christianity's charter of intellectual freedom, and its championship of the largest possible conception of God and of humanity. The small-statured, physically unimpressive Jewish orator, able freely to quote the poetry and philosophy of the Greeks, was more than a missionary to the Gentiles of his day: he was the Gospel's ambassador to the reasoning faculties of man. He was the first great Christian theologian, and he did not blink the tre- mendous implications of his Message.

Pursuing his path over the Greece of his day, we perceive Paul's familiarity with every phase of its life. "This is the *Via Sacra* between Athens and Eleusis," quietly remarked the Professor, as we rode toward Corinth one lovely morning. The words called up pic- tures of the great religious processions; and of his-

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tory's cryptic allusions to the Eleusinian mysteries, which, if we may credit Cicero, an initiate, were the most ethical and spiritual of the pagan faiths. Paul was familiar with Eleusis and its festivals, and with as much of its teachings as a scholarly uninitiate could know. "Behold, I show unto you a mystery," he exclaimed, perhaps contrasting the loftier spiritual conception of the Faith he preached with the "mystery religions" of the East. These he knew, both in Greece and in Asia Minor and Syria, and not all of them were as lofty ethically as that of Eleusis. The Pauline insistence upon personal chastity, and upon a life of righteousness on the part of Christian believers, becomes more meaningful as we follow his footsteps amidst the remains of corrupt pagan worships which promoted impurity. This ethical emphasis must mark any modern religious revival that is Bible-born and Bible-based.

Eleusis shows ruins of magnitude and impressiveness, but the famous cult they represented is as dead as the stones themselves, while the hill above them is crowned by a cross-surmounted shrine. Village girls, singing as they fashioned artificial flowers, gave no thought to the flower-strewing maidens of the ancient processions. Between this spot and Athens lies Daphne, where a tenth-century Byzantine church, amidst older remains, displays some fine Christian mosaics. The present-day votive offerings on the altar interested us more: a jumble of emblems, mostly tin, symbolizing reasons for gratitude. There were several miniature automobiles, given by chauffeurs who had narrowly escaped death on the road. If all motorists were as

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devoutly of the same faith, how full church altars would be of these symbols! We might have left one at that very church, for the road from Corinth to Athens is a sporting one—pity the riders in the ancient springless chariots!—much of the time along precipices. One may drown as effectually in the Sea of Salamis, with its lovely views and its memories of the most famous sea fight of history, as in an obscure mill pond. Paul's progress over the same road was slower and safer than ours, and gave him time to enjoy at leisure the sea, the islands, the hills, the olive groves, and the ever changing panorama of people. I wonder if the gorgeous birds, almost of the size of robins, with iridescent green back, purple breast and rose-colored neck, which flashed to and fro across our path, are of a family that delighted the Apostle's eyes when he rode this way?

Ancient temples and modern wayside shrines, containing icons before which olive-oil lamps burn, testify to the deathlessness of the religious spirit in man to which Paul's address on Mars Hill bore witness. Not a little of the world's beauty in stone and wood and metal, and on wall and canvas and in printed word, owes its existence to the truth that "Man is an incurably religious animal!" The Greek world understood the holiness of beauty, but it needed the Hebrew revelation to show the beauty of holiness. Greece bequeathed a new heritage of art. Israel gave mankind a nobler conception of morality. How much of the contrast between heathendom's best and Christianity's newest was in Paul's mind as he ranged these roads, so laden with traditions and associations?

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As one travels, certain impressions develop into convictions. Little by little the evidence coheres until the total mass represents a conclusion. Thus grew the idea of the Apostle Paul as a classicist. In our case it needed this leisurely rambling in and about Greece, as well as glimpses in Rome and Pompeii and Puteoli and Syracuse and Corinth and Philippi and Ephesus and Tarsus and Jerusalem, to reënforce the fact, which is clearly implied in the New Testament record, that Paul was a symmetrical scholar, book trained in the lore and learning of his day. Then, as for many centuries later, the basis of classical culture was the study of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Any one who has seen the preserved paintings and statuary and inscriptions of the Greco-Roman world can have no doubt concerning the primary and almost exclusive place occupied in the cultural life of that era by the figures whom Homer has immortalized. To be an educated man, like Paul, one had to be a Homeric scholar.

Two interesting conclusions naturally follow. The first is that Paul had a scholar's zest for all the literary shrines amidst which his labors called him. Voyaging through the Ægean Sea we had as shipmate a New York college professor, a classicist, who was as keen as a schoolboy over this, his first adventure into the geography of Greek literature. "I expect to be thrilled beyond words when first I see the shores of Greece," he declared as we started out. Every island and headland and mountains had literary associations for him. Just so it surely was with Paul, the scholar. How Luke must have drunk in, with the ardent pride of a Greek, his learned companion's observations! No un-

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lettered man could get out of Paul's travels what they meant to him.

Most dramatic of all the evidences of the continuous interweaving of the story of the Bible with the story of the classics is the old city of Troas. Paul laid possessive hands upon Homer's Troy, in Asia Minor. Here we find, unexpectedly, our second conclusion. Paul cared for Troas because of its relation to Homer. All of a scholar's interest in a literary shrine was his when he went to this famous port city of the Troad. Our modern commentators have led us all astray regarding Troas, when they pay it any attention at all. The significance they stress is that Troas was the last outpost of Asia, from which Paul made his history-changing journey into Europe. They twiddle this Asia-Europe, East-West idea in their fingers until Paul's trip from Troas to Neapolis ranks with Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon, Napoleon's crossing the Alps and Columbus' crossing the Atlantic. As a matter of sober reality, Paul could scarcely have thought of any such contrast; for both places were but parts of the one Roman world; and the modern sharp distinction between Europe and Asia did not exist.

Troas was a great port of the Roman Empire. Its sheltered situation behind the Island of Tenedos, on the edge of the Province of Asia, and therefore nearer the real center of the Empire than Rome itself, led Julius Cæsar to contemplate the wisdom of moving his capital thither. Constantine balanced the claims of Troas and Byzantium as the eastern seat of the Roman Empire; and it was only by a turn of the hand that Byzantium won. What a different face modern his-

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tory would have worn had Troas been chosen; a city subject to assault by every sea power. Because of Constantine's decision, the city declined, and now it is but a Turkish village, Eski-Stamboul ("The Old City"), littered over with ruins which nobody goes to see. Even the passengers on the Constantinople-Smyrna ships who sail, past the white monument to Australian troops that marks Cape Hellas, almost within hailing distance of Troas, under the lee of Tenedos, rarely give a second glance to this point of departure for Christianity across the Ægean: the city where Paul once preached so long that a sleeping member of the congregation fell out of the window and was killed.

Apart from all its historic and commercial importance, Paul was drawn to Troas because it was part of the Troad, or Homer's Troy. The full name of the place was Alexandrian Troas, or "Trojan Alexandria," to distinguish it from the many other cities named for Alexander the Great. This was the seaport of the Troad. The nine-layered city of Ilium, called Troy in its later history, was situated a short distance inland between the Dardanelles and the Strait of Tenedos. Perhaps the entire Troad was an essential and integral part of that soil sacred to the story of Troy. It meant as much to a classicist of two thousand years ago as Athens means to-day.

What is more reasonable than that the books and parchments left behind by Paul at Troas, in the house of Carpus, along with his cloak, which he urged Timothy to bring to him at Rome, were Paul's own copies of the deathless poems of the blind bard? Lonely and in prison, the aged scholar, graduate in the classics at

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Tarsus University and in theology at Jerusalem, pined for his books. In all the collection of parchments likely to be found in the possession of an educated man of that time, nothing else was so inevitable as the indispensable writings of Homer.

Tub-thumpers may proclaim Christianity the religion of the untaught; but its Founder was a lettered Man; and His greatest Apostle was a scholar as well as a thinker; and Abraham and Moses, the pioneer figures of the Old Testament, were city men, learned in the wisdom of the ancient capitals of Ur and Memphis. Unmeasured harm has been done by the prevalent notion that the Christian religion somehow emerged from the Dark Ages of the dawn of human life; and that its claims may not be sustained in the court of reason and learning and history. At almost every step of such a journey as we are making a traveler has forced upon him the conclusion that Christianity won its way in clear competition with the most advanced religions of the world, and against the prejudices and opposition of the cultivated civilization that produced the literary classics which are studied to this day. It was no ignorant itinerant, equipped only by zeal, whom I am following; but a scholar of the scholars, a philosopher of the philosophers, a great man in a great time, Paul, the polished product of the best schools of a ripe civilization.

As we view the Troas of Paul and Homer, we recall how much better attested a historical character the Christian apostle is than the greatest author of antiquity. Seven cities claim to have been Homer's birthplace; yet the argument is old that there may have been

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many Homers. Did one man, possibly called Homer, merely collect and compile the group of minstrel songs now called the *Iliad*? And did the same person, or somebody else, do likewise for the *Odyssey*? One large volume has been issued to prove that the *Odyssey* was written, or at least edited, by a woman. Books of controversy over Homer are almost as numerous as those dealing with Biblical criticism. The very existence of Troy as a real city was doubted until Schliemann's excavations vindicated the epic. There is no manuscript of the Greek classics extant that is nearer than six centuries to the original; whereas the Sinaitic, and Vatican New Testaments are within three centuries of the life of some of the authors. In the writings of the New Testament, which are amazingly rich in local historical and geographical allusions, it is possible to check up the accuracy of the authors. They have always been found to be more correct than their critics. Paul's own travels are so explicitly recorded, by the pen of a contemporary, that I find it possible to follow all his journeys. Why some classical scholars should adopt a supercilious attitude toward the Scriptures is hard to explain by any reasoning that is creditable to their intelligence.

Here again my mental wayfarings have led me aside from the actual physical geography of Paul's journeys: the apostle himself set the example, for he records far more of the travels of his mind than of his feet. He made three great missionary journeys, on the second and third of which he visited Greece. In addition, he traveled to Rome as a prisoner, and, when acquitted at his first trial, resumed his itinerating. So engrossed was he in his mission that, unlike a modern tourist, he

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subordinated his experiences to his Message. His casual allusions to great riots which he aroused, and to the creation of city churches, leave the reader wistful for fuller information.

Next to Corinth and Athens, as peaks in the Pauline progress through Greece, are the cities of Thessalonica, Berea and Philippi. If he had been selecting his cities for their modern news interest, Paul could not have chosen more effectively than Salonica—which is the modern corruption of the word Thessalonica—and Philippi, together with the latter's port of Neapolis, our day's Kavalla. Doubtless it was part of the Apostle's strategy to strike always at pivotal places.

Salonica was, and is, one such. A great port and a virile people in the Roman era, it dealt severely with the Christian missionaries, casting them out because "they that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." Vindictively, they followed Paul to the next city to make trouble for him. To these people Paul wrote his first two letters, the Epistles to the Thessalonians. Curiously, Salonica is still almost dominated by its Jewish population, which numbers eighty thousand Orthodox Jews and twenty thousand Dunmehs. These Jews were refugees from Spain during the persecutions under Ferdinand and Isabella. The women still wear a distinctive dress. Most of the trade of the city is in Jewish hands. The forceful character of the Salonica Jews, and of the Dunmehs in particular, is famous throughout the Near East. From their number came the leaders of the Turkish revolution that overthrew Abdul Hamid in 1908.

Only in the East may one find such romantic stories

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as that of the Dunmehs, who, like the Druzes of Syria, "conceal themselves in the prevailing religion." The Dunmehs profess Mohammedanism, but they are not good Moslems, and are distrusted by all Islam. Nor yet are they good Jews, and the orthodox Israelites have nothing to do with them. They are accused, ignorantly and probably wrongfully, of all sorts of pagan practices in their secret rituals. Dunmehs never intermarry with other peoples; and their children are sometimes betrothed even before birth. The story of the Dunmehs, summarized, is to the effect that, in the sixteenth century, there arose in Smyrna a Jewish leader, Sabatai Levi, who announced himself to be the Messiah. His vogue was tremendous. "Every ghetto in Turkey accepted him," says one historian. People abandoned commerce, and gave themselves over to prayer and penance and preparation. European Jews flocked to Turkey to receive the blessing of the "Messiah."

Nor were all the pretensions of Sabatai purely spiritual: he professed political power, and declared the overthrow of the sultan to be part of his program. This eventually aroused the authorities, and he was taken to Constantinople and in the presence of the padishah bidden to perform a miracle. The imperial archers kept their bows drawn against him, and he flinched. Given the choice of death or recantation, he outwardly accepted Islam. So great was the faith of his followers in Sabatai that they followed his example. Still they expect him to return; and at night they send a man with a lantern about the quays of Salonica to guide the Messiah back! Although the Turks speak scornfully of the Dunmehs, because of their lack of fighting

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qualities, this strange people really display at least a measure of the self-respect and self-confidence which usually marks the masterful Moslem everywhere. To this day there are Salonica Dunmehs in high places in Turkey.

All that remains of St. Paul's Thessalonica are the natural features of the peerless harbor and the environing hills. There are old churches (Salonica's St. Sophia antedates its Constantinople namesake by a hundred years) and an ancient arch, and fortifications that may have been originally Roman. The greater part of the city was accidentally burnt during the War, when Salonica was the base of the Allied Balkan forces. Even while the new and modern buildings are rapidly rising, as part of Greece's great era of prosperity, one still hears tales of "the fire." Such an emergency reveals national characteristics, especially where the rather raw life of armies is concerned. All of the Allies except America were represented in Salonica at the time of the fire; but it was only British officers and men who gave themselves unstintedly and effectively to the rescue of life and property, with never a thought of loot. American missionaries who were present have told me, in glowing praise, how the British troops, blackened and with bloodshot eyes, toiled amidst smoke and flames, heedless of risk, until they had rescued the last family and its effects.

Salonica's White Tower, built by Suleiman the Magnificent, is one of the landmarks of the Ægean. Still beneath its shadow foreigners go to dine; but no longer do they, as in the unforgettable war days, attract the waiters' attention by smashing plates on the floor! My

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war-time memories of the city's scenes are in sharp contrast with the present bustle of business, and with the full-cargoed oriental sailboats from the Ægean islands anchored to the Bund; and with the long lines of hopeful fishermen angling for minnows with horsehair lines, as in Galilee. In the midst of the welter of reconstruction of streets and buildings, the Greeks have not forgotten to tear down all the minarets, most of which marked ancient churches that had been turned into mosques. From the standpoint of picturesqueness, the city suffers by the loss of these stately spires: but their demolition seems a peculiar joy to the embittered Greeks. Salonica, with its hamals and bazars (once smell the fried fish cooking of an evening and the pungent fragrance will not be forgotten) is as professedly oriental as Athens is hopefully occidental.

In this battlefield of religious and political rancor the American missionaries are a force for peace and progress. Out in the suburbs, the American Agricultural Institute, of which the venerable Dr. House is still the guiding spirit, not only trains a group of boys, but also serves as an experiment station in agriculture. Near by, the government maintains a nursery of American grape vines which are immune to local diseases. How varied are the forms of modern internationalism! Anatolia College, transplanted from Aintab, is finding itself and projecting new buildings on an eminence overlooking the city and the refugee settlements. Old Salonica is a city facing the future rather than the past. Its principal thoroughfare is Via Ignatia, in memory of the martyr bishop; but the population in general is more interested in the swift inrush of prosperity, and in

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the menacing efforts of Yugoslavia to secure an access to the Ægean here, than they are in Paul or any of his successors.

As Paul turned from Thessalonica to Berea, whose people were "more noble" because they searched the Scriptures for themselves, so we motored out to Verria (the word in Greek is the same as Berea) to see this surviving city which has given its name to thousands of Bible classes throughout America. The ride is rewarding, but bumpy, past dozens of sightly new refugee towns, and through the rural life of Greece, with pigs and people and sheep and goats abounding. A rush through a great wayside fire of pampas grass added a touch of excitement to our journey. Berea is beautiful, a wholly charming spot, worth visiting for its present attractions. Flowing streams abound in and about this town of many waters, and the trees and cotton and other vegetation are luxurious. Set on a hillside, the brown-tiled dwellings are lovely with a loveliness that would enrapture an artist. Nowhere but in old Turkey—for this region was long part of Turkey, and preserves its Ottoman architecture—may one see such rich, ripe, soft tiles upon the houses. They display a mingled brown and red and green and gray color such as only Artist Time can paint upon a background with which he has long been familiar. Berean housetops and plane trees and laughing waters and still-standing minaret and mosque are much better worth seeing than most of the starred "sights" of the guide-books. And the people are pleasant, prosperous and distinctively dressed. The smiling, friendly children would win the hearts of any occidental Sunday school.

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Paul's "Pulpit" is shown in a Moslem graveyard, alongside of a charming little mosque that is destined to go the way of its fellows in this land which has "exchanged" its Moslems for Christians. Berea is one of the very few places associated with Paul which definitely cherish this historic heritage.

Assured that the overland route between Thessalonica and Kavalla, or Neapolis, the port of Philippi, was entirely impassable (It wasn't; but misinformation for travelers is even commoner in the Orient than in America), we went by sea in an Austrian boat, whose captain's real interest is—agriculture! He reads only agricultural papers and books and reports; and every one of the 380 varieties of trees about his home near Trieste is diagrammed and numbered. He has carried plants from all the world to his garden, and by weekly instructions to his gardener, tends them from his cabin as he sails the Ægean. Little he cares that here Aphrodite sprang from the foam; and that from yonder headland Sappho leaped into the sea: what are they as compared with his rare mangoes and guavas and other far-brought treasures?

As we passed Mount Athos, on the easternmost of the three long fingers of land that reach out to sea from Salonica, our bluff captain showed only a cursory interest in this monastic home and training school and citadel of the Greek Orthodox Church. He reminded us of what everybody knows, that no females of any species are allowed on this ecclesiastical preserve, even hens being barred! Paul probably could have told him that one of the vaunting projects of Alexander the Great was to carve Mount Athos, a majestic stone peak, into a

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statue of himself, with a town of ten thousand inhabitants resting in one hand. Atlanta's Stone Mountain was not the first to be sculptured, as is attested by Behistun and Persepolis in Persia, and many another in Bible Lands.

This interesting old Austrian captain—he said with a look that was half sly, half sad, “But I am an Italian now!”—gave us a picturesque description of the seasonal Mediterranean storms which caused Paul so many adventures; and which we later were to experience, to the sore upsetting of our plans and of our anatomies: “In the north, the wind blows from the west; in the south, it blows from the east; and they meet and quarrel together in the middle of the sea all Winter.”

Better building than any dreamt of by the man who sighed for more worlds to conquer was wrought by the first Christian missionary, who essayed Alexander's own city of Philippi. It needs personality to make a city great; and the names of Philip of Macedon, his son Alexander and the Apostle Paul are united to assure Philippi's place in history. How many of the readers of the Epistle to the Philippians ever associate the place with great Philip and his greater son? Aside from a few inconsiderable ruins, revealed by rather casual French excavations, Philippi to-day displays none of its ancient greatness. It is merely a gray stone mountain, a few miles inland from Kavalla, pitted with ruins, overlooking a malarial marsh. Through the middle of this runs the deeper channel of what was once the river, alongside of which Paul found Lydia, the progressive and devout business woman of Thyatira, at prayer with a group of fellow worshippers.

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Hunters tell of hidden stone docks out in the midst of the marsh, where once the river flowed. From the top of the acropolis ran a great wall, still traceable, clear across the now reedy plain. On the western side of the mountain appear the remains of Philippi's theater, containing some sculptures and inscriptions. Other ruins are designated as of Philip's palace; but it will need a deal of excavation to reveal the buried story.

From the mountain top of Philippi one enjoys a magnificent panorama. Westward stretches a plain wholly devoted to tobacco. Northward, toward Drama, the railway station, is a fine new refugee village. To the southeast, another, notable for its cypresses. Eastward lies the marsh, with Amphipolis six hours away. Amphipolis, now called Yeni, after its river, was a greater city than Philippi, and still shows finer ruins. To the south, past a khan and huge marble pedestal of a long-destroyed Roman statue, which local report calls "The Manger of Bucephalus," runs the road to Kavalla and the sea. The place is one for dreams. Of a certainty, on its height often stood Philip and Alexander, envisaging great deeds and vast conquests. There, too, beyond question, Paul went to dream the dream which the centuries have been watching come slowly to pass, of a world-wide kingdom of human welfare, under a Divine King, wherein there was no room for blood-thirsty conquests, because "All ye are brethren." The Alexander mood has not yet gone from the world: on our boat were five new armored cars, destined for Russia. The opposing ideals of the cruel dominion of force, with its frightful accompaniment of human destruction and human suffering, and of a new order of

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society wherein love rules, challenge the attention of any Christian who, upon the mountain top, broods amidst the ruins of this ancient Philippi which the Apostle so passionately loved; and which has nevertheless left few traces upon Christian history. Paul and Silas, singing in a prison that was somewhere on this mountainside; the earthquake that freed them; the conversion of the Philippian jailer; and Paul's manful insistence upon his rights of Roman citizenship, are better known events associated with this spot than anything in the career of the great Macedonians.

Old Neapolis awaits us, with more modern problems. The road between the two places is new, but the ancient Roman highway is in sight part of the time. Neapolis, the modern Kavalla, frames Alexander and Paul in a wreath of tobacco smoke; for Kavalla is the tobacco center of Macedonia, and the world's chief port of supply for Turkish tobacco, most of which is consumed in the United States of America. There is no other crop. One hears from representatives of the great British and American corporations that the quality of the Macedonian tobacco lies not in the soil, but in the fingers of the farmer; and that since the Turks who used to grow the plant have been transported to Asia Minor, the center of production of the best tobacco has shifted thither. Many and various are the links that bind remote parts of the earth together: because the cigarette habit is on the increase in America, Kavalla is a growing port. Like all other parts of Greece, it has been greatly affected by the incoming refugees. Five years ago Kavalla had fifteen thousand population; to-day the number is between eighty and one hundred

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thousand. Only one Turk remains, he a man whom Turkey would not have back, because of his war-time relationships with the Greeks and the Allies. After this old port, the first in Europe trodden by the Apostle, has found itself, it is to be hoped that it will retain the picturesque charm which makes it a delight to the eyes of voyagers in the Ægean.

Will Kavalla, or any other part of Greece, ever be allowed to "settle down"? Back of Kavalla, and the neighboring harbor of Dedeagach, lies Bulgaria, resolute to reach warm water; just as back of Salonica lies insistent Yugoslavia. These virile nations cannot be forever denied an outlet upon the sea. Will common senses prevail, or will a resort to arms be the solution? These are Greece's greatest foreign problems at present. The troublesome "Macedonian Question" has been largely solved by persistently edging the Macedonians out of Greece, and by the advent of the refugee population. War with Turkey is no longer a popular topic of conversation, unless in the case of Turkey's becoming embroiled with some great power; or as a result of a proposed alliance between Italy, Yugoslavia and Greece. It does seem as if there is a struggle for supremacy on at present in the Near East between Mars and Christ.

CHAPTER VI

WHERE CHRISTIANITY BECAME AN EMPIRE



NORIGINALITY is the characteristic of modern travel. Most persons go abroad only to the places covered by printed itineraries and through thickets, and served by hotels, trains and steamships. Everything that is to be seen and done on such tours is carefully indicated in guide-books. It is all as conventional as clothes. At the opposite extreme is the rare explorer who penetrates to the far and unknown places. In between, alluring and rewarding intelligent persons who have a purpose in their wayfaring, are the fascinating roads through oldest civilization. One who follows in the footsteps of Xenophon or of Alexander the Great or of Cyrus or of the Crusaders or, best of all, of the Bible heroes, will return home possessing a full pack. Everything that real travelers seek may be found along these most ancient highways.

Few wanderers have taken the Book of the Revelation for their actual travel guide; yet those few have been rewarded beyond all expectation. The "Seven Churches of Asia," to which the last book in the Scripture canon was addressed, and the Island of Patmos, where it was written, are actual places, with great histories apart from their relation to Scriptures. These are the points in Bible Lands to which I would take the

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reader in a chapter that should really be a book by itself. All the imperial sweep of Apostolic Christian conquests unfolds before us as we swing this great circle; and the perpetual charm of the character of the conflict between paganism and the Gospel. Admiration steadily grows for the sheer physical achievements of the Apostles John and Paul and their associates, who branded with the sign of the Cross the mightiest centers of the Greco-Roman world. The magnitude of their task is revealed by the immensity of the remains of the cities which they won for their Master, in a victory more momentous than any achieved by the famous conquerors of history who throughout the ages contended for the control of this same rich region. Place side by side all the great names that once shone resplendent in the Province of Asia (from which the continent of Asia took its name), and it becomes apparent that the scholar of Tarsus and his Galilean fisherman comrade overtop them every one. Who to-day thinks of Ephesus and Sardis and Pergamum and Thyatira and Smyrna and Philadelphia and Laodicea except in connection with the New Testament?

In the uncanny linking of Bible Lands and times with to-day, to which I am obliged so frequently to allude, we find that the island of Patmos, where John wrote the Book of the Revelation, is a factor in Italy's new and portentous policy of expansion; and it is at present administered by Italians. Patmos is one of the smaller of the Dodocanese, or Twelve Islands, possessed by Italy despite the protests of Greece, as outposts of empire looking menacingly toward Turkey. Only by the occasional little steamer from Rhodes may one get

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to Patmos; unless a friendly United States destroyer does emergency service. Tourists never find the island, which is more beautiful than many popular resorts that are printed large on the literature of the travel agencies. Nowhere are the waters of the Mediterranean more gloriously colored than in the sheltered bay of Patmos.

When bloody Emperor Domitian was hounding the Christians, he sent their leader in Asia Minor, John, the Beloved Disciple, into exile on this rocky little island, twenty-five miles from the coast. It is a barren, almost waterless spot, of about sixteen square miles, which may roughly be described as two mountains and a valley. There is not enough agriculture to maintain the population of less than five thousand persons. Most of the land is owned by the monks in the fortified monastery on the eastern peak of the island. For generations the harbor was a notorious haven for pirates, and the citizens when attacked were accustomed to take refuge within the strong walls of the monastery. They are to-day a peaceful, pleasant lot, the most enterprising of whom have migrated to America. One of these, prouder of Texas than of Patmos, who had returned to visit his family, attached himself to me as guide and interpreter, spurning compensation and glorying in the opportunity to show himself an American. "George" gave me, at parting, an ancient Roman jar, covered with an attractive growth of sponges, which Patmos divers had found off the coast of Carthage. The monks, too, were eager to show their relics and treasures to American visitors. The relics included the inevitable piece of the True Cross, and the

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skull of Thomas. Without the flicker of an eyelash they also exhibit quite modern chains as the shackles of John!

John, the Revelator, interests the monks far less than Greek and Italian politics, and their own financial stringency, due to loss of revenue from lands in Russia. They display proudly a wonderful collection of rich vestments, boasting that when the patriarch visits the island they equip him with a hundred thousand dollars worth of gorgeous jeweled robes and miter and crozier. The special treasure of their library is an eighth-century copy of the Gospel of St. Mark, done on vellum in purple ink, with the name of Jesus always in gold. As usual, the decorations of the ancient Church are a combination of the valuable and the tawdry; gilt tinsel balls never seem to come amiss in the richest Greek Church edifice!

Tradition fixed upon a rock cave—now a chapel, of course—as the scene of the Apostle's dwelling and vision: and the very split in the rock made by the earthquake is pointed out. The old monk in charge of this cheerless and lonely chapel, halfway down the hillside from the monastery to the harbor, is the only one of the ecclesiastical community showing any signs of scholarship, or any real concern for the association of the place with the Seer and his Book.

Truly, this is hallowed ground. Here earth saw heaven opened. The disciple who best understood Jesus on earth was granted a vision of Him in glory, which he wrote for the heartening of the harried Christians of Asia Minor. As from his lonely eyrie the saintly prisoner looked with longing vision toward the

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Ephesus which he loved, he saw the "crystal sea" in the glory of sunset; and he pined for the day where there should be "no more sea" to separate loved ones. As winds hurled the huge waves on Patmos rocks, he heard "the voice of many waters." "Every mountain and island shall be moved out of their places," wrote this Apostle-Prophet, to whom the seen was only temporal, and the unseen eternal. A visitor to Patmos finds his delight in the natural charms of the spot commingling with a sense of the sacredness of this place of soaring visions; of ecstatic expectation; and of courageous confidence in the midst of imprisonment and defeat. What other literary shrine may be compared with this? Only the Book of the Revelation, out of the sixty-six that make up the Bible, may so be definitely located in its place of production.

That a cipher understood by the Christians to whom the Revelation was addressed runs through the Apocalypse—a style of literature much in vogue at the time—can hardly be doubted. It was a period of secret organizations and mystic messages and various forms of practical Free Masonry. The peril of the Church naturally promoted passwords and codes. Allusions that are dark to present readers were clear to the recipients of the message. It must be remembered that this majestic seer, this heaven-rapt visionary, was also the experienced pastor, the trained administrator, the practical fisherman of Galilee. One of the surprises of a visit to the Seven Churches is the accumulated sense that the Revelator was intimately familiar with the cities addressed, and with their outstanding characteristics. John evidently itinerated all of western Asia

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Minor from his home in Ephesus. He was an example of the ideal pastor, who combines spiritual vision with sound knowledge of actual conditions. Patmos thus was transformed by him from a place of punishment into a mount of opportunity. It vindicates the upward, outward look in a period of perplexity. Then, as now, the triumphant statesmanship was that which took into account the unseen and abiding verities. Memory treasures "the isle that is called Patmos" as a symbol of vision and of victory. A dapper little Italian officer administers it to-day, but John rules it.

Of the seven cities in Turkey to which the Book of the Revelation was addressed, all great in their day, three are now ruins and four are still thriving communities. They were a recognized route, in a compact group, with regular messenger service, over good roads, that took the place of the modern post. Now all save one may be reached by train. The order of the cities given in the Bible is the natural one for the delivery of a circular letter. The distances, as we traveled them, are Smyrna to Ephesus, forty-eight miles; Smyrna to Pergamum, fifty-five miles; Pergamum to Thyatira, sixty miles; Thyatira to Sardis, seventy-eight miles; Sardis to Smyrna, fifty-seven miles; Smyrna to Laodicea, one hundred and fifty-six miles; Smyrna to Philadelphia, one hundred and five miles. The entire Seven Churches are situated within a radius that once comprehended the circle of culture and power of the Greco-Roman world, with Pergamum as westernmost, Laodicea easternmost and Smyrna and Ephesus as sea-ports. After the fall of Rome this region preserved civilization. It was here that Constantine the Great



"WEeping NIOBE," "MOTHER OF THE GODS"—THE ANCIENT SCULPTURE
ON MOUNT SIPYLUS, TURKEY.

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made Christianity an empire, doing the cause of Christianity unmeasured harm by uniting Church and State. In or near the Seven Churches the great Ecumenical Councils of the Early Church were held, wherein were formulated the creeds still repeated to-day by Christendom. Associated with these cities are the shining names, in arms, art and letters, of the classical era.

Their natural setting alone entitles the Seven Churches to the attention of the beauty-loving world; for the scenery of southwest Asia Minor is sublime. Also these ancient cities repose in a veritable garden of God: so productive were these fat valleys that two and three thousand years ago they fed immense communities and armies. They are the pledge of Turkey's economic future, if peace may prevail. Also they are the scene of staggering present-day experiments in religion and politics. Archæological research has its greatest future here and in Mesopotamia. All sense of unreality departs from the Revelation's "Seven Churches of Asia" after one has journeyed from city to city, site to site.

In order to hold this engrossing sector of Bible Lands within the limits of a single long chapter, I shall endeavor to make it a straightforward travel tale of where we went, and how, and of what we saw—an exercise in self-restraint that will be best appreciated by the dozen living persons who have traversed all of these stimulating scenes in Asia Minor. As did John himself (and it was John himself, the Beloved Disciple, and Author of the Fourth Gospel, as critical scholarship is more and more inclined to admit, who wrote this Book of the Revelation), we began with

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Ephesus, his home, the queen city of the East, seat of the Temple of Diana, one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Because of Paul's stirring adventures in Ephesus, Bible readers associate his name, rather than John's, with the mighty capital which became the Christian center of Asia Minor. Unbroken tradition associates John with Ephesus, where he lived the latter part of his long life as the chief pastor and teacher of all the churches of the region, and wrote his Gospel and three Epistles; and died a natural death. Whether Mary, the mother of Jesus, dwelt with him here is not known. A touching picture of the affection and reverence in which the aged Apostle was held by the Christians of his day is painted in Eastwood's long poem, "Saint John the Aged." In final feebleness, the pastor had been carried to the Church to bless the people:

"What say you, friends?

*That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to His Kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so:
I know it all: and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills,
And touch my Master. . . .*

*Up! Bear me to my church once more,
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love:
For by the sweetness of my Master's voice
I think He must be very near.*

So, raise up my head:

*How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!*

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*My little children! God so loved the world
He gave His Son: so love ye one another,
Love God and men. Amen."*

A great seaport in apostolic times, the harbor of Ephesus has completely silted up in later centuries, though the outline may still be seen, shaped like a frying pan, from the hills on which is the so-called "St. Paul's Prison." Nowadays Ephesus is reached by train from Smyrna, a three-hour journey. It was called "Ayasoluk," meaning "The Holy Theologian." Now that all the Christians are gone the Turks have given the village a new name. On the day of our latest visit to Ephesus, we found the girls of the American Mission School in Smyrna making the excursion, and we joined them. This meant riding in a third-class harem compartment, where no men would have been permitted three years ago. Even yet the older women are not quite reconciled to this democracy of the sexes; and when I moved over to make room for an old peasant woman on an already crowded seat, she asked Miss Gordon to have me exchange seats with Milady, as it would not be proper for her to sit next to the honorable effendi!

If ever I had any illusions about the ineffectiveness of the oppressed and secluded "weaker" sex in the East, that three hours in a third-class harem compartment dissipated them. Those Turkish women knew how to take care of themselves. They scrambled for places, and pushed and scrouged in a way that a crowd of men in the New York subway could not equal. When we prepared to leave, our places were preëmpted by as pretty

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a little competition as one would expect to see outside of the prize ring! One masterful up-country dame, who had been visiting Smyrna to see her soldier son, and who had tried to put her array of bundles and baskets directly on our feet and laps, coveted an inch or two of the end of the bench occupied to the full by a missionary and some students. In ten minutes the old militant had full seat room, and the too-long-suffering missionary resembled a closed concertina. All the while the garrulous peasant was expressing her views upon things in general; and especially, in disapproval of these merry modern girls, who sang school songs and American tunes, and bandied chatter from bench to bench, and tossed refreshments from one to another, exactly as any group of American school girls would do. Most of the older women were unveiled—as were the missionary's protégés, of course—except when it came time for a nap; when the black veils would be lowered over the faces. How those women could travel, much less sleep and nurse babies, piled amidst and atop their plethora of oriental luggage, baffles occidental understanding. That ride represented an interesting combination and contrast of old and new Turkish womanhood. The crowds on the station platforms looked in admiring wonder upon the jolly school-girl excursionists who somehow would extricate themselves from the jammed car at certain stations and return laden with bamboo sticks of hot *kabobs*—roasted morsels of meat—and with fruit and sweets, quite after the fashion of light-hearted and hungry picnickers the world around. At Ephesus, they “did” the excavations in tireless eagerness.

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Near the Ayasoluk station are the ruins of an ancient viaduct and of a citadel and of the Church of St. John the Divine, built by the Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century. This is as much of Ephesus as many tourists used to see, owing to the guile of Greek guides. The old city of John and Paul, completely uncovered by the Austrians, is more than a mile beyond. On the road to it lies all that remains of the once-glorious Temple of Diana, a few stones above marshy ground that need to be pointed out to be noticed at all. Once the world honored this many-breasted goddess of fertility, and her conceded and unshakable superiority was the argument that quieted the rioters who wanted to kill the Apostle Paul. To-day there is not a single human being left anywhere on earth to reverence Diana, while Paul's Christ is worshiped in every nation under heaven.

As we two sat alone on the third tier of seats in the great theater (which originally seated about 25,000 persons), looking out toward the ancient harbor, down the intact highway surely trodden by the feet of the Apostles, over one of the richest arrays of ruins that the spade of archæology has ever revealed, we tried to picture again the throaty, hot and bloodthirsty mob that once filled this very theater, crying for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Gone are that era and that Ephesus, "the chief city of Asia," along with the other "glory that was Greece." A beautiful and bold little bird, bigger than a wren, smaller than a sparrow, dressed in a soft brown coat, a white waistcoat, and a golden-red neckerchief, came within two feet of us, seeking crumbs from our lunch-

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eon, and as he perked his bright eye toward us he seemed to say, "Never mind about Diana and her foolish followers; I am here, and hungry, and she is dead; but Paul's Message is alive. And the voice of mobs is never right. Truth is served by the centuries. The Gospel's followers to-day would fill a myriad cities the size of old Ephesus. Come along with those crumbs; my day is shorter than Diana's; and, like Demetrius and his silversmiths, my chief concern is daily food." So we fed the beautiful beggar; and, pausing to pluck lovely purple cyclamens, and a few blackberries, growing between the marbles in the pit of the theater, we moved out to see the ruins of the library and of the Odeon and of the baths and palaces and temples—all eloquent witnesses to the gorgeousness of this once mighty city, and to the greatness of Christianity's victory here. The famous "Double Church," in which the Ecumenical Council of Ephesus was held in the fourth century, is more interesting than anything else in this storehouse of antiquities. For it embodies the growth and decline of the Church in a famous seat of Christian power. The Apostle who loved this city with all the love of a shepherd for his flock, and of a father for his children, and who warned the church in Ephesus against loss of her pristine zeal, would find not a single Christian left in the area of Ephesus to-day.

Long views of life are induced by observation of ancient cities: looking down on Smyrna from the peak of Mount Pagus one feels something of the magnitude of the human drama. This has been a city for thirty-five hundred years. In his day, Alexander the Great

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arbitrarily changed the site of Smyrna from the other side of the harbor, as a result of a dream. Its better part lies in ruins to-day, burned during the tragedy of 1922, and, from this height, the overgrowth of green upon the destroyed area explains how quickly nature covers the buried cities of man. Smyrna, like the other cities of Asia Minor, has been destroyed again and again. Once Tamerlane built the heads of a thousand Smyrna captives into a tower. Nevertheless, life has conquered death. Human personality, which alone makes any city great, has persisted despite all mutations of marble and mud. Homer, whom Smyrna claims was born and sang by her stream Meles, still speaks to the world. Richard *Cœur de Lion* lives in the name of a suburb across the bay. The catastrophe of 1922 seems but an incident in a long history to one who visits the tomb of Tantalus, with its cyclopean prehistoric stones. The voice of Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna and disciple and friend of the Apostle John, whose cypress-marked tomb, halfway up the slope of Mount Pagus, is a landmark for sailors coming up the channel into the magnificent harbor, is still heard in answering human hearts, as he cried, facing the flames of martyrdom, when asked to deny Christ, "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He has done me no ill; how then can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?"

That was in the year 156; and the very outlines of the stadium in which Polycarp was martyred may be traced here in the garden beside his grave, which Turks maintain and Christians honor. Polycarp is the link between the Apostles and the later Church; and his

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testimony concerning John is simply invaluable historically. He is authority for the statement that the Beloved Disciple, who rested on the bosom of Jesus, now lies in Ephesus. Both Smyrna and Ephesus, in the days of the persecutions earned the title "The Gateways of the Martyrs," because so many doomed Christians passed through them on the way to Rome. With none of her indigenous Christians now left, Smyrna, the second of the Seven Churches, has earned the words of the Revelation: "I know thy tribulation, and thy poverty." How often, from the days of John himself to the year of the great collapse, in 1922, Smyrna saints have merited the Apostle's message to their city: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Smyrna is a word associated in many modern minds with rugs and figs and raisins and tobacco. It was thought that the burning of the Christian quarter, during the flight of the Greeks and the entry of the victorious Turks, would end the commercial life of this second largest port in Turkey. But this is not the case. Although the depressing ruins still lie uncleared and unrebuilt, and although the former Greek and Armenian business men are not permitted to return, business has revived at the hands of Turks, Italians, French, British and other European nationalities. To my surprise, I found lovely rugs from the surrounding country, made under British supervision, being exported in large quantities; while the fruit market has attained almost its former proportions. The American College, formerly the International Institute, is in an extraordinarily thriving condition, its students being

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now all Turkish. While the government's restrictions upon religious teaching are strictly observed, the unequivocal Christian life and purpose of the missionary staff speaks its own message. Because of its vital character, of the sincere devotion of the faculty to their work under the new conditions, of the hearty unity of teachers and students, of their common enthusiasm for a new Turkey, and of the whole spirit of the institution, the American College at Smyrna ranks high among all the American educational institutions in Turkey.

Despite the depression which the visitor feels as he daily passes the huge burnt area of approximately a square mile, which held the best buildings and best life of modern Smyrna, the conviction grows that this natural port, with its fertile hinterland, has another great future in store. Many of the foreign residents, unreconciled to complete Turkish sovereignty in a city that used its former extraterritorial privileges to the full, are frankly expecting and waiting for a turn of the wheel of international events that will put Smyrna into the hands of some European power. More than one nation openly covets this prize. As of old, this jealousy is one of the assurances of Turkey's immunity. Elsewhere I tell somewhat of the religious consequences of the tragic events of 1922. Smyrna has been emptied of her native Christians, but she still has a religious significance to the world.

From Smyrna one travels to all the other Seven Churches; so, accompanied by Professor C. W. Lawrence and a delightful Turkish student to be our tongue, as well as by a small boy carried along by the driver

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to do the dirty work of the trip, we set off early one morning for Pergamum in a Ford, equipped with balloon tires and shock absorbers, which were needed. Nejib was an artist chauffeur, who could sense a passable detour over the fields in our many emergencies, and who would dauntlessly undertake extraordinary feats with his car. An old black Turk—all Moslems in Asia Minor are Turks nowadays—with shiny, grinning face and white woolly head, who was so exact a counterpart of a Dixie darky that it startled one to hear him speaking Turkish, expressed my own feelings when we encountered him in a deep gully. He was driving a country cart, and since we could not pass, he stood still and watched developments. Without any altercation, Nejib backed the car a short distance, and then successfully rushed the steep embankment, while the black peasant showed all of his teeth and cried the Arabic phrase, "*Ma'ash Allah*"— "Wonder of God!"

Traversing Anatolia in a flivver is an adventure; with entrancing views of mountains, valleys and the Mediterranean as a reward. Nothing so stirs to thought as the open road. Every far-stretching highway is an incitement to the imagination. We feel ourselves to be fellow travelers over these same highways with the eager Christians who, at the peril of life, bore John's message to persecuted flocks of believers, meeting secretly. Fancy calls up the many strangely accoutered armies and hordes, from east and from west, whose passage along these ways struck terror into the hearts of the population; whereas we excite only a mild curiosity in the minds of the old

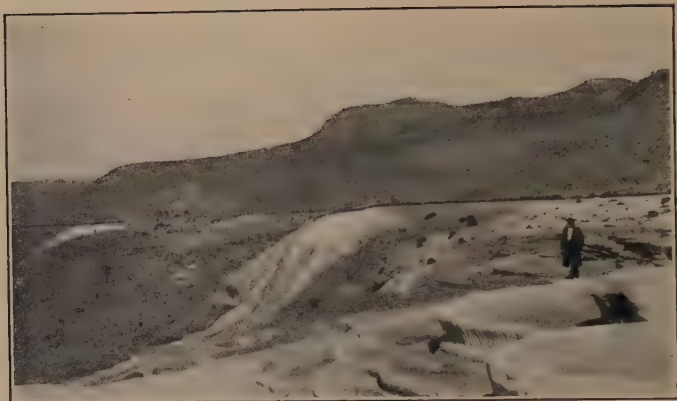


Photograph by C. W. Lawrence

TOMB OF POLYCARP, SMYRNA



PERGAMUM FROM OUR KHAN WINDOW—ACROPOLIS IN THE DISTANCE.



LAODICEAN SPRINGS, "NEITHER HOT NOR COLD," DEPOSIT LILY-PAD
FORMS AT HIERAPOLIS.



CRYSTAL CASCADES OF HIERAPOLIS.

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Anatolians, wearing grotesque hats, who sit together in talk and watch us pass. Probably the groups of women along the way, sorting licorice root for the American market, never once link this automobile load of foreigners with the task that occupies their hands. Processions of peasant women on donkeys, wrapped from heel to head, face and all, in white, look like a Ku Klux Klan parade. Hereabouts the women are as conservative as the donkey-led caravans of camels that we frequently pass. They still wear the veil and the old Turkish costume—and look at Milady in knickerbockers as “queer,” while the children follow us as if we were a circus parade. Precious are the complacencies of provincialism!

In early afternoon, after rewarding views of sea and mountain, of immemorial tumuli and of destroyed villages which so blend with their background as to be scarcely distinguishable in the distance, we rode up a rich American sort of valley to the thick cluster of trees beneath a mountainside which betokened modern Bergama, the ancient Pergamum. Although one district of the city was burnt by the Greeks, this has already begun to show the softening effects of time, like the old brown tiles and the great Roman remains which merge so attractively with the city's luxuriant foliage. Modern Pergamum is a pleasant Turkish city where the stranger is made welcome. The last sound we heard at night was a dinner bell calling people to the movies; and before daylight in the morning venders of food were crying their wares. The East arises early. We had the best rooms in a clean khan, with assiduous service; and our total bill for

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six persons, for a night and a day, including sundry teas, was three dollars. Plainly, Pergamum is off the tourist track. Lest the picture should appear too idyllic, let it be mentioned that during the night all the gasoline was drained from our car by thieves. Tanners still ply their trade in this city, which gave its name to "parchment" because here sheepskins were first tanned for writing purposes. In its heyday, Pergamum had a library so vast that Mark Antony could give two hundred thousand of its volumes to Cleopatra for the city of Alexandria's famous collection of books.

Old Pergamum, John's city, was on the mountain of the mighty acropolis. The few modern travelers who have visited these heights, with their overwhelming array of survivals of successive ancient cities, have written in extravagant terms of the impressiveness of this dominating site, which recalls the acropolis at Corinth. Pliny described Pergamum as the most celebrated city in Asia. Pergamus, son of Pyrrhus, son of Andromache, is credited with having given it its name. Only footpaths now lead to the top; and the climb is a stiff one; but the rutted road of the Roman chariots has been uncovered. So immense and abundant are the stones used in the buildings which once crowned this mountain that a beholder marvels and mourns at the human toil involved. Certainly the ancients were not jerry-builders. A surfeit of overturned and partially destroyed masonry awaits the visitor to Pergamum's acropolis. A sense of lavishment and power overwhelms one. The magnificent ruins are on such a grand scale and in such profusion

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that the mind almost ceases to register the distinctions between the agora, the gymnasium, the baths, the theater, the stadium, the gates and the temples. It is a clatteration of grandeur, without any present unity. Archæologists rave over the remains of the Ionic Temple and over the Great Altar of Zeus. A student of the Bible is most interested in what is left of the Temple of Rome and Augustus, the "Satan's Seat," of the Revelation. There is no throne or sovereignty in old Pergamum to-day: but everywhere John's King rides "conquering and still to conquer."

Stretching clear from Pergamum to Alashehr, or Philadelphia, is the wonderful Kassaba Valley, far vaster and more fertile than the Plain of Esdraelon in Palestine, and matching Imperial Valley of California. What a delight it will be to travelers when roads are improved, and assured peace in the Near East opens this region to tourists! These valleys of the Caicus and of the Meander and of the Hermus and of the Cayster and of the Lycus are again to come into their own, as when the immortal bards of the classical era sang their praises.

About five hours of motoring from Pergamum brought us to Akhissar, the ancient Thyatira, fourth of the Seven Churches. Because it lies on a plain, Thyatira does not lend itself easily to photography; and there are no notable ruins of former greatness, as in all the other of the Seven Cities. Bustle and business and building operations characterize the Thyatira of to-day: it is the liveliest mart I saw in Anatolia. A Jezebel was a malign influence in the Thyatira to which the Revelator wrote. In strange persistence,

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women here have an extraordinarily prominent part in trade, as in the days of Lydia, that notable business woman of Thyatira and Philippi, friend and hostess of the Apostle Paul. These snappy-eyed peasant women ran grain through their fingers like veteran merchants. This is a good place to see contemporary inland Anatolia. Construction is proceeding rather furiously, and a modern hotel is the pride of the place.

Akhissar has gone far in repairing the ravages wrought in 1922 by the Greeks who made up half of the population then. But it would not be a healthful place for a Greek to visit to-day. In inquiring our way at the hotel to the slight remains of the Thyatira of John's day, Professor Lawrence tried to identify them by nearness to the old Greek church. Evidently we were reported as suspicious; for the *bimbashi* in charge of the police put us through an examination that sorely tried our patience. It took not only our papers but also manly Tayer's vigorous Turkish to get us on our way. The old policeman had got the notion into his head that we were interested in the Greek church, and nothing would dislodge that suspicious fact. So we shook from our Ford the dust of this essentially modern and more than usually dusty city in a garden, and proceeded toward Sardis, without setting eyes on the few remaining "antikas." If the truth must be confessed, we were getting rather tired of seeing old marbles, broken sarcophagi, tumbled pillars and weed-overgrown theaters and palaces. It takes a special sort of mind to find continuous nutriment in these: the living present, and the vital Christianity of the West, are far more interesting.

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Through old Magnesia we rambled (yes; the drug got its name there), with its present ruins of Greece's ill-fated orgy of revenge and imperialism, and with its memories of the ancient Amazon warriors, and of the historic battle here, in 190 B.C., wherein the two Scipios defeated Antiochus the Great and thereby made Rome mistress of Asia Minor. Magnesia is fairly jammed with history of a sensational flavor—as when the people massacred the Crusaders; and as when Tamerlane made the city the storehouse of his loot from Smyrna, Sardis, and Thyatira; and as when, in 1410, a great insurrection arose, inspired by a “Messiah,” one Bedr-ed-din, who preached poverty and communism, and won Moslems, Christians and Jews to his banner. Nature has assured the continuing prosperity of Magnesia, despite all that man may do unto her, by her situation as the center of a productive agricultural region. In the last analysis, it is the farmer who supports all thrones.

How old in human lore is all this wide district which was John's parish is made plain by Mount Sipylus, four miles from Magnesia, the dominating peak of a wide region. On the northeastern face of the mountain is carved from the living rock one of the most celebrated surviving sculptures of antiquity, “Weeping Niobe,” the “Mother of the Gods,” of whom Homer sang:

*Upon arid Sipylus, upon the rock of the desert
mountain. . . .*

*Niobe, though turned to stone, still broods over the
sorrows the gods have sent upon her.*

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And Ovid says :

*She weeps still, and, borne by the hurricane of a
mighty wind,
She is swept to her home. There, fastened to the
cliff of the mount,
She weeps, and the marble sheds tears even now.*

The streaked appearance of the rock has so generally impressed observers that even the shepherd who directed us to it spoke of the figure as "the rain-washed." Historians incline to the belief that the statue was cut out of the solid limestone, more than three thousand years ago, as an image of Cybele, the Anatolian mother goddess. Probably the origin was Hittite: there are neighboring Hittite inscriptions, as well as a wealth of other fragmentary traces of successive civilizations. At Mount Sipylus a traveler perceives upon what a vast background of successive and intermingled heathenisms the beautiful picture of Christianity was painted. The messenger who carried the Revelation from Thyatira to Sardis saw this impressive symbol of the old religions looking down upon him.

We climbed up to the statue, which means scaling an almost perpendicular height of four hundred feet. The niche in which it stands is about thirty by fifteen feet; the figure itself is twenty feet high and ten feet wide. The arms are folded and the knees bent, so that, by the peculiar foreshortening, they reach almost to the breast. A flat pedestal is underneath. Ages have wrought havoc with the image. Seen near at

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hand, the features are entirely gone: but from a distance it is a real and impressive face. Something of the same extraordinary effect of persisting personal expression is to be seen on the badly battered face of the Sphinx, which likewise has survived the ravages of a millennium.

Sardis could not be reached the same night, and we arrived after dark at Kassaba, the city which gives its name to the famous melons grown round about—though we could not get one there. Poor Kassaba is more depressing than burned Smyrna. The Greeks when they fled destroyed it almost utterly. The remaining population have not been equal to the huge task of clearance of the ruins before rebuilding, nor could they finance complete reconstruction. So new, broad highways are being cut through the debris, and modern buildings, with ambitious plate-glass fronts and faïence tile decorations, are rising alongside of piles of wreckage. Because of our late arrival there was no room for us in the one more or less modern hotel; and we had to spend the night in an overcrowded khan, where the first step in preparation for sleep was a lavish distribution of insecticide and deodorant. Queer are the ways of other peoples: between our room and the next was a window—not a door, but a window—glazed and closed, but uncurtained! A troupe of Jewish actresses occupied the adjoining room, preparing for an evening performance; and they could apparently see no reason why we should want the window curtained. If they were annoyed by our fastidiousness, tables were turned at midnight, when they came in with much clatteration, and after a noisy hour or

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so, left the khan. In another room shrill female voices quarreled literally throughout the remainder of the night. Personally, I am willing to forego forever the assorted "picturesqueness" of oriental khans for a quiet, untenanted room with a modern bed.

As the first flush of delicate dawn was touching the tops of the mountains on both sides of the Hermus Valley, and as ribbons of mist enwrapped the bases of the uplands, we set forth toward Sardis. To the east, the sky was a deep purple; westward, it reflected gorgeous lavender and pink and garnet. We had been on the way half an hour before the sun overtopped the heights. It is easy to leave some places early! Out of doors was sweet and delightful after the Kassaba khan. This valley is crowded with interest from which even the life-and-death road could not divert attention. A thousand tumuli, or grave mounds, many of them tombs of prehistoric Phrygian kings, and one reputed to be larger than the great pyramid, dot the road to Sardis. Herodotus has left a description of them. "We are the dead," they cry; but the farmers who plow their sides proclaim, "We are the living."

Sardis, situated on the golden-sanded Pactolus, was charged by the Revelation letter with seeming to be spiritually alive, when in reality it was dead. That it is dead now nobody doubts. Even the neighboring miserable village of Sart is largely a by-product of American archæological excavations on the site. Cræsus, called the richest man in the world, and the first to coin gold and silver, was king of Sardis, the former city of the Cimmerians, making it the seat of his great conquests. Solon, the wise man, has left

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his name associated with the city. Cyrus the Persian, conquered it by a surprise attack, his soldiers scaling the supposedly inaccessible wall, a ruse which was successfully repeated three centuries later by Antiochus. On this spot Cyrus the Younger marshaled his immortal Ten Thousand when they set forth to the East. Xenophon's feat with the Ten Thousand gave Alexander the idea of conquering Persia. And it was at Sardis that Xerxes prepared the army with which he invaded Greece. Like the other Seven Churches, Sardis is on the great highway between East and West, through which the tides of conquest have rolled to and fro throughout the ages. The citadel which was the pride and defense of Sardis itself was shaken down by an earthquake and buried a portion of the city thirty feet deep, from which a Princeton University expedition has of late excavated the ruins. There were other reasons than those in the mind of the Revelator why Sardis should "Be watchful."

Civilization in layers has been uncovered at Sardis. In addition to the great temple of Cybele, there are Byzantine churches, a small one, still almost intact, having been built within the ruins of a larger one. One of the great pillars, still *in situ*, has had its capital twisted by an earthquake. Lavishly strewn about the excavations are massive carved marbles. Gone, though, is the splendor of the proud city to which John wrote from Patmos; but his warnings still admonish the living Church.

A city of storks and cooing pigeons, of fragments of walls and gateways and aqueducts, of fine trees, of a celebrated mineral spring and of scattered antiquities

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and recent ruins is Philadelphia, the city of the open door. The stout-hearted history of old Philadelphia, which long kept faith against Moslem invaders, lends corroboration to the Revelation's tribute for its loyalty to Christ and His word. We recall the wall built by Tamerlane of the bones of slaughtered citizens. The Seven Churches lie in what we may call the Tragedy Zone of the world, so incessant have been the devastations wrought upon it throughout the centuries. Our visit found Alashehr, as is the modern name of the "City of Brotherly Love," still bearing the raw scars of the recent Greek devastations, including even the destruction of Moslem tombstones in the cemetery. In ghastly incongruity, these horrors were wrought, in an orgy of hatred, by the Christian successors of the Church to which the letter in the Book of the Revelation was addressed! After the tour of the Seven Churches, it is quite understandable why Greek and Armenian Christians should be debarred from Turkey.

Climaxing the list of the Seven Churches, from the traveler's point of view, is the Laodicean group: for students agree that the letters in the Revelation were not addressed to individual congregations, but to the Christians of the cities and regions indicated. At that period, there were apparently no church buildings, but the believers met in homes and in the open air. So the letter to Laodicea is held to comprehend the three neighboring New Testament cities of Laodicea, Colossæ and Hierapolis. The best known passage in this particular letter is the condemnation of Laodicea as being "neither hot nor cold," which is recognized as an allusion to the famous tepid springs of the vicinity,



RUINS OF HIERAPOLIS AND CRYSTALLIZED WATERFALL.

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and of Hierapolis in particular. As a gate city, sitting astride a hill at the entrance to the fruitful Lycus Valley, the world's fig farm, Laodicea was a business center, famed especially for its banks, for its army contractors, for its medicines and for its peculiarly fine, glossy wool. So it had all the prudential spirit of commercial communities, which allow material considerations to take precedence of moral courage and spiritual loyalty. As John bitinglly wrote, this spineless, lukewarm city felt itself to be rich and in need of nothing; whereupon he characterized it as a wretched creature, pitiable, poor, blind and naked. The Lord called upon Laodicea to buy of Him the refined gold which signifies true riches; and white robes surpassing the city's famous glossy wool; and eye salve better than Laodicean medicine, that would impart soul vision. Instead of the vulgar banquets of the grossly rich, He who stands at the door and knocks invited these material-minded Christians to a true feast. None of the Seven Letters more closely draws its similes from life than that to Laodicea, to-day the most completely ruined of all of the cities which received the Revelator's message.

For the hill that was the city of Laodicea is now as if God had shaken it in His fist, until its proud buildings lie strewn about in an undistinguishable disarray of great cut stones. A few arches still stand, and there are remains of an aqueduct and stadium and theater, and possible temples or churches, and lichen-covered sarcophagi. Nothing, though, is meaningful or impressive. This was the city, often honored by the visits of emperors and proconsuls, which eclipsed the

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grandeurs of Colossæ, eleven miles distant, the home of Philemon and Onesimus, which for centuries was a proud Phrygian capital. By the middle of the ninth century, Colossæ had so completely disappeared that commentators were associating it with Rhodes, because of the Colossus!

Hierapolis has only one mention in the Bible, at the close of Paul's letter to the Colossians. It was more of a pleasure and health resort than its neighbors, primarily because of the tepid springs which gave John his famous figure of speech in the Laodicean letter. Luxury-loving and carcass-coddling Romans resorted thither, and built a famous theater—the best preserved in all the classical world—and gymnasiums and baths and temples around these unique springs, which still flow to-day, heedless of the crash of empires or of their own neglect by man. Throughout the indifferent centuries, these springs have transformed the mighty ruins of Hierapolis into one of the natural wonders of the world, all unknown to the great public. I have been unable to find a single European or American, in or out of Turkey, who has ever looked upon this amazing work of man and nature.

True, Hierapolis is on no beaten path. We rode all day from Smyrna on a train, and in the evening reached Gonjeli, the modern station nearest the Laodicean group. We were expected, and a handsome, forceful Turk, who laughingly confessed to being "king of Gonjeli," had made elaborate preparations for us in the little hotel, swept and garnished for the occasion; with a carved and bedizened—but springless and mattressless—four-poster bed imported for Milady. Dinner

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was served under an uncertain light out of doors. The preliminaries were the announcement, "We have two chickens, one of three oke and the other of one oke; will you have the larger one now and the smaller to-morrow, or vice versa; or will you have them both now?" We voted for both immediately. "And will you have them roasted or boiled?" Our hearts sank into our empty stomachs: would we have to wait until the chickens were cooked? Anyhow, we said "Roasted" and settled down to wait a couple of hours, after the fashion of the timeless Orient. To our astonishment and delight, the chickens were brought on in five minutes, cold, and apparently both roasted and boiled. It might have helped matters had they been fried also. Chickens and honeycomb were the *pièces de resistance* of that dinner; but I know bees, and had my suspicions of the brown pile of sweet under the dim light, which the others ate with such gusto. When the honey appeared the next morning, it was seen to be full of eggs and larvæ; which, however, are doubtless quite nutritious! Morning brought also the explanation of a music box which had been played at intervals throughout the night, presumably by fellow lodgers who had bought the new toy in Smyrna, and were sleeplessly delighted with it. It turned out to be a Swiss clock, which produced a tune every half hour.

Our visit to the ruins was to be made on horseback, with an early start. The horses, like Cincinnatus, had been called from the plow; except the one ridden by the King, as we dubbed him, who, as our guide, rode a mettlesome steed, and carried a rifle in the hope of getting a shot at the wild boar which abound in the

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region. Thus our second night's meal would be assured. The other attendant upon our party was a Turkish refugee from Salonica, more Greek than Turk in his mentality and manners; thus seeming to show that environment is more powerful than heredity. He was a furtive, whining, lazy, pilfering mendicant, who could not be relied upon for anything. Memory would rather recall "the King," Halil Ibrahim, and the handsome, gayly dressed nomad Yuruks whom we met on our ride, which lasted, with time out for clambering over the ruins, the entire day.

A supernatural stage director seems to have attended to the setting of Hierapolis as a place of beauty and marvel. The city was built on a precipice-edged plateau, from three to five hundred feet above the plain and the Lycus River. Back of it, the mountains rise almost sheer. A seemlier site no city ever had. As an uninhabited ruin, it has the distinction of standing just as it was shaken down, ages ago, by tremendous earthquakes. Some great arches and churches and temples and gymnasiums, as well as the splendid theater, have partially withstood the disturbances; and they delight the visitors who, by this time, have become somewhat expert in the matter of ruins. Here are lovely fragments of statuary; clear carvings; pillars with serpentine flutings; legible inscriptions, and a profusion of the treasures for a few of which the archæologists toil so laboriously beneath the soil of famous sites. If Hierapolis were only nearer to the fleshpots of Athens or Cairo or Luxor or Constantinople or Bagdad, how the amateur archæologists would revel in it! I should like to have the views of the philosopher,

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Epictetus, who was a native of the city, upon the neglect of the Hierapolis of to-day.

While we are exploring on the hillside—having purposely put off the best of Hierapolis until the last—we heard a voice singing below, and wondered if it could come from shepherds more than a mile distant in the valley; for in the city dwells no human being. Soon the mystery was solved when we found our Salonica groom lolling in the great central spring, on the very marbles that were laid for the Romans of two millenniums ago. Hierapolis was primarily a health resort and playground, patronized by emperors and other great ones. The water of the warm spring is clear as rain-washed atmosphere. Over where our musical groom sat, it is only four feet deep; but to one side of the thirty-foot pool, where great fluted pillars have crashed in, the depth is eight or ten feet.

My three fellow travelers, hungry for more ruins, departed, while I prepared to enter the pool on the deeper side. Whereupon the two Turks protested in excitement, saying that it was certain death, and recited a list of fatalities. I could see nothing about the tepid water to warrant fear, so plunged in head first, to the horror of the servants. They were greatly relieved when I arose at the other end of the pool, and they then admitted that perhaps the reason for the drownings they cited was that the bathers did not know how to swim! Travel has brought me many rare experiences, on and in water, as well as on and under ground and up in the air; but that luxurious swim in the Hierapolis pool, which is neither hot nor cold, stands apart by itself. It was like bathing in champagne; or,

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to keep exactly within the limits of experience, let me say that if bathing in champagne is as delightful as my experience at Hierapolis, then a champagne bath is worth its price.

All of the ancient stories which center about this "Holy City," concerning its direct relation to the unseen world, are understandable, in the light of the tepid springs and their consequences. Old writers tell of the "Plutonium" of Hierapolis, a hole wide enough to admit a man, which was supposed to lead directly to the lower regions. It emitted a mephitic vapor from the realms of death; and Strabo, the geographer, declared, after personal experiments with sparrows, that this exhalation killed every living creature that it reached. In the early centuries of our era the Plutonium disappeared, perhaps filled up by the Christians. Legend says that John, after expelling Diana, or Artemis, from Ephesus, joined the Apostle Philip at Hierapolis, and the united labors of the two drove Satan, in the form of Echidna, out of Hierapolis. At any rate, Hierapolis became Christian in the early part of the Christian era, and Justinian made the city a metropolis, for religious purposes. A list of fifteen bishops of Hierapolis has been preserved. The city's coinage was especially abundant and significant.

Above all other aspects of this absorbing city are its encrustations of lime and other precipitates from the mineral springs. Hierapolis has been embalmed by nature for the delight of the ages. As one draws near, it seems a frozen city, resplendent in glistening whiteness. The bluff on which it stands is a crystal water fall, like unto nothing else on earth. These solid cascades of

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shimmering beauty are both higher and wider than Niagara Falls. It is as if Niagara under a blazing winter sun had suddenly become hardened snow, with each flake distinct. The natives unimaginatively call Hierapolis the "cotton city," because of its fluffy whiteness. The fineness of the crystalline formation appears only on close examination, as one walks over the hollow-sounding crust, and perceives the innumerable strange formations, like gigantic lotus leaves; and the exquisite stalactites of all dimensions. None of the famous caves of America has any stalactite formation to compare with these in airiness and daintiness and perfect whiteness. The detail is even more impressive than the mass; and the mass, I repeat, is greater than the entire expanse of Niagara Falls—all made by rivulets from the mineral springs, whose tepid waters hold the limestone and other chemicals in solution.

One thinks of the patient coral growth, as he sees the vast expanse of lower Hierapolis that has been covered, to a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet, with this limestone crust, gray and weathered in the older portions, beneath which lie ancient ruins. Strange viaducts, self-made, have been built up to carry the water hither and yon. It seems as if some master engineer had overseen the distribution of the water for the completeness of a fairyland creation over the whole face of the precipice. There are four distinct cascades in all, the greatest of them a horseshoe falls. Yet the volume of water that goes over is trifling. Some edges of the white formation, nearest the water, are tinged with yellow, as of sulphur. No other antiquity in the world conveys so complete a sense of awe as

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Hierapolis; and no other possesses so wonderful and weird an aspect of unique beauty. What a commentary upon conditions in Bible Lands during recent centuries that travelers have been denied access to, or even knowledge of, this marvel of nature, imposed upon the mighty handiwork of man; and all linked up with the Revelation characterization of the spiritual life that was "neither hot nor cold."

Our tour of the Seven Churches thus ends in a surprising climax. Some day the wonders of Hierapolis will allure the world's travelers to these scenes vocal with present spiritual messages to mankind. As we four read together aloud under the lamplight of Gonjeli the Revelation message to the Church at Laodicea, and Paul's letters to the Colossians and to Philemon, these saints, who of old looked upon these same hills, and once trod these same highways and loved this same valley, seemed to live again as real personalities. Alas, there is not now a single Christian in the whole region! Ephesus is only an unearthed display of ancient glory. Smyrna is a spectacle of present tragedy. Pergamum is a peak of perished pride. Thyatira's mighty memories are submerged in the moment's materialism. Sardis is simply spent splendor. Philadelphia is a pitiable pile of persisting sorrow and strength. Laodicea is a forgotten heap of stones rejected by God and man; while Hierapolis, "neither hot nor cold," is a crystallized sermon.

Such are the "Seven Churches of Asia" at the present time. They bear witness to modern racial and religious bitterness, as well as to history's vicissitudes and to the notable distribution and power of the early

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Christian Church. To-day there are no Christians in any of them, except the Europeans in the foreign colony of Smyrna. The "lampstand" has been removed from every one of the Seven Cities. After continuous, though variable, witness to the Word throughout the blood-stained centuries, the Church has in our own day disappeared from the scene of her most notable conquests. When and how she will be restored is a hidden mystery to which western Christendom seems wholly indifferent.

CHAPTER VII

THE CHURCH OUT OF HER OLD HOME IN ASIA MINOR



AUL'S "news sense"—he seemed always to go where there was something doing, or else he started something—took him to Turkey, a perpetual news factory; or, to speak more bookishly, a continuing center of historic events throughout the ages. Tracing his footsteps through the Asia Minor cities where he pioneered the Gospel, we find ourselves in the midst of certain of the greatest political and social and religious problems of our day. Partly by trains—good trains, too—and partly by automobile, we traversed Paul's trail through Anatolia, eastward of the "Seven Churches of Asia."

If what the Church historians call "the upper Galatian theory" holds, as I believe it does, Paul certainly visited Angora, the present capital of Turkey, long called "Ancyra," the "anchor city"; but named Sebaste by the Romans. One cannot imagine Paul's passing by Sebaste, which Nero made the metropolis of Galatia, since it was the key city of the region. There he doubtless saw the great Temple of Rome and Augustus, and, inscribed upon its walls, the political biography of the emperor who reigned when Jesus was born in Bethlehem; which is chiefly why Augustus has his

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continuing fame. Those inscribed walls still stand, and the present Turkish government is making them accessible to tourists. The boastful record of the greatness of Augustus contains mention of the census which he decreed; the setting in motion of the ponderous machinery of the Imperial Roman Government which carried Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem for the greatest Event of all time. This Christmas link between modern Turkey and ancient Judea is but one of the ever recurring evidences of the unity of the ancient world and also of Bible Lands. In Christian times, this great Temple of Rome and Augustus was used as a church.

Angora allures one to digressions. It embodies the new life of nationalistic Turkey. Here is established the westernized government, far from Constantinople, with its European intrigues and warships. As the Angora law-makers sit in grave and orderly assembly, all dressed in occidental fashion, the speaker affecting a bit of swank by having his silk hat placed on his desk, the visitor sees their ostentatious parliamentarianism in succession to the other forms of government that have often held sway here. (Outside, solid-wheeled ox-carts, of the Hittite pattern, lumber clumsily and noisily along the road.) Beyond the prideful pomp of the centuries of Turkish sovereigns, he beholds barbaric and bloodthirsty Timur the Lame, who constructed the great citadel which still crowns Angora's ancient hill, various fragments of interesting antiquities being built into it. Decadent Byzantium held sway here, following a more virile Rome. Hittites and Parthians and Greeks and Persians and Arabs and

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Seljuks and Crusaders and Egyptians and Osmanlis had their dazzling day here, as well as lesser city states and personal conquerors. History in hunks and heaps may be found where once Paul preached and now Mustapha Kemal Pasha rules with the real authority of a sultan.

New Turkey has divested itself of the usages and chains of the past, Church and State are now two things, not one; and religious liberty has been declared. Western codes of law have supplanted the Koran in the courts. Polygamy has been abolished; divorce has become a civic procedure. Education is general and compulsory. The fez has been supplanted by the hat. Anatolia is inhabited exclusively by Turks; and "Turkey for the Turks" is the animating principle of government. The full flood of nationalism, which has really rejuvenated this lately decadent nation, has borne Turkey to a new place of leadership in the nationalistic movement that is sweeping the Near and Middle East; a position more potent than her previous possession of the caliphate. The history which is to-day being made within Turkey has significant ramifications in every direction, but especially toward the East. As goes Turkey, say some, so goes the Orient.

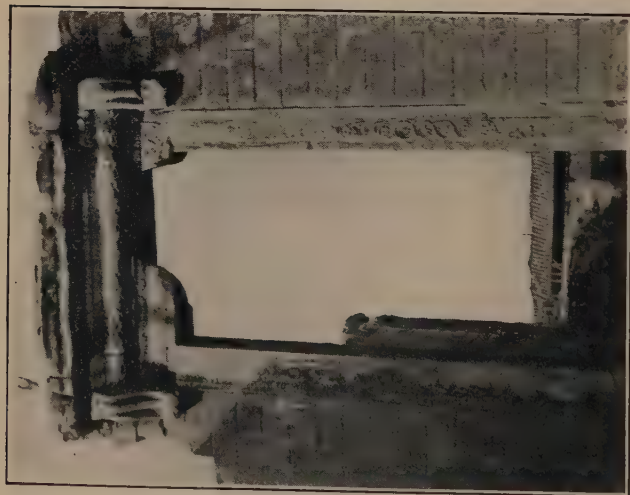
That which to the wide Christian world is the most important fact about new Turkey is obscured by the popular presentation of another related fact of secondary importance. This latter is the elimination of Christian minorities from Turkey, and of Moslem minorities from Greece, by a League of Nations plan called "the exchange of populations." After the Turkish atrocities upon Armenians; and after the post-



TRANSPORTATION IN OLD PHILADELPHIA.



OX CARTS, OF THE HITTITE PATTERN, BOTH THE TRAFFIC OFFICER
IN ANGORA.



ARCH OF THE TIME OF CHRIST IN ANGORA. PART OF TEMPLE OF ROME AND AUGUSTUS CONTAINING THE FAMOUS INSCRIPTION. NOTE STORK ON TOP.



BYZANTINE CHURCH AMIDST THE RUINS OF SARDIS. NOTE THAT THE CAPITOL OF THE RIGHT COLUMN HAS BEEN TWISTED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

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war reprisals of the Armenians upon the Turks; and after the vast outrages committed by the Greeks upon the Turks, it became patent to everybody that the Christians and the Turks could not again live in amity in the same land. While the Christians had the ear of the world for the telling of their version of the tale, all foreigners on the scene know the other side also. Dreadful as seemed the drastic proposal of Dr. Nansen, the League's representative, that whole classes of population should be uprooted from their homes, and transplanted whither they did not want to go, no other way offered. With my own eyes I saw that many-sided horror in progress, with all of its attendant inefficiency and callousness and suffering and death. Despite the attendant tragedy, the effect already has been broadly beneficial to both Turkey and Greece; while the soviet Republic of Armenia in the Caucasus, an integral part of Bolshevik Russia, continues to prosper and draw to itself a steady stream of Armenian immigrants, until now the majority of the world's Armenians are established in their own country of Armenia.

(Extravagant and reckless and untruthful propaganda by Armenian politicians in America and Europe has wrought many evils to their long-suffering fellow nationals in the Near East; not the least of which was their making impossible, because of absurd claims to the whole center of Asia Minor, the reasonable enlargement of the borders of the Armenian Republic, so as to include the Van district to the south, and Erzerum to the west, with a port on the Black Sea. I have had few more moving political conferences than those with responsible Armenian leaders in Constantinople, who

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pleaded with me to dissuade the so-called friends of Armenia in America from their misrepresentations and misleading agitation. It is these professional politicians and agitators, say Armenians in the Near East, who are the worst foes of their race. Propaganda that is profitable and safe for those who conduct it, is costly and perilous for those on whose behalf they profess to speak. And the injury done to American thinking, and to future relief enterprises, is not small; for hate-filled stories have been so effectively broadcast that the average American believes that the Armenians are still to-day being persecuted and killed by the Turks; whereas there have not been any considerable number of Armenians in Turkey for three or four years, except in Constantinople, and no outrages have occurred there during that period. Equally fallacious is the impression conveyed that orphans are constantly on the brink of starvation, and in peril from the Turk's bloody scimitar. As informed persons learn the facts in the case, there follows a revulsion that does injustice both to the Armenians and to all international philanthropies. "The Armenian Question" still bulks large in America; but it is nonexistent in Turkey.)

I say that the tragic "exchange of populations" is the second most important fact in the postwar experience of this pivotal part of Bible Lands. Of first importance, though scarcely so realized by the Christian world at large, is the stupendous fact that the Christian Church, planted and nurtured in Asia Minor by the Apostles, is now eliminated from the land where it survived throughout nineteen stormy centuries. To-day there are no Christians in Turkey, outside of Con-

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stantinople; except for the few non-citizen Europeans and Americans; and for occasional small groups of Roman Catholic and Protestant Armenians, who were exempted from exchange by the Lausanne Treaty; and who are steadily emigrating.

Our Christian western world cannot quite grasp anything so drastic as this. In the very region where the Gospel made its most conspicuous conquests; where Paul planted and Apollos watered and John tended; where mighty cities fell before the power of the Word, and where the ruler of imperial Rome established the religion of Jesus as the faith of the State; where were held the great Church Councils which formulated the creeds of the Church Universal; where saints and seers and martyrs and heroes and teachers left a golden legacy to all Christians—there, the Church is to-day non-existent. It has been extirpated. Only a few forlorn groups and furtive individuals in all the whole wide land now profess the name of Christ. Few formal defeats of Christianity have been as sudden, as complete, and as dramatic as this one in a region that is peculiarly a Bible Land. Despite their glaring shortcomings, the ancient communions of the East did hold aloft the symbol and name of their historic faith; and did keep the altar lamp of devotion burning. Now it is against the law for their ministers and members to return to Turkey.

Broadly speaking, the old Protestant mission work in Turkey collapsed with the exchange of populations. It is to be regretted that this story has not been told in fullness to the whole world by the missionary authorities most directly interested. Had this been

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done, there would now be an intelligent and undaunted support for the new forms and front of a presentation of Protestantism to the Turks, whose Mohammedanism has assuredly grown lax. Instead, a considerable proportion of the Turkish missionary enterprise has been moved to Greece, where there are only Christians; and Greece is counted as part of the Turkish Mission! Most of the former American missionaries are now out of Turkey; which is perhaps well, since nobody can truly help the person he hates; and these missionaries were in the forefront of anti-Turkish agitation.

This is not the place to go into all the details of an involved story. Perhaps the central and causative factor was the policy of a previous generation of missionaries—an honest mistake of judgment—who gave up the heart-breaking task of trying to convert the Moslems, and turned to the inviting field of the Armenians, all of whom were members of the ancient and decadent Gregorian Church. These alert and capable people, who had for centuries dwelt in peace with their Turkish masters, welcomed the American missionaries, and thronged to their schools. They eagerly imbibed the spirit of free Christianity and of free America. The missionaries were responsible for the intellectual emancipation of a race; and for the noble transformation of the character of individuals.

This new spirit in the Armenians quickly found a political channel; they wanted civil independence for themselves. All unintentionally, the missionaries made revolutionists; for no enlightened person, filled with Christian self-respect, could continue submissive under the tyrannous sway of the Turks. Although the mis-

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sionaries sedulously refrained from political activity, they had nevertheless implanted the yeast which leavened to a ferment the Armenian life. And the Armenian cause was the missionary's cause. Most of the missionaries spoke Armenian, and not Turkish. Their servants were Armenian; their native teachers and nurses and evangelists and Bible women were Armenian; their whole atmosphere and field and cause were Armenian. So when the Turks from time to time bloodily suppressed, in characteristic oriental fashion, Armenian revolutionary movements, the missionaries megaphoned the Armenian version of the horrors to the whole world. That the American public to-day entertains an ill-proportioned and inadequate conception of both the Armenian and of the Turk is doubtless due, primarily, to the American missionary—who, paradoxically, is a sincere servant of truth, a godly, devoted, efficient and self-effacing Christian.

Suddenly, after the successful rise of the Turkish Nationalists, and especially after the Greek debacle in 1922, the missionary found himself, if he was fortunate enough to be at a post, in a Turkey without either Armenians or Greeks. New laws prevented him from preaching publicly. He might not teach the Bible in his schools, or the Koran either. He might not circulate Christian literature. No new licenses for missionary physicians were given. Some of his schools and hospitals were closed down completely. Expensive properties were left idle, and the missionary who belonged in them was muzzled. The whole situation became one of the major tragedies of Christian missionary history. Some missionary schools continue,

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but upon a definitely secular basis, and under jealous Turkish scrutiny. Two or three missionary physicians with old permits still carry on. Undoubtedly, the American missionary in Turkey to-day is distrusted by the government.

There is another side to the shield. A certain proportion of the missionaries, and especially of the younger men and women, appointed since the War, who are free from traditional prejudices, hail with enthusiasm what they deem a unique opportunity sincerely to serve the new and formative Turkish nation, relying upon their life and faith, rather than upon formal utterance, to get across their message. They say that the real barrier to Christian success with the Turks has been the character of the ancient Christian churches. The Turks identified the familiar formal ecclesiasticism of these historic communions, whose expression was in creed and in ritual, rather than in life and character, with Christianity; and unanimously made up their minds to have none of it. They despised the Greeks and the Armenians and their religion. Now these have gone; and, for the first time, free and spiritual Christianity has a fair chance at the Turks, who are sloughing off Islam, and who cannot long live without a vital faith. Undoubtedly, some Turks are becoming interested in Protestantism, as opposed to what they have been accustomed to know as Christianity. It would seem as if a new Council of the Churches should be called to face this opportunity, and to consider whether the Gospel may not be carried back, without political entanglements, by new methods but in the old form in which it won its foothold on this soil when presented

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by the Apostles and early Church missionaries. The present plight of Asia Minor is a ghastly testimony to the consequences of the process begun here by Constantine the Great, of despiritualizing and institutionalizing Christianity.

Asia Minor is strewn with Christian archæological remains, especially in the form of graves, epitaphs and ruined churches. When we went down to ancient Lystra, the home of Timothy, Paul's friend and companion, which is now called "Hatoun Serai," or "Woman's Palace," set amidst fertile wheat fields, where Paul and Barnabas were at first greeted as gods, after healing the lame man, and then driven off with stonings, as malefactors, we found a wonderful cluteration of ruins. The old church by the spring is now level with the ground. The malaria-smitten mud village is built partly of marble fragments from the great and forgotten days. Nevertheless, the villagers themselves are as restless and as impulsive as of yore. Old and young turned out to greet us, and we were pressed to spend the night. When we declined this hospitality, our car was loaded with the luscious melons for which the region is famous.

Derbe, famous in the Acts, has practically disappeared: even the site has not been fixed with certainty. Pisidian Antioch, however, where Paul preached one of his greatest sermons, and caused a revival and raised a row, is yielding valuable antiquities to an archæological expedition from the University of Michigan; including fragments from the Temple of Rome and Augustus, inscribed like the one in Angora. This rich upland of Asia Minor, scene of Paul's labors on the

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first and second missionary journeys, has received less than its due share of attention from scholars and archaeologists. The brilliant work of Professor William M. Ramsay has proved the region to be a mine of Christian and historical treasure.

Old Iconium, where Paul and Barnabas showed their mettle as missionaries and as men, still bears its historic name, now shortened to Konia. The adjective "old" is applied advisedly to Iconium; for legend pays tribute to the city's antiquity by declaring it to be the first place to emerge after the Deluge. This is one of the cities of destiny, made so by its central position on old highways in a wide territory of much productivity. The same considerations placed the Bagdad Railway offices and shops here. It has to-day a population of approximately seventy-five thousand, all Turks. This is the truth most difficult for a traveler to grasp; that in such places as Konia, where lately there dwelt a large Armenian and Greek population, as well as many Europeans, the people one meets to-day are exclusively Turkish. And they are carrying on successfully all lines of production and trade, including the railway, which has its center here. The city itself is more interested in the new statue of Mustapha Kemal Pasha than in the few remains of the great days of the Seljuks and of the Romans and Phrygians. Paul was exercising the strategy of other conquerors when he thrice visited Iconium; for many of the great ones have conquered it—Jenghiz Khan representing the extreme eastern invasion and Frederic Barbarossa the farthest west. During the World War this was the scene of Miss Cushman's magnificent ministry to allied



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CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, WITH CITADEL IN BACKGROUND, EPHEBUS.



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AFION KARA HISSAR--A STORY-BOOK CITY IN MID-TURKEY.



CUT STONE OF OLD LYSTRA BUILT INTO MUD HOUSES.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR ON THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE, JERUSALEM.

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prisoners of war and to refugee Christians. Mission work is closed; as is also the famous Tekke of the Mevlevi dervishes.

In the days of Germany's ambitious projects for Turkey, the finest hotel in Asia Minor was built at Konia. Closed for some years after the War, it has been reopened, but it is a desolate place, inferior in comfort to a good Turkish khan. This central city on the new-old highway symbolizes the Bagdad Railway, control of which constituted one of the real reasons for the World War. The route to the East runs over the path of Paul's missionary journeys. As of old countless conquering armies and hordes traversed this thoroughfare, so European imperialism thought to extend its sway eastward over this well-built railroad, "the short route to India." Most of the elaborate stations and freight sheds were destroyed during the War; but the construction which remains is of the Occident's best. More comfortable transportation could not be desired. Through trains, with Wagon-Lits coaches, now run regularly clear across Anatolia, from Constantinople to Adana, the town which is next door to Tarsus. When tourists discover this, there will be a sudden growth of popularity for this interesting section of Bible Lands.

Doubtless this all-rail route to Palestine and Egypt, which is now in regular operation, will ere long become the most popular, because of the scenery and sites along the way. The sublime views as one goes through the Taurus mountains from the Anatolian uplands down to the Cilician Plain—a drop of 1,800 feet in an hour—are scarcely to be surpassed in Switzerland. From the

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gorgeous spectacle of snow-capped mountains and gorges of grandeur the traveler suddenly descends to scenes of cotton fields and palm trees. (If there were space for economics, I would amplify the amazing post-war development of the Cilician Plain as one of the world's notable cotton fields. Camels and donkeys and railway trains and automobiles and peasants, laden with cotton, seem the commonest of sights now in the neighborhood of Tarsus and Adana. Nobody will talk of the sensational antics of Queen Cleopatra in Cilicia, such as her famous masquerade as Aphrodite for the eyes of Mark Antony: cotton is a more interesting present theme.)

"A citizen of no mean city," was the Apostle Paul; and here stands Tarsus itself to prove it. Paul's pride in his birthplace, however, is not shared by modern Cilicians. Tarsus, Mersine and Adana, and especially Adana, the largest, are unkempt cities, without civic pride or beauty; and showing a greater proportion of polyglot refugees and beggars than are to be found anywhere else in Turkey. Arab and Kurdish and Cretan and Egyptian driftwood in large numbers have been caught in this eddy that is a persistingly fertile and historic corner of Turkey. The plain is less Turkish in population than the rest of the country, and considerable Arabic is spoken. It was in Cilicia that French-protected Armenians made a sorry mess of things after the war, thus hastening the complete triumph of Turkish Nationalism.

Tarsus is a name overlaid with many shining pages of history, whose association with the spot has been eclipsed by the luster of a private citizen, Saul of

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Tarsus, the Jew, afterwards Paul, the Christian Apostle to the Gentiles. Xenophon describes it as a great city; Alexander the Great caught a fever while bathing in the River Cydnus; Augustus made it a free city; the Emperor Julian died and was buried there; Harun er-Raschid made it a fortress; the Crusaders quarreled there, and Ibrahim Pasha left a host of his retainers in its vicinity. During the Roman period Tarsus held one of the three great universities of the world. But it has for ages been preëminently Paul's city; although the streets that he walked are buried a dozen feet deep beneath the silt. "St. Paul's Arch," a Roman relic, is of later date than his time. On the hillside, not far from St. Paul's Institute, a missionary school established by Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Christie, is one of the most baffling archæological relics known to the world. It is a huge concrete square, containing two large concrete cubes, the use of which has never been surely discovered. Recent French borings into the solid mass have had no result. Popularly called the Tomb of Sardanapalus, it has also been described as the base of an ancient temple—although any temple vast enough to need such immense foundations would have surely survived in fame. This archæological What-Is-It, and the catacombs, or tombs, by the river, are the chief mementoes of the past of Tarsus now to be seen. Personally, I found it more worth while to ascend a hill, and looking upon the luxurious gardens near at hand, and the great sweep of the Cilician Plain, with the snow-capped mountains beyond, to muse upon the peerless personality of Paul, who, with all his greatness, was never too engrossed for civic pride. He is the one

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Tarsus figure who has cast his shadow upon all of Asia Minor, and upon all the Christian world of the past nineteen hundred years. I wonder how he would meet this emergency of the spiritual vacuum which has suddenly come to the scene of his earthly labors? Certainly his successors in the leadership of the Christian Church are confronted in Turkey by a task of Pauline proportions.

CHAPTER VIII

MY WINDOW IN JERUSALEM



LONGSIDE of the window of the room in Jerusalem where I have been writing during several weeks, runs the old road north and south through the Promised Land. Turkish engineers have changed it slightly, in the matter of grades and curves, but essentially it is the old Roman Road, which, in turn, followed the natural highway that was used long centuries before the Israelites entered the Land. At some points, a short distance to the north, the original Roman road may be seen, boldly taking a height where the new highway detours.

An old road, or a long road, is a constant call to the imagination. Its ends and its travelers seem deathless. As I lift my eyes occasionally to my window I behold the past marching again in the present. This woman and babe on a donkey, with a patient bearded man in flowing robes plodding alongside them (usually the man rides and the woman walks), awaken thoughts of the anxious, hurried journey of the Nazareth maiden Mary, her donkey watchfully guided by strong-spirited Joseph, as they sought, on the afternoon of the first Christmas Eve, to cover the intervening five miles between here and Bethlehem ere darkness should overtake them. Perhaps they halted for rest in the olive grove by my window, as do many travelers, while

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Joseph reassured his bride with the stately promises of the Old Testament.

Twelve years later, along this same highway, rejoicing like the festive villagers in gala dress who sometimes nowadays pass in throngs, went the Nazareth pilgrims to the Passover, singing jubilant Psalms as they drew near to the City of David, a Boy's shrill soprano ringing clear in the chorus. A little later that same company, thronged with new memories and interests, passed northward along the way that a flock of shepherd-led sheep are at this moment following; but this time, unheeded, the Boy was missing. He was back in the Temple Area, about his Father's business.

As the British High Commissioner of Palestine whirls by in his limousine, fancy supplants him by the figure of King David, surrounded by his horsemen and warriors, as he rides to the old city of the Jebusites. At once, in imagination, the highway becomes crowded with the great ones of the past who have trodden or ridden this thoroughfare—the kings of Judah and Israel; the Crusading royalty, the Saracens, from Omar to Saladin, and the saints and sages and seers of millenniums. Samuel (whose home, Mizpah, on its high hill-top, famous for its view, and as the point from which the Crusaders first saw Jerusalem, is visible from my window) often came this way, as when he journeyed to Bethlehem to anoint the son of Jesse, king of Israel; and by this route also was carried the sacred Ark of the Covenant from Shiloh to its rest on Mount Moriah.

Next door to my home is a friendly little mosque; and as I hear the muezzin's call to prayer, by night and by day, I somehow place my turbaned neighbor far

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down in that long line of men of old, who have staggered along this road beneath a soul-burden of the people's sins; and who have—usually in vain—summoned the careless and wandering Israelites to return to Jehovah and to seek His face in penitent prayer. Regal Isaiah; tragic Jeremiah; pathetic Hosea; rugged Amos; fitful Elijah—scarcely one of the Men of God in old Israel failed to traverse the road which runs by my window. Some day, assuredly, another Voice will be heard, vibrant with the old prophetic note and message, calling, calling, calling, a restless and unsatisfied world back to the fountains of peace. Will its tones echo along this way of memories?

Far, far fared the figures of old who set out from Jerusalem by this route of history. In fancy we can see the young zealot, Saul of Tarsus, starting for Damascus, armed with official letters that gave him authority to harry the new sect of Christians. Later himself a Christian missionary, he came this way from Antioch, with big-hearted Barnabas for a companion, to face the first Church Council. After eventful years, and following one of the countless riots such as the Holy City has witnessed throughout the centuries, that same Paul, now a grizzled hero of the Church he once persecuted, was secretly led forth by night, along this thoroughfare, a prisoner bound for Cæsarea and for Rome. I wonder if, as he rode, Paul's vivid imagination played about the figures of some of his predecessors on this highway: such as Abraham, following his gleam into the Land of Promise; Eliezer, his steward, bound northward on the quest of a wife for Isaac that discovered gracious Rebecca at her well in Haran; the

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Israelite spies from down in Kadesh-Barnea, who surreptitiously followed this course clear up to Hamath, on the Orontes; Saul's own mad namesake, Israel's first king, raging in pursuit of David; and, most of all, Jesus Himself, with His disciples, who for wonder-crowded years, walked this way on their journeys between Galilee and Jerusalem. No other long road was so often trodden by the Master as this one from which, at this instant, I hear the happy treble of children's voices. I fancy that as Paul stopped, even as I have done, at the highway's old, old well dug by Jacob, where Jesus once talked with the Samaritan woman, his thoughts were of the "Living water" which alone can allay this parched world's thirst.

As an overtone in music dominates a composition, so all the kaleidoscopic scenes of this long, old road that runs by my window have as their atmosphere and background the Bible and its main ideas, of a Chosen Land, a Chosen People and a Kingdom conception. Its spiritual significance, as the way of the Word of the Lord, tinges all that touches this ancient highway of the Israelites, their prophets, warriors, minstrels, kings; and of their Messiah and His messengers and His followers.

Some day, inevitably, this old road is to be the main route for through travelers from Constantinople to Cairo. Despite the automobile, we moderns do not as easily and simply make long overland journeys as did the ancients. Persia and Babylon and Nineveh, and the eastern regions beyond, for ages sent tireless feet of men and beasts to tread this way. This was the route of the Three Wise Men, following the star. All

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sorts of traffic used it and its branches go in every direction. Even now, one who is not daunted by unconventional experiences may journey over it, as did the German and Turkish Army, all the way to Constantinople and Middle Europe.

Despite the varied types of automobiles—mostly American—that go roaring by my window, the transportation on this oriental highway is still chiefly by animals. Camels predominate; and their passage would be silent were it not for the deep and delightful clanging of their multiple brass bells. Even in the night I hear them passing melodiously. Always they are wrapped in the appearance of the ruminative wisdom of the East. The camel is not a shapely or a handsome or a friendly animal, although picturesque on a skyline—and the more distant the skyline the more attractive the picture. Arabs say that when God got through with creation He took the scraps that were left and made the camel. No other living animal, not even a titled human, looks so disdainfully and superciliously upon life as the camel. There is a constant curl of contempt to its nostril. This is explained by the Arabs on the ground that, while all true believers know the Ninety-nine Beautiful Names of God, only the camel knows the majestic Hundredth Name: hence his attitude of superiority toward the rest of creation.

With all of its loftiness, physical and social, the camel, when traveling in caravan line, the nose of one tied to the tail of the other, is usually led by a donkey. Oriental observers have often applied this figure to public movements: even the international statesmen at the Paris Peace Conference were so desig-

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nated by a delegate from Arabia. Of all the animals of the East, the donkey seems the closest friend to man, and the best servant. Beautiful horses appear to have increased in Palestine since the British came; and, of course, the procession of flocks of sheep (the shepherd often carrying a lamb in his bosom) and of goats is almost endless along this main artery of a pastoral people.

My highway suggests changelessness: changelessness of human life and changelessness of human need. As I raised my eyes from the paper, ere beginning this paragraph, three village women, with regal mien, strode majestically by. On the head of each was a heavy burden; but all three were chatting lightly, I presume, of the little affairs they had transacted in Jerusalem. Their faces, but not their heads, were uncovered, and their brows were encircled by strings of silver coins, their dowry. Behind them in the breeze trailed their many-ended flowing garments, embroidered in rich reds and yellows. Their feet were bare and their step firm and conquering. Their dress and their present business are substantially unchanged, after thousands of years.

For days and days I have been on the watch for one certain figure amidst these passing women. I know she goes to and fro between Jerusalem and a village ten miles to the north; but because her dress is like all others, and her burden the same, I have not been able to catch a glimpse of this daughter of England. This young woman's story is not unlike others to be heard in Cairo and Damascus and Constantinople and elsewhere in the East. She was a Liverpool girl,



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THE ONLY PICTURE OF THE SURRENDER OF JERUSALEM THAT
SURVIVES. THE MAYOR IS THE MAN WITH A CANE.



VILLAGE OF SILOAM AND VALLEY OF HINNOM, FROM MOUNT ZION.



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES, FROM THE
JERUSALEM WALLS.

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not of any particular social position, with her race's strain of adventure in her blood; and when a handsome, lustrous-eyed, soft-voiced, olive-skinned Syrian, an emigrant returning from America, came into her circle, with tales of the romantic East, she listened and loved. He told of the wealth and position of his family in Palestine, and of the oriental palace in which they lived. So they were married, and set sail for the East. Imagine the girl's disillusionment when she found that her husband's home was a miserable hovel in a mud village, ten miles north of Jerusalem; and that she, the daughter-in-law, had to succumb to the inexorable usage of the land, and, divesting herself of her European apparel, dress in somber native garb and become the drudge of the household, the virtual slave of her mother-in-law.

Once, when she was ill, kindly Americans took her into their home, and offered her a way of escape. But she was loyal to her husband, to whom she had borne a man son; and she took up the hard burden of life in the Syrian village, sharing in all respects the lot of the other young women: carrying water twice a day from the well; bearing on her head loads of vegetables to market in Jerusalem; and doing the hardest labor of the whole family. Her husband died, shortly before the British occupation of Jerusalem; and it was insisted that, after the ancient oriental usage mentioned in the Bible, Mary—for that is her name—should marry his brother. For a long time she withstood this. Her daily task was to peddle fruit by the wayside to passing British soldiers; and, not only was she recognized by them as English, but her own cousin, a sergeant,

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dramatically identified her. Then followed a period of indecision, and possible deliverance. Nevertheless, so unfathomable are the workings of a woman's mind, Mary suddenly settled all discussion of the question, after the fashion of Ruth the Moabitess, by choosing her husband's people, and by marrying his brother. Any day I may chance to see her through my window, as she goes swinging along toward Jerusalem with the other barefooted Syrian women, the day's load of produce on their heads; or as she returns to the dark mud dwelling that she calls home.

Despite all the inventions of the centuries, these homes remain practically as they were in the days of Jesus, the local usage varying somewhat from village to village. Of late the Land has been interpenetrated by heavily subsidized and modernized Zionists; but the changes leave the peasants untouched. Somehow, the Past seems to stand sentinel over the life of this East, an arrogant and disdainful figure, confident in the conquests of the ages. It has seen so many imperial projects break into nothingness upon the immutable life of Palestine that even the highly organized and loudly trumpeted enterprise of Zionism leaves this Spirit of the Past undismayed and a bit cynical. One recalls Arnold's:

*The East bent low beneath the blast,
In silent, deep disdain.
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.*

Which, I wonder, is more truly symbolical of the future of the Holy Land: the automobile bus-load of

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Jews, who just now passed my window, all wrapped and muffled, on their way to one of the northern colonies; or the moment's scene under the olive trees, where four plows are at work simultaneously on a little patch of ground less than an acre in extent, which was sown before it was plowed? Three of the plows—which are just such primitive surface-scratching sticks as were used before ever Joshua crossed the Jordan—are pulled each by a yoke of oxen; the fourth has an ox and a donkey yoked together. I am a bit disappointed that one plow is not drawn, as often, by a donkey and a camel as a team. This gang plowing of the East, with a wooden instrument that seems fitter for firewood than for agriculture, is a perfect picture of the scene of Elisha's call to succeed Elijah:

So he departed thence, and found Elisha the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth: and Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him. . . . And he [Elisha] returned back from him, and took a yoke of oxen, and slew them, and boiled their flesh with the instruments of the oxen, and gave unto the people, and they did eat. Then he arose, and went after Elijah, and ministered unto him.

Unlike Turkey, there are few automobile tractors in this Land, and the steel plow is the exception, rather than the rule. (I wish I could keep my attention fixed upon my writing, instead of watching idly that yonder young farmer, in flowing white robes, who might pose for a picture of Elisha! Milady, who is hopelessly Pennsylvanian, thinks it rather scandalous that men should plow in skirts that entangle their feet.) Money

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from abroad is introducing a new style of dwelling, and a new manner of life, amongst the Jewish settlers; but the immemorial peasant appears so indifferent to it all, and so untouched in his own ways, that it does seem as if he who overcame Sennacherib and Pharaoh, Alexander and Cæsar and Saracen and Crusader, will not now be wiped out. These natives are the embodiment of persistence, of inertia, of passive resistance.

Although colloquially called "Arabs" they are really the descendants of the Canaanites and other early inhabitants of the land, plus an infiltration of European blood through the Crusaders, and of a Bedouin strain from the East. How many empires and eras they have survived! Their changeless needs, too, are one with those which caused the compassionate Christ to look upon them as sheep without a shepherd.

This thought continues to grip the Christian sojourner in Palestine: such were the scenes, and such the people, amidst whom the Master ministered. These simple farmers were not to Him a strange folk, to be snap-shotted and written about: they were the very people who made up His audiences, His clinics, His associates, His disciples. Not big, blond, bespeckled "Nordics," with university degrees strung after their names; but these dark-skinned, dreamy-eyed, callous-footed Semites, clad from head to heel in graceful, unsanitary robes, were the material with which Jesus undertook to remake the world. One must live amongst them to understand at all how utterly common were the common people who became the Apostles and the Christian Church. They lived close to earth in a closeness that the Occident cannot comprehend. Their in-

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terests were local and personal, and intensely human, beyond what is counted "civilized" in our cosmopolitan day. No modern tourist would for an instant dream of dining or dwelling with such peasants as were the daily companions, and only earthly reliance for a continuance of His work, of the Christ Himself.

Because His spell is on us, we speak of our highway as running north to Nazareth, and south to Bethlehem. Of course, it does very much more than that; but the homes of Jesus seem the outstanding objectives. A few paces below my window toward the old walled city the highway divides, the straight road going to the Damascus Gate, where it ends, and the curved road leading down past the Jaffa Gate and over the hills to Bethlehem and to Hebron and to Beersheba, and so, by a trail rarely traveled now—though Abraham and Elijah and Joseph and Mary followed it—to Sinai and to Egypt. We have followed that lure, but the story is too long and wonder-filled for telling here; so we must keep our faces to the northward. It is alike the charm and temptation of great roads that they allure us aside, to excursions both literal and figurative. No intelligent person can travel from Jerusalem to Nazareth without being enticed, in imagination, at least, into the history-crowded byways that intervene.

Although my road travels far, both across the centuries and over the face of Asia, I am glad that it has many resting places; and that most of the men and women who use it never travel far from home. Map-makers and historians emphasize the great terminals of highways; but there is neither highroad nor railway that can thrive only on its through traffic. The hamlets

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and waysides along the route furnish most of the travelers. I see more pedestrians from the neighboring town of Ramallah than from Constantinople or Beirut or Damascus, or even from Nablus. So when I fare forth to follow the road that runs by my window, I turn aside to many pleasant places; like the fertile fields and the comfortable Zionist colony by Gideon's great spring, where once the hero tested the fitness of his followers to fight the Midianites; or to Megiddo, famed symbol of Armageddon, on the edge of the fat plain of Esdraelon; or to Safed, one of the four sacred cities of the Jews, a city set on a hill, on the way to which one looks down upon the Waters of Merom and the Jordan; and looks northward to majestic Hermon, which, in the morning light, seems to be fashioned of the lovely soft gray silk of which Japanese ladies of high degree made their kimonos; or to overchurched Nazareth, the home of the Carpenter; or to neighboring Cana, the place of the wedding feast, where shy little girls offer for sale tiny water jars as mementoes of the miracle; or to the summit of shapely Tabor, where the Franciscans have a rare new church, built upon the visible rock foundations of other churches of the long, long ago. Many monasteries have given me of their hospitality; but none—not even the Greek monastery on Mount Sinai itself—provides such a panorama and such a sunrise as one gets from the great hospice on Mount Tabor, the mountain which was ever in the eye of Jesus throughout His life in Nazareth.

Locally, this is called the Nablus Road, Nablus being the largest city between Jerusalem and Damascus or Beirut. It has of late years been famous as a center

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of Moslem fanaticism. History and religion know Nablus as the ancient Shechem, seat of the Samaritans with whom the Jews had no dealings. About a hundred of these miserable people survive in Nablus, and show their synagogue and scrolls to tourists. The city is at the foot of Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, each of which has a natural amphitheater on its side, where two persons may stand and call to each other across the valley, being distinctly heard; as when the blessings and the curses of the Law were read by the Israelites. An illuminating book could be written upon the confirmations in natural scenery of the Bible story; as here, and as at Michmash, where Jonathan climbed the cliff; and as at the lower end of Mount Carmel, where, on a wonderful stage, was enacted the duel between Elijah and the priests of Baal.

Whoso follows this road will be delivered from all sense of unreality in the Bible story. The Book will be forever eliminated from the fairy-tale category. Old figures of Scripture seem to live again in their former homes. King Ahab, for example, had always been to me a wonderfully interesting character in a book; but when I visited, via this main thoroughfare, the remains of old Samaria on its hilltop, and saw the ruins of Ahab's "Ivory Palace"—no trace of ivory left, however—I suddenly got a new sense of the old reprobate's reality as a flesh and blood being, with a local habitation and a name. So it seemed quite natural, afterward, to have the fertile site of Naboth's vineyard pointed out to me. This Samaria is a fascinating ruin. Harvard excavators have not only dug up the traces of the palaces of two of Israel's kings, Ahab and Omri, but

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they have also uncovered the evidences of the sumptuous reign of Herod the Great; whose palace floor is now used for threshing by the villagers. Here it was that Salome danced; and hard by is the deep dungeon where very old tradition says that John the Baptist was incarcerated when his head was cut off and served on a platter to satisfy the vengeance of a wicked woman. These reminders of the proud days of the enemies of God and of righteousness somehow set the imagination to singing: "His Day is marching on."

Pastoral incidents at present furnish most of the life of our old highway (may I borrow the Old Testament imagery and call it a "Highway of the Lord"?) but it has never for very long been free from the noise of marching armies. Even to-day the extraordinarily large gray trucks of the British Royal Air Force, and an occasional armored car, go rumbling by, on their way to the Syrian frontier, where the Druze revolt constrains the government to redoubled watchfulness. If these stones could speak they would tell of the dreadful hosts of the Assyrians and Babylonians and Persians who once marched devastatingly toward Jerusalem. There has never been a war for world dominion, from the days of Cyrus and Alexander down to the time of Napoleon and of Kaiser William II, that has not set the feet of its legions to echoing on this old thoroughfare; for it was only from the north that ancient Jerusalem was vulnerable. This highway has been a stage for all of the world's major tragedies. Only of late has the débris of the fighting between British and Turks been largely cleared away; and still the wayfarer sees occasional ruins of trenches and

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remains of German motors and guns and field kitchens.

While my pen was busy with these words, there passed my window a family party of Arabs, leading a camel, on the back of which was stretched out at length, in an improvised litter, a sick man bound for one of the Jerusalem hospitals. Any reader who has ever ridden a camel, which at a walk shakes the rider between eighty-five and ninety-five times a minute—yes, I have counted—knows what torture this travel must be to a body already pain-racked. During the War, though, thousands of Turkish wounded soldiers were carried on camels along this same highway. And it was by this road that the retreating Turks left the city, establishing a new front, that was held for weeks, just within rifle-shot of where I now sit.

All sorts of fantastic stories of the surrender of Jerusalem have found their way into print and on to the lecture platform and even over the radio. The actual facts, which, of course, can be best known from the Jerusalem side of the line of hostilities, are of such inherent interest and historical importance that they should be set down simply and in order. The evacuation of the city by the Turks came much earlier than the investing British army expected; and so it took the latter quite by surprise. On the night of the eighth of December the Turkish garrison withdrew; with no assurance, however, that it would not return. The governor, after preparing the letter of surrender, left hastily in a carriage at three o'clock in the morning. The civil population remained in uncertainty and trepidation. The mayor, Hussein Hashim el Husseine, an enlightened man who had been in America, and spoke

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English well, was instructed formally to surrender the city in the morning. Two copies of the identical letter of surrender in Turkish had been drawn up by the governor, after a conference with notables; one of which was sent to the Grand Mufti of the city; and later was given by Jerusalem Americans to Secretary of State Hughes. The other the mayor carried with him to present to the British when he could establish contact with them. His Honor invited Mr. N. Larsen, a photographer, who has since become the Swedish Consul in Jerusalem, to accompany him.

A sheet from one of the military hospitals was torn in half, and fastened to spliced broomsticks as two flags of truce. Accompanied by a few of his subordinate officials, especially of the police, and by no other foreigner than Mr. Larsen, the mayor's party, afoot, holding high the two flags of truce, went splashing out the muddy Jaffa road. On the outskirts of the city, at a point where the road to Ain Kairim diverges from the main highway, they met two surprised Tommies, Sergeant James Sedgewick and Sergeant Frederick Hurcomb, of the Second Nineteenth London Regiment, who were more inclined to shoot than to parley; and who could scarcely be made to understand the import of the occasion.

While the mayor was endeavoring to have these two soldiers convey the news of his presence and mission to their superiors (the letter of surrender was never handed to private soldiers; and there never were any actual keys figuring in the proceedings), Captain F. R. Barry and Major W. C. Beck came walking up. They, of course, grasped at once the significance of the meet-



ISRAEL'S FOES ONCE MARCHED PROUDLY
THROUGH THIS EXCAVATED GATE OF
BEISAN.



ARAB AND JEWISH PALESTINE GENDARMES.



LOVELY WATERFALLS MARK THE SITE OF THE
GROVE OF DAPHNE.



FATHER TÖEPPE, HOST AT TABGHA, GALILEE

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ing into which they had unexpectedly run, and reported immediately to higher authority. Mr. Larsen had taken along his camera at the mayor's request, and made pictures of successive stages of the proceedings; first of the meeting with the outpost; then of the mayor with the officials who arrived one after the other, including Major E. D. H. M. Cooke who was bringing up a gun; Colonel Bayley and finally Brigadier General C. F. Watson. The letter surrendering the city was formally delivered to General Watson by the mayor. It announced the withdrawal of the Turkish troops, on account, it said, of danger to the holy places from British fire.

Neither of the principals had been trained for any such a unique function as this, so the incident was surprisingly informal, considering its historic importance. The flags themselves were left neglected by the roadside, until General Watson saw one of them when passing, some time later, and took it to his quarters. The other totally disappeared. He sensed the value of the flag, and kept it hidden for weeks, despite frantic efforts of British Headquarters to find it; and then presented it to Lady Allenby; who, in turn, gave it to the British War Museum; where the mud-stained half of a bed sheet from the Italian Hospital of Jerusalem now safely reposes as one of the most sacred relics of the World War.

General Watson's first remark, after receiving the letter of surrender, was an inquiry as to where he could get a cup of tea! The party repaired to Dr. Wallach's Jewish Hospital, where the tea was served, and another photograph taken. While this extraordinary tea party

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was under way, Lieutenant Colonel T. B. Layton, in charge of the Second Fourth Field Ambulance of the London Regiment (now of Guy's Hospital, London), appeared on the scene, but without waiting for tea proceeded directly into the city; probably the first British officer to enter Jerusalem after the surrender. Meanwhile, the great news had been telephoned to the investing army; and with amazing suddenness British soldiers began to swarm into Jerusalem. "The way these khaki-clad British appeared over every road and hillside west of the city made me think of the locusts which earlier had descended upon Jerusalem from the East," said one American eyewitness of that memorable day. There was no looting of the city, either by arriving or departing soldiers; and only a relatively small amount by the civilian population, before British control had been organized. One family looted the mattresses from the typhus ward of a hospital, and then contracted the disease!

Such a high drama as the swift and romantic surrender of the best-loved city on earth, the whole world's religious capital, could not be without the relief of comedy. Fate cast for the comic part the officer commanding the British forces, Major General John Shea, in charge of the London Division; who, quite naturally, was eager to fill the historic rôle of having officially received the surrender of Jerusalem. As soon as word of the arrival of the flag of truce party was telephoned to him, he set out in his big automobile for the scene of destiny. But alas! he got stuck in the mud, out near Kirjath Jearim, where once the Ark of the Covenant rested. Common, ordinary, everyday Judean mud

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held the impatient warrior ingloriously in its grasp. He could not go backward; he could not go forward: he simply sat and fumed. After a heart-breaking wait of hours, a party of Turkish prisoners came along, under guard, and they were set to work at the task of pulling the Commanding General out of the mud. He then sped onward to the city; but the truce party had long since gone; the flag itself lay neglected by the road; General Watson, with the letter of Jerusalem's surrender in his pocket, had had his tea and proceeded into the city. Jerusalem was by this time full of jubilant and excited British soldiers. The surrender was an accomplished fact before ever General Shea arrived, five hours too late, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

In the hours intervening, General Watson apparently thought better of his zeal in officially receiving the formal surrender, without awaiting the arrival of his superior officer; and he returned the letter to the mayor, with instructions to hand it to Major General Shea whenever the latter should arrive. The mayor did so, in front of what is now the post office, and General Shea's comment, when the passage expressing fear of the British injuring the holy places was read, was an explosive "That's a lie!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Larsen had developed his photographs, and the next day placed them on sale. A British officer, a journalist, saw them, realized their importance and told Mr. Larsen of the price he could get from the London papers for this exclusive photographic news "scoop." This was good news indeed, for everybody in Jerusalem was in sore need of money. But how to get the prints to London? There was no mail,

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and no other communication with the outside world. "See General Shea," advised the friendly soldier-editor. So straight to the commander, in his newly-established Jerusalem headquarters, went Mr. Larsen. The General purred at the mention of a photograph of the surrender ceremonies. "So you got a picture of me while I was receiving the letter at the post office?"

The visitor looked blank: he, like most of the rest of the inhabitants of the city, had never heard that General Shea had gone through a surrender ceremony on the preceding afternoon. He explained what his photographs were, and showed them.

The choleric general, with a return of the mood engendered while he was stuck in the mud of the Jaffa Road, stormed and demanded the immediate destruction of these photographs, negatives and all, in which he himself did not figure. Then began a struggle that lasted for ten days. Obviously, against the will of the military, the photographer was helpless to get out to the world his precious photographs. He felt he was within his rights in refusing to destroy his property. All imaginable pressure was brought to bear upon him by General Shea, culminating with the visit of the latter's personal aide-de-camp to Mr. Larsen's home one morning with the announcement that his orders from General Shea were that he should not leave the house until he personally had seen those obnoxious photographs and negatives destroyed.

Wearied of the struggle, uncertain what reprisals would be visited upon his family and friends by the all-powerful military commander, Mr. Larsen at last yielded. And that is why the British War Museum is

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without any photographs of the surrender of Jerusalem, except the preliminary one of the first meeting, under the flag of truce, of the mayor and his party with the two surprised Tommies.

Despite his efforts to appropriate history's limelight, General Shea is scarcely thought of in connection with the momentous event; for the formal entry into Jerusalem, two days later, of General Allenby, Commander-in-chief of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, has dramatized the occasion in the public imagination. As a matter of cold and attested historical record, however, it was Brigadier General C. F. Watson who actually received the formal surrender of Jerusalem from its mayor; even if he was not officially entitled to do so, and subsequently got into hot water for his precipitation.

CHAPTER IX

"WALK ABOUT JERUSALEM"



MERELY as a bit of exercise, before beginning the day's work, let us stroll up to the beautiful British War Graves Memorial, twenty minutes distant, on the top of the northern end of the Mount of Olives. The greatest privilege of a leisurely sojourn in Jerusalem is this one of casual excursions to scenes of Biblical interest and natural beauty. Every square mile of this region is crowded with historic associations, ancient and modern. These highways all bear still the impress of hallowed feet. Although on our way to visit an impressive monument of Palestine's latest war, we cannot escape the ageless past. This is the main road that witnessed the triumphal procession of David, and the repeated journeys, north and south, of "King David's Great Son." Peasants driving donkeys and leading camels and sheep are our fellow pedestrians, as they were of Mary and Joseph when they turned homeward up this thoroughfare without the Boy. The animals are prone to take short cuts across fields, following the parallel narrow tracks which their small feet have made all over the Land. Long before engineers laid out any roads, or surveyed the levels for the most convenient ways, the goats and sheep and donkeys had beaten these primitive highways which criss-cross the entire Holy Land. And the animals

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have revised the work of the engineers; for many a sharp curve is cut off by their tracks, in what even the motorist confesses are often better grades and turns.

Main traveled roads are dusty in and about Jerusalem. Every passing motor—and there are many, chiefly of the most familiar American makes; for the anti-Semitism of the manufacturer is overlooked even by good Zionists when a business advantage is to be got—raises a choking white cloud. Unless the government can cover the limestone with asphalt, this will always be so. For "the rock," of the parable of the two houses, one of which was built on sand, is the limestone which underlies the whole country, and furnishes material for the building of houses and churches and walls and roads. When first dug out of the earth, as is going on in half a dozen spots before our eyes, since the city outside the walls is in an era of construction, this limestone is soft and easily worked. It quickly hardens, and when used as roadbed, it rapidly turns to dust.

Much that is of interest around Jerusalem is associated with this limestone that bears so large a part in determining the character of the land. Jerusalem is both builded with and on "the rock." The creamy whiteness of fresh stone, roofed over by red tiles, determines the color scheme of the new city. It is glaring to the eyes in this land of blazing sun, and not comparable in beauty, of course, with the aged gray of the walls and buildings of the old city. So marked is the difference that it is difficult to realize that from Solomon's Quarries, underneath Jerusalem, this same limestone was quarried that for ages went into all con-

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struction. (No traveler should miss a visit to these mammoth cave quarries; especially if he be a Mason, for here is seen, undetached from the mother rock, the original keystone.) So general is the use of stone in all construction work in Jerusalem that there is no danger of a general conflagration; and the city is without a fire department. The Tombs of the Kings—where may be seen in position the only rolling stone, such as probably sealed the Sepulcher—are but chambers cut into the soft limestone. On almost every side of the city are ancient tombs, excavated in "the rock." One of the most interesting of the limestone chambers is the so-called "Garden Tomb," believed by some to be the veritable Sepulcher of Jesus; but nowadays this is in the custody of a woman who makes visiting difficult, and destroys the fine flavor of spiritual imagination which must go with any appreciation of the spot. Besides, scholars are a unit in declaring that this could not have been the veritable Sepulcher.

Scarcely have we started on our upward stroll towards the new cemetery, than we observe that the boundary stones of the Old Testament are still in use in the fields. This is a fenceless region, except for the cactus hedges in the plains of the South. So boundary stones are used as of old; and since they are simply laid on the surface of the soil, there is need for both religious and legal sanctions to keep them from being moved.

As we plod along, enveloped in successive clouds of fine white dust by passing automobiles (yonder goes Lord Plumer, the new High Commissioner, without outriders or guard or other trappings of state), we

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long for the home-town watering cart; but in vain. We are in a thirsty land. The first rains have only begun to relieve the summer's water famine, during which time five special trains a day brought water from the plains to Jerusalem. Every home and institution has a cistern in which it stores the winter rains. The city's only spring is the Fount of the Virgin, in the lower Kedron Valley. Under the chapel of the War Graves Memorial is a tank designed to hold one hundred thousand gallons of stored rain water, to be used in watering the trees and shrubs about the graves. Even the most casual acquaintance with this Land makes clear the appropriateness of Christ's calling Himself the Water of Life.

Some strange ideas persist throughout the world concerning Jerusalem's water supply. The most romantic is that which believes that with the coming of the British, the waters of the Nile were carried to Jerusalem. All the truth that there ever was in this is that as the British troops advanced northwards from Egypt, across the desert, they had of necessity to carry water with them; so a pipe line was extended from the Sweet Water Canal to correspond with the progress of the army. But it did not reach anywhere near Jerusalem, and never was a part of Jerusalem's water supply. As of old, the water is brought from Solomon's Pools down near Hebron.

Many and bitter are the complaints of the poor during the dry season. I have watched the women gather night and morning by the faucet at the Jaffa Gate, with their water jars and five-gallon petroleum tins; and when the day's supply was ended, they would join in

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the dirge of the dead—the oriental imagination leaping to the conclusion that the end of water signifies the end of life. Of course, the government permitted no serious suffering, but only great inconvenience. Residents of the old city within the walls declare that the newcomers, the richer folk and the foreigners and Zionists in the prosperous settlements outside the walls, have been unduly favored in the allotment of water.

Weird projects have been widely published in America and Europe concerning the impounding of the waters of the Jordan; which would have to be pumped to a height of three-fourths of a mile before they were lifted to the city's level. The belief is prevalent abroad that since the War a modern water system has been established in Jerusalem, along with electric lights and street cars. None of these things is true. The water situation is as stated; some local institutions, outside of the city, have their own electric plants; and there never will be wheeled vehicles running throughout the walled city, for the streets are not wide enough to admit of it. The camel, the donkey and the horse will continue, as in all the immemorial past, to be Jerusalem's only intramural transportation. Probably to the end of the chapter, also, women will carry the old city's water supply, as they did in David's day.

A prewar concession, lately declared valid by the courts, has been granted to a Greek to pump water to Jerusalem from the famous spring and stream of Auejah, near Jaffa. Although for the most part a dry and thirsty land, Palestine has a few great springs, such as this one, and such as Gideon's Spring, where a huge volume of water gushes forth perennially from the



MANY-LAYERED RUINS OF BEISAN (BIBLICAL BETH-SHEAN)

On the wall of this city King Saul's body was hung; and the archæologists suggest that it was above the very altar shown in the photograph that Saul's armor was displayed by the Philistines (I Sam. 31).

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limestone. In Syria, as at Baalbeck, and in Trans-Jordan, as at the foot of Mount Nebo, there are a greater number of these fountains. Jerusalem hopes that the new supply of water, so desperately needed, may be available within a year—“*In'sh Allah.*” It is likelier to be a much longer time, for the water will have to be piped a distance of thirty miles, and lifted more than two thousand feet. This winter a pipe line is being laid, for a temporary supply, to Ain Farah, a few miles northeast of Jerusalem, the perennial spring which is the traditional scene of the Twenty-Third Psalm. Even hydraulic engineering must be well paid for carrying water so far and so high: the familiar donkey, laden with dripping goatskins filled with water, may be superseded by modern science; but at a price, at a price.

A wife is really cheaper as a water carrier. The women of the Holy Land spend a considerable part of every day carrying water from the nearest spring or well. No oriental scene is more familiar than this one of voluminously-clad women bearing on their heads large water jars (or, of late, unromantic but lighter five-gallon gasoline tins) to and from the fountain. It was but yesterday that I saw on a horizon a procession of seven of these erect figures, each with an earthen jar on her head, and the sight was a rememberable one such as our grandchildren will probably never witness; any more than they will see on the skyline of the East a caravan of camels bearing mounted Bedouin, each carrying an upright lance with a fluttering pennant.

Our thoughts are traveling farther and faster than our feet. That is the charm of rambling about the

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Holy Land; every scene and every mile is intertwined with associations and suggestions which set one to ruminating. Our objective is really only yonder plat of graves on the crest of the northern end of the Mount of Olives, called Mount Scopus. We eye with interest, but do not on this occasion visit, the thrice-dedicated "Hebrew University," at present only a modest structure housing the chemical and medical research departments, attended by thirty students. In a neighboring building, a little lower down the hill, is the school of Old Testament studies, whither about a hundred students resort. Whether there ever really will be a true university on the spot, only the future can tell; but for a long time the quiet of the cemetery will be undisturbed by the shouts of college students on a campus. Aside from the question of funds, it may reasonably be doubted whether a university conducted in the newly revived and reconstructed Hebrew language can be made feasible; for where are the textbooks to be found, not to speak of the subsequent periodical literature? While young Zionists are to-day enthusiastically speaking the long-dead and now resurrected and transformed tongue of the prophets, the Jewish teachers who adorn the universities of the world, and might possibly be called here, do not know the Hebrew language, which, in its written form, is official in Palestine. As an interesting sidelight on the local educational situation, it may be mentioned that the American University of Beirut is the university recognized by the Palestine government.

Before our walk ends at the War graves, our eye is filled and our thoughts stirred by the imposing Govern-

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ment House near by, on the crest of the Mount of Olives, which shares with the neighboring Russian Church of the Ascension the distinction of being the two most conspicuous objects in the Holy Land. Nowhere on earth is there a more typical example of Prussianism than this; and nowhere could it be more out of place. The present Government House, which Lord Plumer now occupies alone, was built by Kaiser William II, at a cost of more than a million dollars, as one of the memorials of his visit to the Holy Land in 1898. It is at once a palace, a church, a fortress and a hospice. Its sumptuousness is beyond anything achieved by Turkish sultans in Constantinople. By contrast, it recalls the words of One who frequented this Hill by day and by night: “He that would be greatest among you, let him be the servant of all.”

Certain significant appurtenances of the building have been retained by the British, as the great bronze statue of the Kaiser in the courtyards, dressed as a Crusader knight. They also keep the chapel decorations—which include a picture of King David, with a Prussian mustache, turned up at the ends! On the ceiling are parallel panels, one showing Jesus, with His disciples, receiving the homage of the world; and the other showing the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, dressed in shining white Crusader armor, receiving the homage of the Holy Land! All modern functions in Jerusalem are still contrasted by residents with the greater brilliance of official occasions when the Germans occupied this building. At least, William had a dramatic sense of the strategic place of this little Land in human history.

From the tower of Government House, where the

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big bells bearing in bronze the name of German princes ring out the will of the British, one who is equal to the climb gets an incomparable view of Jerusalem, lower Palestine, the Jordan Valley, the Dead Sea and the Land of Moab beyond. The compactness of this pivotal part of earth's surface is here revealed at a glance. Whoso knows the history unrolled before his eyes, as he stands on the topmost level of this commanding tower, is qualified to diagnose the condition of the world.

Here, at last, are the graves we have come to see; all that is mortal of the British soldiers who fell nearby in the fighting of Allenby's army for the capture of the Holy Land from the Turks and the Germans. For years this cemetery seemed neglected; but what has now been done was worth waiting for. Honored in their resting place above all soldiers of the Great War are these men from the far reaches of the British Empire, who rest on the Mount of Olives, beside the Holy City. It has been the fashion in some quarters to disparage the Palestine campaign: yet these 2,516 graves, together with the list of 150 missing reported from the Jerusalem area, show that British rule was dearly bought.

*If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full.*

As one who knew many of the soldiers in the remarkable war in the Holy Land—especially these wonderful Australians, unsurpassed in all the Land's long history of valor and manhood—I have many times wished for an authentic and adequate and readable rec-

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ord of the campaign. The Great Jordan Valley camouflage deserved to become a household story throughout the English-speaking world. Statesmen by their blunders, diverted attention from the War in the East and hid its glamour. General Allenby, whose name should have been allowed to go down in history as the Deliverer of the Holy Land, was quickly shunted into an uncongenial political position in Egypt, where the onus for London's muddling and for incapacities, stupidities and atrocities by British on the spot, so obscured the great soldier's real claims to honor and fame that history can hardly be fair to him. Also, before the world could grasp the real significance of the Holy Land victory, the issue of Zionism was clumsily and inopportunistly thrust to the fore, along with rival claims by France to the territory in question. Altogether, the soldier who fought in Palestine has had less than his due.

Now, on a quiet morning stroll, it becomes clear that at least the fallen are fittingly honored. In stately rows and blocks, divided by walks and decorated with plants, with headstones of uniform size, in the democracy of the grave, the dead tell their deathless story. All ranks are honored alike. The commanding officer has exactly the same tombstone as the nameless private, whose inscription runs :

A SOLDIER OF THE GREAT WAR,—
KNOWN UNTO GOD.

A sword-shaped cross of magnitude holds central place in the cemetery; while in front of the Memorial Chapel is the Stone of Remembrance, inscribed :

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THEIR NAME LIVETH EVERMORE.

The chapel itself is beautiful in its simplicity; and on the semicircular walls that reach out from it, as if to embrace all the graves, are inscribed the names of the missing. Callous indeed is the traveler who can look upon this scene unmoved: these dead, on the Hill of Sacrifice, symbolize the best for which the World War was fought; as if seeking a fellowship with that other Young Man who here laid down His life for man's redemption.

CHAPTER X

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF OLD JERUSALEM



OLD Jerusalem, like the new Jerusalem of the Revelation, is the end of all journeys for uncounted human hearts. If one who is familiar with the whole earth stands at the Jaffa Gate and watches the cosmopolitan procession of people passing through he will, in a single day, especially near Easter, identify travelers from every continent and race and from all of the larger countries of mankind. The passion for pilgrimage which incited the Crusaders is as world-wide as Christianity. Only an infinitesimal proportion of those whose hearts yearn toward Jerusalem actually arrive there in person. So gifts and prayers and persisting interest flow toward the Holy City from earnest souls of the three monotheistic faiths. Most demonstrative of these devotees are the Orthodox Jews, whose prayers at "the Western Wall," as they call the Wailing Place alongside of the stones of Solomon's Temple, seem to grow in number and fervency. The last time I visited the spot, during Passover Week, the crowd was so great that only with difficulty could I make my way through it. And manifestly there was less of perfunctoriness and more of intensity in the worship than in the years when first I visited the scene.

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All the great structures of the city represent world-wide zeal for Jerusalem. None of them is maintained locally. The churches and convents and monasteries and schools of the Greeks, of the Latins, of the Armenians and of the various Protestant groups all are supported from abroad. So are the Jewish synagogues and hospitals and schools; as well as whole communities of Orthodox Jews, who live by their prayers in behalf of co-religionists in Europe and America. Pious Moslems in many lands are repairing the Mosque of Omar. Every site, real or invented, has its ecclesiastical establishment. It is easier to find churches in Jerusalem than to discover spiritual religion. Here is a city wherein faith has been institutionalized and professionalized to the uttermost.

Withal, Jerusalem has no adequate auditorium for general assembly, wherein the citizens may gather for entertainment or for public meetings; or wherein conventions may be held. The average small town in America, with its "opera house" and motion picture theaters, is far better equipped in this particular than Jerusalem. The Young Men's Christian Association hut, and a dingy cinema hall, are the only places to which the people may resort for concerts or lectures. This situation is due to the simple fact that in the past the residents have not thought of themselves as citizens of Jerusalem, but as members of some one of the rival religious organizations. "Civic pride" has been unknown; sectarian loyalty is its substitute.

Of late there has been begun the erection of a structure unique in the history of this city of many churches and many memorials; and, one may say, unique in the

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whole world. Doubtless the guidebooks will designate it as "The American Young Men's Christian Association," though it is so much more than that that it deserves description. While it will provide a beautiful and spacious public auditorium, equipped with a grand organ; and while it will give Jerusalem its first public library, and its first swimming pool, and other usual Y.M.C.A. privileges, the building transcends these functions in its essential significance. For, first of all, it is designed to provide an expression of free Christianity, and to be a Memorial to Jesus Christ. The cornerstone inscription reads:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN MEMORY OF
HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON.

A mystic's dream is to be embodied in this unique pile, which, with land and endowment, will cost the greater part of a million dollars. All of this money was secured, from anonymous donors, without the expenditure of so much as a hundred dollars, by the dreamer himself, Dr. A. C. Harte, a Pennsylvanian who became a Y.M.C.A. secretary in Alabama, and a minister of the Southern Methodist Church; and later general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in India; then director of prisoners-of-war work in Europe, where he became the friend of more representatives of royalty than perhaps any other civilian. Since the War he has been the leader of Y.M.C.A. work in the Holy Land, with his home in Jerusalem. His dream and desire visualized a new kind of structure that would embody

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and express the spiritual ideals of Christianity, as well as do practical ministry.

On a hill west of Jerusalem, not far from the Jaffa Gate, a large tract of land has been secured that is adequate for a great building and for gardens and tennis courts and athletic field. The site dominates the city. The Memorial Tower of the new structure, built on the visible living rock, will catch the first rays of the eastern sun as it rises over the Mount of Olives. From the top of this tower a view may be obtained of a large part of the Land of Promise, and of the scenes of the ministry of Jesus. A relief map of Palestine is to be shown on the balustrade of the balcony at the top of the tower, inscribed, "Where the feet of Jesus have trod is the Holy Land." On the floor will be bronze tablets in memory of Y.M.C.A. men who have given their lives in human crises anywhere in the world. In this tower will be a room furnished as much like the Upper Room of the Gospels as possible, for meditation and Bible study. Inside the dome itself, entered from the west by a low door to symbolize humility, will be an eastward-looking chamber with a mural painting of the Pharisee and the Publican; and every person who enters must sign a pledge of silence: even the cruise tourist must wear at least the outward habiliments of reverence here in the room dominated by the Cross. In all the architecture of this unique building, the aim is to preach by symbol; since it is impossible to make verbal presentation of the Message, which is therefore expressed in stone.

Only trees, vines and flowers mentioned in the Bible will adorn the garden, which lies between the athletic

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and educational wings of the building. A long narrow lake in front, between the paths of approach, will mirror the tower, after the fashion of the Taj Mahal. In the library will be all the worthy books dealing with the Holy Land and with the Life of Christ. Rare originals of sacred writings, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and Arabic, will be exhibited in special cases. A museum of Biblical objects will be part of the educational ministry of the building whose vestibule is a cross. The first floor will be of ancient mosaics; with the ceiling of gold-leaf covered cedar, possibly from an old Palestine building. Underneath the Memorial Tower, on the very rock itself, will be a small chapel, for individual worship. A great carillon of bells will make possible the rendition of any music desired—something new in a city of many church bells commonly “jangled out of tune.” Only on Easter morning have I ever heard the Jerusalem bells speak any message; when one repeated its faith in the Trinity by a succession of three strokes.

In the residential part of the main building will be ninety-four sleeping chambers, mostly for resident members of the Jerusalem Y.M.C.A. One section will be set apart for “The School of the Prophets,” wherein ministers and missionaries and Bible teachers from all the world may reside, while pursuing a special course of Bible study. Even women Christian workers will be provided for in this section. The school itself will open every year on Christmas Eve on the Field of the Shepherds at Bethlehem; and will close on the Orthodox Easter in what the Greek Churches call The Church of the Resurrection, commonly known as the

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Church of the Holy Sepulcher. A protracted walking tour of the Holy Land is projected as part of the course of study. It is expected that world religious conferences will resort to Jerusalem, because of the facilities offered by this new building. It is to be opened, if no unforeseen obstacle prevents, in time to entertain the next world's missionary conference.

I have devoted considerable space to this first public statement of a unique American enterprise in Jerusalem because it has a general mission, and is significant of the converging of newer, freer forces of religion upon the Holy City. Travelers from all the world will get fresh vision of the best loved city in the world, as they reverently climb the Memorial Tower that is freely open to all faiths. Anything that will deliver the visitor to Jerusalem from the disillusioning patter of superstitious and sordid guides will be a service to the cause of religion everywhere. For this city which has been the goal of the pilgrimage of ages, when really known, is worthy of even the toils and privations and sufferings of the palmers of the Middle Ages.

Like a rich personality who is forever revealing new facets of character and knowledge, Jerusalem is a city of surprises. Nobody ever lives long enough to get to know it altogether. As a whole, and in revealing details, Jerusalem is continually appearing in new lights. Even the external aspect seems to be different when seen from a fresh point of vantage. Easter Week brought to me new understanding of the old city in several particulars.

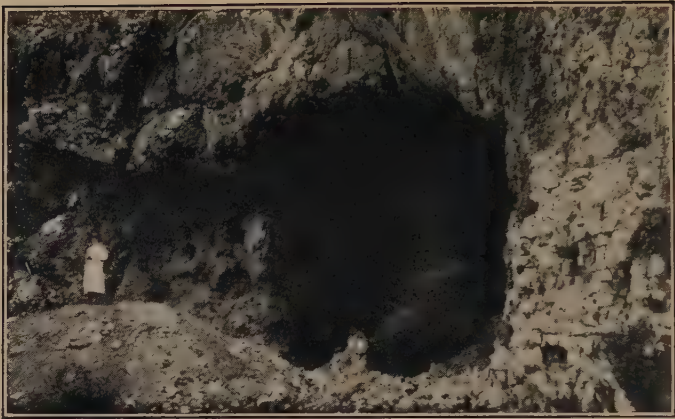
A revulsion of feeling against making tourist sights



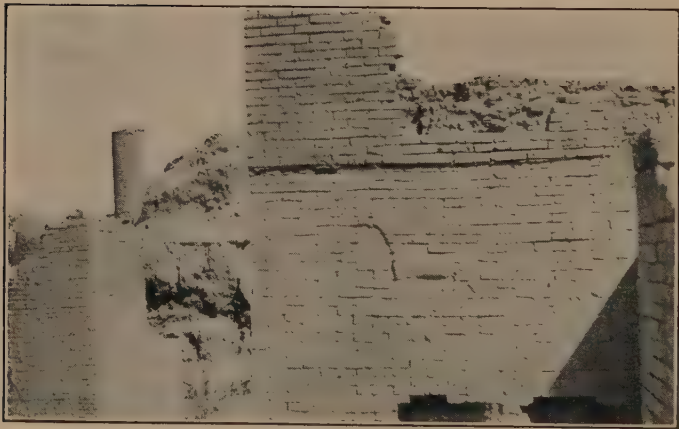
ANTIOCH, WHENCE CHRISTIANITY SPREAD TO THE WORLD.



MODEL OF JERUSALEM Y.M.C.A. BUILDING, ARTHUR LOOMIS HARMAN,
ARCHITECT.



ENTRANCE TO CAVE OF PREHISTORIC MAN, GALILEE.



A FRAGMENT OF BABYLON'S UNEARTHED VIA SACRA.

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of sacred scenes and occasions, caused by a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher on the night of Good Friday, led us to form our own plans for Easter. So we arranged with a friendly house upon the city wall, near the Damascus Gate, that a door should be left open for us to enter on Easter morning before sunrise. Dawn was breaking beyond the Hill of Olivet as we hastened toward the Damascus Gate from our lodgings in the new city outside the walls. Birds were waking happily and songfully. Laborers were abroad on the way to their daily toil. Even the first fare-seeking automobile came to rest at its stand by the gate, as we entered into the old city. The ragged tents of the gypsy camp down by the corner of the wall were astir. The East is up with the sun. The ceaseless smoke of the new city incinerator in the Valley of Kedron—the modern substitute for the Gehenna in the Vale of Hinnom of our Lord's time—rose like incense to the eastward. We climbed the steep pavement that leads up toward the northern wall; and, entering the courtyard of the hospitable home which had made ready for us, we climbed to the roof by the outer stair, without disturbing any of our sleeping friends.

Light clouds veiled the horizon east of Olivet, and the Easter sun, framed between the two high towers of the Church of the Ascension and of Government House, was just breaking through them as we reached the roof. The Garden of Gethsemane lay in the shadow. The mountains of Moab were an indistinguishable gray mist. A soft, shadowed light enwrapped the roofs of the city. Occasional flame-shaped cyresses pointed upward in beautiful symbolism. The

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two domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher—which from this point is seen to be situated on a hill within the present city walls—and the majestic cupola of the Mosque of Omar caught the first level shafts of sunrise.

Except towards the western side, this little city of Jerusalem is a collection of domed roofs. They seem singularly appealing and venerable in this first flush of day. Right in front of our eyes, as we look toward the Temple Area, is a little gray stone mosque, with a modern minaret and rounded roof, which is a bit of beauty matching in charm the more pretentious creations which dwarf it from the wayfarer's view. As we look down upon the city, there is not a street in sight, except the corner by our gate. No city planning commission ever imposed deadly regularity upon old Jerusalem. Acres and acres of restful, gray-domed houses stretch away in an incline through what was the Tyropœan Valley, alongside of the wall of the Temple Area. To the west, by the Jaffa Gate, rises square and grim the citadel called erroneously "The Tower of David." The minarets near the Church of the Holy Sepulcher overtop its domes.

With somewhat of a shock we perceive that, so far from being overcrowded, the inner city, especially toward the northeast corner, is mostly open land or ruined, empty houses. Large plots of ground grow rankly with cactus plants and cauliflower gardens. Cattle and goats pasture here. In one of the alcoves in the city wall, originally built for resting soldiers, a small flock of goats is folded. Two Bedouin tents are pitched inside the wall, near Herod's Gate. This is now the gate

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of the sheep market. From the wall, on the preceding day, we had watched the slow bargaining between the owner of a flock and a butcher, while the sheep huddled close to the wall, as if in foreboding; perhaps having caught the contagion of misery that was written on the face and in the bearing of their shepherd, who stood amidst the sheep while his master dealt with the meat merchant. Perhaps the day evoked them, or perhaps the nearness to Calvary; but the majestic and tragic words of Isaiah seemed almost audible: "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth."

From our vantage point, it appeared clear for the first time that Jerusalem is immediately surrounded on every side by hills higher than her own twenty-seven hundred feet of elevation. Literally, and close at home, "the mountains are round about Jerusalem." One after another we view them and speculate upon the possibility of one of them having been Calvary. Probably, because of the proximity of Pilate's Judgment Hall, one of the northern elevations outside of the then existing wall was Roman Jerusalem's place of public execution. Immediately in front of us, covered by Moslem tombs, amidst which stands the cannon by which the beginning and ending of each day's Ramadan fast is announced, is what is known as "Gordon's Calvary," suggested as the Crucifixion site by General "Chinese" Gordon while standing on this very roof. Two caves, probably modern, give the eminence somewhat the appearance of a skull, and the main road to the East runs along its base. But in 30 A.D. this was not the city wall and possibly not a highway.

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At the foot of this limestone hill is the so-called "Garden Tomb," which archæologists seem to be united in declaring to be precluded from all possibility of having been the actual sepulcher. Largely in revolt against the thick encrustations of varied ecclesiasticism in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, many Protestants cling to the belief that it was in this Garden Tomb that the body of Jesus lay. From our housetop eyrie we hear the songs of the first sunrise service in the Garden; and, an hour later, another is held by a second international group of reverent, Easter-keeping Christians. So strong is this prevailing sense of the sanctity of sites that it is perhaps well that the true scene of the Tragedy of the Ages may never be known. After all, the essential Easter truth is that "He is not here: He is risen." All of Jerusalem is an admonition against site-worship. Spiritual religion should rise superior to dependence upon particular places.

Nevertheless, having affirmed this faith I must in candor add that for myself no other Easter has ever been like this one begun on a housetop on the wall of old Jerusalem, somewhere within seeing and speaking distance of the scene of the Crucifixion and burial of Jesus Christ. Perhaps it was the seclusion of the occasion—we two alone above the city, with the panorama of the Jerusalem experiences of the Savior unfolding at our feet—which cast the spell upon us. We read aloud the Fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah, and the four Gospel Records of the Resurrection; and our environment all seemed a commentary upon the reality of the written word. On Thursday night we had gone, with a great multitude, to one of the four services held by

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different groups in or near the Garden of Gethsemane. Then along the Via Dolorosa, we had subsequently fellowshipped with a black Abyssinian priest, who, without a word of English, and from sheer friendly interest, had shown us, by eloquent signs, the spots where he believed the successive experiences of the cross-carrying Christ to have been enacted. In the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, amidst silent, reverent and expectant Roman Catholic nuns, and Russian Orthodox pilgrims, and native Christians of various rites, we had again made the round of the traditional sites of the Passion. But it was on the housetop on Easter morning, apart from all ecclesiasticism, that we seemed to enter into the true spirit of Easter, with its Resurrection hope for men and for nations.

I can seldom resist the lure of these beguiling and baffling Jerusalem streets, which in their mysterious furtiveness and casualness seem to have existed longer than all history. Sometimes they are arched over; sometimes they open to a narrow slit of sky; sometimes they climb upwards or descend downwards as stairs, so that even the donkeys must walk carefully. (There are not, and never will be, wheeled vehicles within the old city, save for short distances on a few streets.) Never does a street run straight for any considerable distance. Tiny entrances along the streets give alluring glimpses of crooked passageways rising up or going down precipitously into hidden homes. Cavernous vaults house cattle, workshops, stores or people. No other oriental city—not even Sidon or Damascus or Constantinople, or Bagdad or Tabriz, to name the

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most famous of them all—possesses the romantic and unexpected and puzzling and pictorial and beguiling highways of Jerusalem. In no other community is it so easy, or so worth while, to lose one's self.

All the utter reality of the actual scenes of the life of Christ floods the mind of the wayfarer in Jerusalem who falls into this mood of place-consciousness. Jesus was a man of these streets, these roads, these hills, before ever He was a character in a book. His veritable presence seems near to one who, in spirit as in body, treads these scenes sanctified by the feet of the Blessed.

It is this sense of being on hallowed ground which rewards the visitor to Palestine. He is amidst scenes familiar to the Master; looking upon His hills; walking over His roads; catching the glimpse of Trans-Jordan that He loved, as, day by day, He rounded the shoulder of the Mount of Olives on the way to His Bethany home; loitering amidst olive trees such as heard the deepest sentiments of His soul outbreathed to the Father; and brooding upon the Jerusalem over which He wept upon this very hillside of Olivet.

Meanings of present import also underlie all the experiences and sights of the Holy City. It is simply impossible to separate politics from any contemporary consideration of Bible Lands. We returned to Jerusalem on Tuesday of the Holy Week to find the city as closed as a New England village on Sunday. It was the day after the Jewish Passover, but that fact could not explain the shuttered stores of both the Christians and Moslems. The explanation was not long in forthcoming. M. de Juvenal, French High Commissioner

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of Syria, had arrived the preceding day for a conference with the British High Commissioner of Palestine. As a protest against France's conduct in Syria, and as a sign of the unity of opinion of all the independence-seeking peoples in the Near East, business in Jerusalem was totally suspended for a day. In addition, red inscriptions were placed on public walls arraigning the French. To be prepared for possible outbreaks of violence, squads of British *gendarmes*, armed with big and vicious looking riot clubs, were stationed at strategic points throughout the city.

More eloquent than any rioting, however, was this silent "demonstration" against foreign imperialism. It must have started anxious thoughts in both British and French heads. For this solidarity of sentiment between the people of Palestine and the people of Syria is ominous. Storekeepers in a land of small profits do not close down their business for a whim. No "demonstration" like this one had been witnessed in Jerusalem since the Arab protest which marked the visit of Mr. Balfour. Evidently the tides of nationalism in all Bible Lands have a deep flowing unity that is undiminished by time.

"Rugged nurse of liberty," Herodotus called Greece; but the phrase belongs more truly to the stony hills of Judea and Galilee. An interesting parallel, not possible here, could be drawn between ancient Greece, whose gods played immorally upon her mountain peaks, and the Jews, whose Jehovah gave on the Mountain of the Law a moral code of universal and perpetual application. The Greeks were more æsthetic than the Jews,

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but the Jews were more moral than the Greeks. One has left a legacy of beauty; the other a legacy of duty. Democracy, as understood in Greece, was far different from the democracy of Israel, which was but a corollary of its Theocracy. If we are to know the sources of the modern mood of many-sided democracy which dominates our day we must turn back to the Scriptures.

Old Paul would have been delighted had the Rome of his day displayed such a contrast as the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the sumptuous structure in the midst of which it has been placed. Here, for even the light-minded to discern, the Unknown Soldier has wrested the huge and dazzling Victor Immanuel Monument from the king whom it was meant to commemorate. Rome's outstanding memorial to-day centers about the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Thither the people throng; sensing in this Nameless One the elected representative of the country's common people.

This same phenomenon is to be witnessed in other capitals. France little dreamed when she buried her Unknown Soldier, with a perpetual flame beside him, beneath Napoleon's immense Arch of Triumph, that the glory of the great structure would be transferred from the Conqueror-Emperor to this nameless commoner; but so it has come to pass. And in Westminster Abbey to-day the one shrine that first and longest holds the visitors' attention is the grave of the Unknown Soldier: the whole wonderful fane seems to center in this Scripture-inscribed slab, where democracy's sacrifice is embodied. Likewise all the shafts and symbols of

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America's richly monumented National Cemetery at Arlington are obscured by the simple Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. There is a symbolism in all this that roots deep into the New Testament's highest teaching of sacrifice. Forever Bible Lands remain linked with the great and persisting spiritual ideals. The streams which have most richly watered human civilization take their rise amidst the gray hills of the Holy Land. This region is set uniquely apart from all the rest of earth because it has been the source of the soul's highest hopes and fondest faith. Here men have thought God's thoughts after Him.

Students of such intricate and heaped-up history as that of the city of Jerusalem often find themselves enmeshed in a multiplicity of entangled facts. One simple clue is the watercourse. For water has always been, as it is to-day, Jerusalem's central civic problem. Just as truly as the city is built upon a rock, so truly also is it established upon water cisterns. Of old, the underlying limestone was excavated into countless reservoirs for the retaining of rain water. The Pool of Bethesda, where Jesus healed the paralytic on the Sabbath Day, is but a huge two-parted reservoir, recently discovered on the grounds of the fine Crusader Church of St. Anne, and identified by its five porches. A large part of the Temple Area has been found to be devoted to cisterns and subterranean passages, the full exploration of which may produce results to astound the world. Almost everywhere within the city that an ancient building has been identified, its cistern or cisterns have been discovered.

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Special water trains may be seen leaving Jerusalem for the plains every night; they are modern civilization's substitute for King Hezekiah's device of a tunnel, when Sennacherib besieged the city. (II Chron. 32:30.) Like so much else in the Bible, this incident can only be understood in the light of the topography of the Land. All is made clear if one stands on the south-eastern corner of the Jerusalem city wall, which is also the southeastern corner of the Temple Area, and looks down over the Hill of Ophel, which is now known to have been the Hill of Zion, the site of the Jebusite city captured by David, and also the site of the original City of David.

It is a small hill that once constituted the confines of the first Jerusalem. On the eastern side, the rock falls sheer away to the valley of the Kedron; on the West, it likewise went down precipitously into the Tyropœan Valley, now almost filled up with the accumulated rubbish of millenniums. This old city, like modern Jerusalem, had only one living spring. Apparently, the system of cisterns which later developed in the larger city had not been brought to such a state that there was an adequate supply of water all the year round. Therefore the life of the Jerusalem of Hezekiah's day depended wholly upon that one spring of water.

And the spring lay outside the city wall, in the valley of Kedron! One of the sights of Jerusalem in the time of Melchizedek, in the time of David and in the time of Hezekiah, as in our own day, was the procession of women and maidens down to this perennial spring in the rock, to fill the water vessels which they

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carried so jauntily on their heads. Only yesterday we went again down to the Virgin's Fount, as it is called, one of the most interesting antiquities of Jerusalem. Thirty-three high steps, worn by the bare feet of the women of many millenniums, lead down to the dark cavern in the living rock, where flows this fountain of the city's life. As we watched and marveled, the sure-footed women and girls came running lightly down, chatting as they came: for wells and springs and cisterns are the centers of the feminine social life of the Near East. Water-carrying is women's work; and she has made it one of her recreations. Many of the girls were really beautiful, with clear olive skin, regular features and great, lustrous eyes. All were dressed in the native dark homespun cloth, elaborately embroidered in red and yellow. Every woman carried a five-gallon tin, in lieu of the older, heavier water jar. Five gallons of water is no light load: "Isn't it too heavy for you?" we asked one matronly woman jauntily climbing the stairs, with the lipping tin steadily poised on her head. "Put another on top of it," she pertly replied; and, indeed, that is no uncommon feat of balancing. Is it any wonder that all these women have the carriage of queens?

But to get back to Hezekiah: his only water supply was this one spring outside of the wall. What should he do? This he did; and no present-day engineer has been able to explain satisfactorily how he did it: A serpentine tunnel was driven through the solid limestone rock of Mount Zion, now called Ophel, at just the right grade to carry the water to the modern Pool of Siloam, which was then within the wall of Hezekiah's

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city. Because of the need for speed, work was begun from both ends, and the two parties of excavators met, almost squarely, in the middle.

We marvel at contemporary engineering science, which enables two sets of rock-drillers in a mathematically straight passage to meet under the Hudson River or in the Simplon Tunnel; but what shall we say of these ancient Israelites, without any instruments of precision known to us, laboring in greatest haste, by a circuitous route, who came together in the heart of the rock? Thereupon the original entrance to the spring was walled up and carefully concealed, so that Sennacherib's hosts could not discover it, and the fresh water flowed, as it has continued to do until this day, into the Pool of Siloam.

Even yet the mystery of the serpentine tunnel has not been explained; though anybody who cares for the cheerless exploit, and will get permission to do so, may wade through the water course, from the Fountain to the Pool, examining the marks of the tools of the workmen as he goes. It was in this tunnel, by the way, that the oldest extant Hebrew inscription was found, in 1880, recording the completion of the work. The stone is on exhibition in the Constantinople Museum. This Siloam Inscription runs:

Behold the Excavation! Now this has been the history of the excavation. While the workmen were still lifting up the pick, each toward his neighbor, and while three cubits still remained to be cut through, each heard the voice of the other who called to his neighbor, since there was an excess of rock on the right hand and on the left. And on the day of the excavation the workmen struck, each to meet his neighbor, pick against pick,

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and there flowed the waters from the spring to the pool for a thousand, two thousand cubits; and a hundred cubits was the height of the rock over the head of the workmen.

Neither this Siloam Inscription, as it is called, nor any other record, offers a clue as to the reason for the long detours made in the tunnel, when a straight passage would have been so much simpler and easier. Of course there was a reason, an important reason, and conjecture has been busy for years. Why did Hezekiah cut a huge letter S for the water conduit under his city when a letter I would have served him so much better? The favorite theory is that he was avoiding some sacred chambers known to him, possibly the tombs of the kings of Israel. This is one of the mysteries which archæologists may yet clear up. Meanwhile, any traveler who does not mind wet feet may confirm for himself the authenticity of the Old Testament record; and at the same time learn in an impressive manner the supreme importance of the water question to Jerusalem, old and new.

Long before good King Hezekiah was beset by the danger of the water famine, caused by the seizure of the city's one spring by the besieging army, the ancient Jebusites confronted the same problem. They met it in somewhat similar fashion, by driving a tunnel through the rock, from the top of their fortress city down to a point above the spring, where they could lower vessels into the water. It was doubtless by this "gutter" (II Sam, 5:6-9; I Chron. 11:4-7) that David's famous captain, Joab, entered the citadel.

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There is comfort for a little man, a little city, a little land, and a little cause in a study of Bible Lands. Palestine proper, which has more profoundly affected the subsequent course of history and the life of mankind than all the combined ancient world empires, is only about the size of the State of New Jersey or of Wales. The Jordan River, if poured into the Mississippi or into the Volga or into the Yangtze or into the Amazon would scarcely make a perceptible rise in the waters. The Sea of Galilee could be drowned in one of the North American Great Lakes and dwellers on the shores hardly know it. The whole city of Jerusalem would only make a conventional suburb for New York or London; it could be placed within the confines of Central Park, New York. If size be the true criterion of greatness, then Palestine is not great!

Ambitious young folk who yearn for a "larger field" for the expression of their life may be profited by recalling that the entire area of the personal activities of Jesus was limited to a few score of miles. Many a man has walked the whole distance between the extreme points reached by the Master in his ministry. An automobile can go from limit to limit and return again in less than a day. The same is true of all the Old Testament prophets, except those of the exile; and the long, toilsome route of these, between Jerusalem and Babylon, is now regularly covered, several times a week, by continuous automobile journeys that consume approximately twenty-four hours. Some of the Apostles, notably Paul, fared farther, of course; but the proposition is sound that the world-transforming lives of the Bible characters found the little land of Palestine large

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enough for the development and manifestation of their powers and mission. It is not broader circumstances that men need but bigger souls. The lack is not in the field, but in the force. To the strong spirit, any sphere is sufficient for its expression.

CHAPTER XI

JAFFA, JEWS, AND ZIONISM



THOSE of us who knew Palestine in the days of horseback and carriage often pine for the leisureliness of that old-fashioned travel, which gave time for impressions to mature; and which meant noons and nights spent at sacred sites. The automobile telescopes scenes and impressions. For the hustling tourist, with only two days to devote to the whole Land, it is perhaps fine to be able to travel from Jaffa to Jerusalem in less than two hours. But his sense of the geographical reality of the Bible is not greatly enhanced by the journey. He retains only a confused blur of Simon the Tanner and of Dorcas and of orange groves and of cactus hedges and of Arabs on donkeys and on camels and of some few Scriptural names.

He does not recall at all the Valley of Ajalon where Joshua bade the sun stand still; or the scenes of Samson's exploits; or Lydda—the present Lud—where Peter healed Aneas the paralytic; or the House of Dagon, where the Ark of the Covenant wrought havoc; or the seven-layered hilltop city of Gezer, which Solomon got as a dowry with one of his wives; or the other hilltop village of Kirjath Jearim whence David and his rejoicing hosts brought the Ark

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down to Jerusalem until its progress was arrested by the strange tragedy of Uzzah; or lovely Ain Kairim, with its cypresses, in its mountain cove, the traditional home of Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, where her cousin, the Virgin, visited her for three months and sang her "Magnificat"; or the traditional Emmaus, where the risen Lord was revealed to His two friends in the breaking of the bread. Ramleh, with its romance-invested Tower of the Forty Martyrs, may be remembered by the motorist as a station of the Royal Air Force, but that it holds the tomb of England's patron saint, St. George, of the Dragon, who really was a Roman tribune of the fourth century and a Christian martyr, is known to few passers-by.

This unfolded panorama of history and nature is too rich a scroll to be read on the run. The privilege is one to be sipped, and not to be gulped. Here, if anywhere, the mood for musing is to be cultivated: the motorist who is only concerned to take the mountains of Judea on "high" should be condemned forever to drive nothing speedier than a donkey; and even then he would be in the goodly company of the prophets. The mature, steady, quiet eyes of the venerable natives, in turbans and flowing robes, whom one passes on the highway were not gained by looking out on life through automobile goggles. They have time for waysiding and wayfaring. Many books have been written by motorists and by travelers in express trains and in ships; but no Bible nor Koran nor other classic. Mr. Tourist-In-A-Hurry scorns the coffee-house idling in the village squares, and the interminable talk of people who have no theaters, no motion pictures, no baseball

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games or other of the stirring pastimes of the West. Their stable entertainment is conversation. Thus they preserve and transmit throughout the generations tradition and story and customs: until the Orient ceases to talk it will not cease to be the Orient, full of deep human lore and wisdom.

Thus is explained the intense folksiness of Bible Lands. Every picture of the Land in the time of Jesus reflects human life, and not machinery or institutions. His allusions were not to the triumphant structures of dominant Rome—He strangely ignored Rome's presence in the Land of Promise—but to the everyday usages of the native population. That is the explanation for the persistence of the atmosphere of Scripture in the life of the people to-day. "Behold, the bridegroom cometh," I could have cried, one night in Jaffa, as we heard music and saw lights and crowds approaching. It might almost have been a civic event, so great was the procession, in three detachments, the last surrounding a very much scared young man on his way from the bath to the wedding ceremony. This youth was only an ordinary young Syrian; yet his men friends, who marched and sang and shouted, as they led him in triumphal procession, were legion. The East puts human values first. Personal ties and family ties mean most of all to these men and women whose chief diversion is conversation. "Busy-bodies," an intense individualist of the Occident would call them; for all that concerns a neighbor concerns them.

This fertile seacoast plain of Palestine, throughout its whole length, from Gaza to Mt. Carmel, was once the abode of the Philistines who, curiously, rather than

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the Israelites, have given their name to the entire land, which it has borne down the ages unto the present day. These Philistines, with whom the Hebrews were endlessly at war, are now believed to have been settlers from Crete, that island home of sea-faring civilization which of late has given up so many of its secrets. They held the productive lowlands and foothills; while the immigrant Israelites were established in the hill country that stretches the length of the Land, like a backbone, between the Jordan Depression and the Maritime Plain. The Philistines raided the hills, and the Israelites retaliated upon the plains; even by such prankish tricks as Samson's setting loose the foxes with lighted tails amidst the ripe grain fields. Time has condemned the Philistines to oblivion; but the Israelites are history's most conspicuous survival; and now the world sees them newly dwelling in the land where their fathers sojourned for nearly a thousand years.

Jaffa Plain is the fat of the land. Sub-tropical in character, with stately palms lending grace to the horizon, it has become the Garden of Palestine. Here the wild flowers begin to bloom in December; and the deep red anemone, almost the size and texture of the poppy, is such a delight to the eye that one would fain believe it to be "the lily of the field" of which Jesus said, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Early vegetables flourish here; the tomatoes being protected from sea breezes and possible frost by the simple device of covering each young plant with a sort of tent made of two large oval cactus leaves, stripped from the hedge. Jaffa oranges have made for themselves an important place in the markets

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of Europe; and in December and January, the packing season, the highroads witness an almost endless procession of camels bound for the docks, each beast carrying a swaying load of eight crates of oranges. The best of these groves are owned by German colonists, who, forty years ago, came out as Protestant religious communities, and with their own hands showed what tireless industry could achieve, as contrasted with the hired Arab labor of other colonists and native owners. Fruits, flowers and vegetables in great variety are now produced by these prosperous Germans.

Jaffa itself must be seen with the eyes of informed imagination. It is more than an oriental city on a hilltop, along a particularly rocky and dangerous bit of the Mediterranean coast; where landing, always in small boats, is usually an adventure and often a life-and-death gamble. To these jutting rocks, says legend, Andromeda was chained that she might be devoured by a sea-monster; but Perseus rescued her. From this same port, Jonah, the runaway prophet, set sail to escape a hard task at Nineveh, only to find that wind and wave and the great creatures of the deep all alike served that Will which he sought to evade. Merely to catalogue outstanding events in the history of Jaffa (the Biblical Joppa), would be tedious, since this is one of the oldest cities in the world. A large proportion of its hill is simply the accumulated débris of successive ruins in the centuries and millenniums gone. Jaffa was a shipping center of Phœnicia: Hiram, King of Tyre, floated to this port the cedars of Lebanon for Solomon's Temple. Mark Antony gave the city to Cleopatra as a love token. The Crusaders were long encitadeled

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here; Napoleon had his way with it, in an unsavory episode.

Best known, of course, of all the events in the experience of Jaffa was the raising of Dorcas from the dead by the Apostle Peter (a Moslem *wali* and a Russian church both mark the traditional site); and the vision of the inclusion of the Gentiles in the Gospel that came to the Apostle while he lodged in the house of Simon the Tanner. Simon's trade is still largely followed along the shore in Jaffa; and as from my window I watched one of his successors ply his messy calling I realized how afresh to this city has come this old, hard lesson of religious and racial tolerance.

Overtopping all other issues in Jaffa to-day is that of the Jews, who are building up a rival Zionist city, Tel-Aviv, "the only exclusively Jewish city in the world," cheek-by-jowl with old Jaffa. Be the traveler's resident companion an Arab or a European, a Moslem or a Christian, he is sure to enter quickly, through some conversational gate or other, into the subject of the Jews. He may speak spaciouly and detachedly and philosophically, as an observer; or bitterly as an active partisan; but speak he surely will. My quiet Arab chauffeur, who had a few minutes before pointed out that the Zionists are really bringing money into the Land and that all the people are, in one way or another, profiting by it; suddenly flared up with, "Do you see that? That Jewish road contractor let that other car through because the driver is a Jew; but all the rest of us have to detour through this field." Resentment and pent-up hatred edged his words, as he thus arraigned the cliquism of the Jews, who present some-

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thing of a common front against the natives of the Land. The previous night I had driven to my hotel from Tel-Aviv with a Jewish coachman; and in Jaffa he met black looks and curses from Arab pedestrians along the way. In one of the Zionist colonies up on the Plain of Esdraelon, a few weeks earlier, where we were lost in a maze of Zionist village road-making, our Arab driver was unsociably treated and misdirected, so that I heard him say, as to himself, "Everybody hates the Jews. Even the God hates the Jews."

After such a quotation, it may seem strange to record that Jaffa and Tel-Aviv are outwardly better neighbors than heretofore; and that, in general, the tension between Arabs and Jews in Palestine has lessened. Nobody expects an early repetition of the deadly Jaffa riots of 1921. What fills far-sighted students of the question with foreboding is, first, the likelihood of continued disorders, designed to be revolutionary, on the part of the Bolshevik element among the Jewish immigrants, especially in Tel-Aviv; and, more remotely but also more ominously, the cloud of an Arab invasion from the East. Ibn Saoud's power is great, and waxing greater; and the common Arab consciousness is definitely anti-Zionist. "I never heard a single Arab speak favorably of Zionism," said a veteran American missionary in Palestine. It was because he refused to sign a treaty that did not guarantee the rights of the Palestinian Arabs that King Hussein, of the Hedjaz, lost the support of the Power that had put him on his throne; and, consequently, lost his throne itself. The East, or Arabia, is still as real and menacing a factor in the life of Zionism as it was in the ex-

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perience of the Children of Israel under Moses and Joshua. I myself have been told by an exalted Arab personage, whose position is so high and so internationally known that it would be an unthinkable indiscretion to quote him by name:¹ "Wait till the British get out of Palestine; then we'll settle the Zionist question by killing the Jews." The Arab has always been strong for that kind of argument.

Theoretically, the Arab case is strong, buttressed as it is by the official utterances of Great Britain. The Arabs and Syrians take good care that the world shall not forget the Anglo-French Declaration, broadcast in the Arabic-speaking lands in November, 1918:

The object aimed at by France and Great Britain . . . is the complete and definite emancipation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks, and the establishment of national governments and administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations. . . . Far from wishing to impose on the populations of these regions any particular institutions, they are only concerned to insure by their support and by adequate assistance the regular working of Governments and administrations freely chosen by the populations themselves.

To this unequivocal utterance are added two statements concerning the Mandate. The first is from Article 22, of the Covenant of the League of Nations:

Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent Nations can provisionally be recognized, subject to the rendering of administrative advice

¹ Not Ibn Saoud.

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and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of a Mandatory.

The second is the British Royal Proclamation to the People of Palestine :

I desire to assure you of the absolute impartiality with which the duties of Mandatory Power will be carried out, and of the determination of My Government to respect the rights of every race and every creed represented among you. . . .

GEORGE, R. and I.

All this is rather embarrassing for the British, as they seek to coöperate with the Zionists, in the face of a ceaseless fire of criticism from the aggrieved residents of the Land, who are fond of saying, "We and our fathers have dwelt here for ages. We had been here thousands of years before Abraham came as the first immigrant of his race to make trouble for us. His descendants had an independent national existence in only part of the country, for about five hundred years; our ancestors staying on all the while. We have been here for nearly two thousand years since the Jews left. If this is not our 'homeland,' whose is it?"

Nor has the Zionist been tactful or conciliatory. Worse bungling than marked the beginning of the "National Home" enterprise, following the Balfour Declaration, could hardly be imagined. Fervid Jewish orators depicted early and complete control of the Holy Land by the Jews; and irresponsible ones particularized that the Christians and the Moslems would soon be driven from their possession of the holy places. Dr.

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Weismann himself, in a public address, declared that Palestine should become as Jewish as England is English or America is American. The Zionist Executive claims a right to at least a consultive relationship with the Government, though representing for most of the time less than a tenth of the population. By immigration, this proportion has increased to approximately one-eighth. The Jews have lately held elections for the Jewish National Assembly, a non-official body; and they cast 33,845 votes for no less than twenty-five separate parties or groups that had put up electors. The first meetings of the Assembly have been marked by tumultuous disorder.

This internal divisiveness of the Zionists, along with the extravagant demands of the Bolsheviks and the extreme labor party, gravely threaten the unity of Zionism. There is much ill-considered and provocative talk, as of the creation of a Jewish army to protect the colonies from the Arabs. I chanced to be present when, with great hullabaloo and Zionist rejoicings, the flag of the Jewish Battalion of Royal Fusiliers, which served under Allenby in Palestine, after the taking of Jerusalem, was brought to the city to be enshrined in the Great Synagogue, with full official pomp, in the presence of the British High Commissioner and the foreign consuls. Thinking at first that the flag was the blue star of David, the emblem of Zionism, the Arabs gave warning of trouble; but when it was found that the flag was the Union Jack, they contented themselves with jeering at the Jews for putting the hated cross of the Christians in their synagogue. Ultra-orthodox Jews have taken up the same cry, and now,

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within a fortnight of the hysterical installation of the flag, with its Cross of St. Andrew, it appears that the emblem may be quietly taken down from the synagogue wall, and used to decorate a Jewish hotel!

Only oriental psychology can be the explanation of these flare-ups over trivial incidents or symbols. The two most popular automobiles in Palestine are the Dodge and the Ford, the latter notwithstanding Mr. Ford's anti-Jewish propaganda, for it is the cheapest car. I have heard Arab chauffeurs object to the Dodge car because its emblem seems to them to be the Zionist star! Hot debates may be heard over whether or not the manufacturers are Jews; and not a few Arabs have substituted a simple DB for the sign of the six-pointed star enclosing a map of the world. "How silly!" comments the practical American. Even so; but it is the way of the Near East to suffer grave injustices in silence, and then suddenly to explode over inconsequential incidents. An American was recently awaiting his turn at the money-order window of the Jerusalem post office. Just as the clerk was about to attend to him, a young Jew came up and, thrusting his arm in front of the American, tried to secure prior service. The experience is so common a one in all public places of Jerusalem that the American remarked to the clerk—who, being an Arab, had refused to serve the Jew out of his turn—"Do Jews *always* thrust themselves ahead of other people in that fashion?"

At once the Jew, who understood English, spoke up excitedly, "What do you mean by attacking my religion? This is not Poland." The American and the clerk paid no attention, but continued their busi-

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ness, and the Jew turned to the crowd in the post-office lobby, mostly Jews, and cried excitedly, first in English, "People! Here's a man who attacks our religion! At him!" Then, his voice growing shriller, he continued his harangue in Hebrew, until a Jewish post-office official led him off into his private office. Had the American permitted himself to get into an altercation with the fanatical fellow there might have been real trouble before the police could have reached the scene. That is the way bloody riots usually start in these parts. A primary factor in the uncertainty of life in the Near East is this explicable and unexpected breaking loose of deepest racial and religious passions upon entirely inadequate occasions.

Only the strong, swift arm of Great Britain has kept Palestine from frequent deadly clashes between the Jews and the Arabs. An impartial observer, after listening to impassioned criticisms of high-handed British rule from both Jews and Arabs, is forced to the conclusion that, in present conditions at least, it would be a grave calamity for the British suddenly to withdraw. They stand for security of life and property, and at least outward tranquillity. The present High Commissioner, Lord Plumer, embodies the highest traditions of British fairness and efficiency. His predecessor, Sir Herbert Samuel, was a Jew, and though his course had been as correct as that of an angel from heaven he could not have convinced the Moslems and the Christians that he was not working primarily in the interests of Zionism. (Zionism, by the way, has somewhat bridged the breach between Moslems and Christians; and there is an official Moslem-Christian

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committee representing all Palestine to conduct defense measures against the Jews.) Lord Plumer, who told an interviewer before he reached Palestine that he was neither pro-Arab nor pro-Jew, but only pro-justice, has impressed everybody with his strength and thoroughness and impartiality; although, naturally, many Zionists claim the right to have another member of their own race in Sir Herbert Samuel's place.

This ceaseless insistence of the Jews upon more and more "rights," since Palestine has been recognized as their "National Home" must surely develop in British officialdom the Christian virtues of patience and forbearance. They know that they will never be able to satisfy the demands of this alert, aggressive and now nationally-conscious people, who uniformly disregard the second part of the Balfour Declaration, which promises full protection to the right of the Arabs. It must be clear that the Arab population, in a majority of more than eight to one, have claims which any responsible government must regard. I have heard British officials pouring out the bitterness of their soul upon the subject. And they dare not side openly with the Arabs; for that course brings them transportation back to jobless England. A number of British officials in Palestine have resigned in protest against present conditions.

Palestine is a government by appointed officials, and not by elected representatives. While the Zionist executive functions along with the British officials—being ceaselessly assailed by the Arabs as the "secret government," "a second state" an "*Imperium in imperio*," etc.—and the new volunteer Jewish National

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Assembly is vigorously vocal in making known the grievances and demands of the Jews, these are really wholly unofficial. In any representative law-making body the Arabs would outnumber the Jews by eight or nine to one, and therefore interfere seriously with Zionism; and all compromises proposed by the British have been boycotted by the Arabs. Thus, there is not even a native cabinet for the counsel of the High Commissioner. Even the larger cities of Palestine do not elect their own mayors. The rule is thus exclusively rule by a British High Commissioner, from whom there is no appeal, except to the British Colonial office or to the League of Nations.

While the Jews are not backward in protesting that they are not allowed all the rights and privileges they had been led to expect from the world-wide presentation of Zionism, the Arabs bitterly protest that even the most fundamental rights of life and property are not accorded them. They say that the famous even-handed justice of British law does not obtain in Palestine. Thus, while a hundred and thirty odd Moslems have been hanged for murder since the departure of the Turks, not a single Jew has been so punished. They point to the unprovoked murder on a public highway, in the summer of 1924, of Jacob deHaan, a Dutch Orthodox Jew, a brilliant teacher and writer and the foremost anti-Zionist in Palestine. Nobody has been punished for a crime that was manifestly political—and, significantly, no other Orthodox Jew has stepped forward to fill deHaan's place; although, as is well known, the ultra-Orthodox Jews of Palestine are strongly opposed to Zionism, largely because of the

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non-religious character of most of the young Zionists. deHaan once characterized the new Zionist immigrants to me as "a lot of infidel bolsheviks."

It will be seen that Zionism is in no danger of incurring the "woe unto you when all men speak well of you." The increasingly clamorous radical labor element among the Jewish immigrants declare that too large a proportion of the vast sums now being subscribed for the Jewish National Home (more than thirty million dollars since the War, according to Sir Herbert Samuel) is expended in high salaries paid to Zionist officials. In a poor land like Palestine, it is inevitable that there should be much criticism of all official incomes. "One Englishman, and he not the High Commissioner, draws as a salary from the Palestine government more money than was paid to all Turkish officials combined in the old days," I was told by a veteran American resident of the Land. In their memorandum to the League of Nations, the Arabs declare that the Turks governed with less than one-eighth of the present official staff. The Arabs go into details to prove their assertion that this small land with a large administration "is like a child in its grandfather's overcoat."

In the case of education, although less than 30 per cent of the population of school age is provided for educationally, 50 per cent of the budget is consumed by general administrative expenses. For their part, the Zionists insist that a larger grant, if not complete support, shall be provided for the distinctively Jewish schools. The high financial cost of the compulsory use of the new-made Hebrew as one of the

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three official languages of the Land is a point continually stressed by both British and Arabs.

Am I giving the reader an inkling of the rancor and contention that mark the Zionist experiment in Palestine? Yet I have not gone into the really essential facts of the case. There is considerably less than a million population in Palestine—perhaps only 900,000—which is a territory of ten thousand square miles, less than half of which is by any possibility cultivatable. These inhabitants are practically all classed as “Arabs,” except the Jews, whose number, in April, 1925, was officially given as 108,000, with a continuing of immigration, chiefly from Poland and other eastern European countries, of more than two thousand a month. If this rapid growth of the Jewish population goes on unabated, it is figured that within less than ten years they will be in an actual majority, and so able to set up an undisputed Jewish nation.

To this prognostication, foreign critics make answer that long before ten years have passed the point of saturation in immigration will have been reached. Already there is serious unemployment among the Zionists. Also it is predicted that the growth of Bolshevism among the Zionists in Palestine will have caused the whole project to blow up, either by actual internal revolution or by the opposition of wealthy Jews throughout the world. (It was fighting between Bolshevik and non-Bolshevik Jews in Tel-Aviv, in 1921, that later involved the Arabs and developed into a deadly race riot.) Or, before this comes to pass, a concerted rising of the Arab world may drive the Jews from Palestine. Likelier of early fulfillment than either of these dire pre-

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dictions is the probable drying up of the money supply of Zionism. Many outstanding Jews do not approve of Zionism. Others, like Baron Rothschild, will grow weary of waiting for Zionism to show signs of self-support. Certainly the inflow of funds will not keep pace with the growth of immigration.

At present, the enterprise is on a wholly artificial foundation; being in what America knows as the "boom" stage. Practically everybody and everything connected with it is maintained by money from abroad. Unlike the self-supporting German colonies of a generation ago, these Zionist settlements, which to the number of eighty dot the more fertile parts of the land to the extent of 225,000 acres, have not been built by the industry of the inhabitants, but by gifts from abroad. Nor are they established on ground wrested from the wilderness, but on arable lands, already under cultivation, bought from Arabs, often at high prices.

Even at this, by the Zionists' own estimate, only 21 per cent of the Jews are on the land: the official census of October, 1922, showed the figures to be 18 per cent. Yet more than two million dollars of the Zionist funds was spent last year for assistance to agricultural settlers. Sir Herbert Samuel estimated that it cost fifteen hundred dollars per man, woman and child to settle Jewish immigrants on the land. Whether without this subsidy, when it comes to be withdrawn, the Jewish farmers can maintain themselves in competition with their more primitive Arab neighbors, only time can tell. Three cities, Jerusalem, Haifa and Jaffa-Tel-Aviv, contain 72 per cent of the Jewish immigrants; and all of them are seriously overpopulated.

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At present, as for a long time past, the most fertile spot in all Palestine is that on which the Jerusalem post office stands. This is the source of the Jews' principal income. Money sent from abroad—Zionist money; money to support religious substitutes to do one's praying at the Wailing Place; money from Orthodox synagogues in Europe to support the pious poor of the Holy Land; money from relatives; money for a long list of Hebrew benevolences—is the one sure revenue of Palestine Jews. When that crop fails, the settlers will probably be ruined.

Not that this acute and efficient commercial people are failing to exert their historic abilities to pull the project through. In the year 1924 no less than 65 industrial establishments, employing 536 persons, were put into operation. The Zionist report claims that ten million dollars is invested in industry, with five thousand employees. No mention is made of the notoriously large number of failures: in Tel-Aviv practically no industrial enterprise survives except the silicate brick works, to serve the building "boom." Yet the government has encouraged the Jewish efforts. Wine, a strictly Jewish product, is exempt from export duty; materials imported for building purposes are either exempt from duties or pay only a nominal percentage. Arabs protest that, in contrast, while alcohol and wine are protected (Moslems are forbidden to drink or deal in intoxicants), the wheat and olive oil of the Arab farmers are unprotected and undersold in local markets by foreign competitors. And the farmer pays 15 per cent of his yearly products to the governments. Last year the exports of Palestine were less than one-

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quarter of the amount of the imports: critics say the country is on the verge of bankruptcy.

Tel-Aviv, the show city of Zionism, built almost magically on the sand dunes adjoining Jaffa, has failed to impress many visitors, including Jews, with its stability. A sense of stagecraft and impermanency has haunted me on all my visits to Tel-Aviv. The large number of photographic studios, and street-corner soda fountains, and clothing stores, and dressmaking establishments, and travel bureaus, and professional offices—Tel-Aviv has 116 physicians, about five times as many per thousand of population as London—and barber shops, and jewelry stores, and delicatessen stores; along with the absence of signs of genuine productivity, give a visitor a new, queer sensation of being in make-believe land. Even the many stands along the streets where sunflower seeds and melon seeds are sold seem like a touch of realism to a Russian play. Of course any enterprising people could build, in five short years, a city with twenty-five hundred houses and more than thirty thousand population, provided the project, and largely, also, the support of the people, were financed from abroad, as has been the case here. But there is no adequate commerce, no adequate industry, and no adequate supporting agricultural population to provide a permanent income. No group of people can live indefinitely by taking in one another's washing. Labor is almost twice as highly paid in Tel-Aviv as in Jaffa, and prone to strike; and rents are correspondingly higher; and the buildings are expensive modern European structures; so the price of commodities has risen accordingly.

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Whereupon the thrifty Tel-Aviv housewife hies her to Jaffa to do her marketing in the simple native bazars. Tel-Aviv has of late had seriously hard times, but adjacent Jaffa has enjoyed a business "boom." In a fine delicatessen store in Jaffa I asked the English-speaking Greek proprietor how he was able to maintain so European an establishment. His reply was illuminating: "My trade comes chiefly from Tel-Aviv; and the thing I sell most of is ham!" Only "kosher" food may be bought in Tel-Aviv, and since the immigrants are largely non-synagogue Jews, with European tastes, they turn to the Jaffa Greek for food dainties.

This is a city of young Europeans, surprisingly well-dressed, and with western and modern tastes. There is a light on their faces that betokens enthusiasm and capacity. They have come hither in response to a great and shining dream. However clearly an investigator's judgment may perceive what appear to be irremovable obstacles to the success of Zionism in this Land, his sympathy marches with the children of Abraham, who, like their famous forbear, "seek a country." While many motives make Zionism—such as eagerness to escape the peculiar thralldom of the race in eastern Europe; a laudable desire for the improvement of their personal fortunes; a political and social restlessness and ambition—there is more or less definitely operative with all of the immigrants the urge of race or religious consciousness. Nobody would call the present-day Zionists distinctively religious; even Tel-Aviv's synagogue, which was under way when first I visited the place three years ago, is still far from finished, though it is no immense cathedral. Still, the

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passion that animates them has its roots in religion.

While under the pressure of the rival Zionist and Arab propagandas, a visitor grows skeptical and somewhat cynical. But one who travels leisurely to and fro, up and down, over Palestine, develops the clear impression that, despite the huge preponderance of Arabs at work in the soil, the new life of the Zionist colonies is real and significant. Substantial houses and farm buildings have been erected, in European fashion. Trees by the hundreds of thousands have been planted. Young Zionists are really working in the fields. The ten thousand young "Pioneers," who have had some measure of agricultural training, are a sturdy, upstanding, attractive host; the real hope of Zionism. Their farming methods are better in all respects than the casual, superficial agriculture of the Arabs. They themselves are personally more likable than the long-coated ultra-orthodox Jews, known by the long curls in front of their ears, who live without work on the bounty of coreligionists abroad. It may be that they will yet come to self-support on the rich soil of Esdraelon and Jezreel and the Maritime Plain. For the present, anyhow, they are free and hopeful and happy. They exult in their new language of Hebrew, which they all learn; they are zestful for the really great medical ministry and other social work which Zionism is doing; they are belligerently proud of their flag, their cause, and their "homeland," which they, and the British, are certainly making a healthier and more fertile and more livable land, whoever is to rule or possess it in the future.

CHAPTER XII

UNDER THE OLIVE TREES



ALWAYS, when in Jerusalem, I seek the Mount of Olives; and always I have been favored with the full moon—such a Pass-over moon as flooded the scene on the night when Jesus, in agony of spirit, sought seclusion on this same Hill of Olive Trees. There is much that is disillusioning in Jerusalem, especially to the traveler who falls into the hands of a professional guide; but ten minutes on Olivet by moonlight recompenses and restores.

Gone are the contentious noises of the day—the shrill controversy of a voluble people who seem to be in continuous disagreement; the rattle and rush and roar of automobiles; the clamant cries of vendors; and even the softer sounds of belled camels and donkeys. The silence of oriental night enfolds the seeker after memories and monitions. Jerusalem lies asleep, with only an occasional light showing. The barking of a distant pack of night-prowling dogs, and the peculiar snarling growl of the jackal, alone disturb the silence, as one threads his way through the streets of the old city; and down the hill and across the Brook Kedron; and then up one of the three roads (in their lower reaches, walled on either side by

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jealous and rival ecclesiastical properties) that lead to the top of the Mount of Olives, until the open spaces are reached, whence the Holy City may be seen spread out as a softened and silvered panorama.

By daylight, Jerusalem is not always a satisfactory spectacle. The old is too closely surrounded by the new: most of the city's population now dwells outside of the walls, in glaringly modern houses, the red-tiled roofs and new limestone walls of which give back blindingly the brilliant Syrian sunlight. Ostentatious institutions and churches, built in prideful competition, rear themselves vauntingly. This newer quarter of Jerusalem would be more appropriate in a setting of America's Far West: the note of reticence and reverence and humility is wholly lacking from the architecture. These modern structures obscure, too, the medieval walls of the city. Inside, the skyline that formerly was broken only by the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, and by the domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, thrusts up monuments to the vanity of Kaiser William II, in the form of Protestant and Catholic churches built to commemorate his visit. All this newness incongruously obtrudes itself before the visitor's eyes in the daytime, along with the ubiquitous evidences of ecclesiastical rivalry and of popular ignorance and of human squalor.

But in the moonlight Jerusalem turns a fairer face to one who sees her from the best of viewpoints, the slope of Olivet. Like a silken veil of charity, the soft radiance of the moon covers all of the city's blemishes. Only the general outlines, and such conspicuous

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and separate objects as the Mosque of Omar, standing in sublime grandeur on the site of the Hebrew Temple, catch the beholder's eye. Ragged outlines and unsightly individual creations disappear, along with the clamor of the day. It is a still city, an unlighted city, a seemly city and a city of matchless memories that lies below, inviting the play of imagination upon it.

No wonder Jesus loved this spot and this spectacle. Even in His day, Jerusalem was freighted with patriotic associations; and these have been multiplied for the modern man who muses in the moonlight on Olivet. What a procession of human pride and ambition and reverence and greed and revenge has moved throughout the ages upon this site of a primitive Jebusite citadel! Nine times the city has been completely destroyed. Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Saracen, Crusader—all have sounded their battle cries from this very hillside on which we stand. The memory of them and of their passions is but a lesson in the school books; whereas the Garden of Gethsemane is one of the eternally contemporaneous spots of human interest and experience.

This is one of the sure Scriptural sites. Scholars may wrangle over this or that: whether the Sepulcher was within or without the present city wall; whether old walls ran this way or that; and so on to inconsequential and endless tedium. But this we know, beyond all question or uncertainty, that Jesus, the Hill Country Man, the Man of the Open Air, loved to flee from the turmoil of His nation's capital to the friendly heights and homes and groves of the Olive Hill that rises to the east of Jerusalem, only a few

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minutes distant. On this hill, just around its shoulder, out of sight of the city, was Bethany, with that household which Jesus loved best of all. From the incline of the Hill He looked upon Jerusalem with a patriot's passion, and wept for the city that was so blind to its own real greatness and opportunity. And in the thick of one of these friendly groves of patient olives, Jesus knelt and prayed, in His supreme hour.

It may be that the veritable spot of the Agony was the Latin site of Gethsemane, where a costly new church on an early Byzantine foundation seems almost a desecration of the simple and lovely garden, with its eight gnarled olive trees, which the old Franciscan monk so lovingly tends; or it may be that the Greek Gethsemane of the Armenian Garden contains that holiest of soil. No man knows, or may ever know. Nevertheless, even the casual reader of the Bible may understand beyond all uncertainty that it was somewhere on the slope of Olivet, within a few hundred yards of all of these rival sites, that the Tragedy of the Garden was enacted. On the same hill, facing the same city, the same moon looks down in charitable stillness upon a seeker's endeavor to find again the spiritual Gethsemane.

On this present occasion, I had asked the great preacher from New York; and the pedestrian preacher from South Africa, to accompany us; and one of the tirelessly hospitable members of the American Colony went along lest we should lose our way. It was late of a Sunday evening, with the full moon high in the heavens, when we set forth upon our pilgrimage. We had all been present at a meeting whereat

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a fine-spirited man from Geneva had talked, in terms of committees and organization and methods, of a world remade in one of its major departments of human life. Somehow, the utter mechanicalness and futility of all these plans smote me; and I yearned to revive memories of One Man kneeling under the Olive Trees, in a soul-travail that produced blood, for the world's redemption. Not from the pleasant, safe and oversophisticated lakeside of Geneva, but from two hills alongside of this old Jerusalem, Olivet and Calvary, will the salvation and transformation of the race come to pass. Increasingly, as we walked the old-new road along the city wall, past the Damascus Gate; past Herod's Gate; past St. Stephen's Gate; and up into the open stretches of gardens and sparse olive trees, the idea gripped me of the hopelessness of all our humanitarian efforts without the Man in Agony under the Olives. Where is he whose soul is dripping blood for our present world? Ink flows more freely from modern saviours than this sanguinary sweat. Propaganda is easier than prayer: organization is our modern substitute for vicariousness.

As our little group, hushed in spirit, halted half-way up the Hill, to look back over sleeping Jerusalem, its outlines clear but softened in the gentle moonlight; and upon the olive trees and their deep shadows; one quoted Sidney Lanier's matchless lines:

*Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forespent, forespent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forespent with love and shame.*

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*But the olives, they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.*

*Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came.*

In the soft light of that radiant moon upon Olivet, things more lasting and important than the City of Jerusalem become clearer. Here the Christ, and His meaning and mission, appear luminous. His broken heart; His spirit in an anguish of intercession that brought blood to the forehead, so soon to bleed again from the sharp thorns of ignorance and prejudice and bigotry and fear and sin; His surrender to the Will Over All; and His dearly-bought peace and serenity, all crowd upon the mind as a message of the Indispensables for our day. This is something deeper and higher than the councils of nations, or the ambitions of politicians or the benevolent projects of lovers of men. The Man under the Olives alone can deliver our time.

The pathway to peace lies over the little Hill of Olive Groves.

CHAPTER XIII

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM



WHILE myriads of minds the world around turn to Bethlehem at every Christmastide, those Occidentals who have been permitted to say, with the shepherds, "Come now, let us go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass," are free to declare, later, that the most undesirable place on earth to spend Christmas is in Bethlehem itself. I have been here throughout the prolonged holiday season, having just come from one of the two Christmas celebrations in the Church of the Nativity; and I have to confess that all my tender expectations have been dashed to pieces.

Nowadays there is no room for the Christ in the inn where He was born. Ecclesiasticism, political and religious rivalry, strife, ambition and arid formalism have crowded Him out. In the actual Manger at the Christmas time of the Latins, December twenty-five, lies a bedecked doll in a gaudy cradle; and on the January seven Christmas of the Greek Church, a staring-eyed, huge-headed doll sits bolt upright in a golden chair in the Manger crypt. It all seems so much a barren show, a county-fair festival, that it is the antithesis of the majestically simple Birth which first hallowed this spot.

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I never felt so far away from the reality of the Christmas Story, and from the Bethlehem of the Bible, as I did while standing in the Church of the Nativity, watching the ecclesiastical celebration of the Great Event.

Two policemen kept the crowds moving in front of the Manger crypt, as I followed the Patriarch and his train thither, and when one of them yelled loudly, Arab fashion, at an overzealous peasant visitor, his voice echoing swellingly throughout the vaulted corridors of the cave, nobody seemed to think the outburst incongruous. In the church itself, after the Greek Patriarch and his procession had arrived and begun the service, the crowds sauntered idly about, chatting; or sat by walls or pillars, eating lunch or pecking at sunflower seeds, throwing the *débris* on the church floor, totally oblivious to the service under way up in front by the altar. They had seen the show of the bannered and brilliant parade; so why bother about the mumblings at the sanctuary, which they could neither hear nor hearing, understand?

In addition to the two holiday processions of dignitaries, clad in all the lavish gilt and color and gold and jewelry of encrusted ecclesiasticism; and in addition to the midnight masses of the Latin and Greek Churches, there was a Christmas service in Bethlehem on the night of December 24 by the English-speaking residents of Jerusalem, led by the Anglican bishop. (The American Y.M.C.A. plan for an illuminated Christmas tree in the field of the shepherds did not materialize.) This was simplest of all. About a hundred persons gathered in the square of the Church

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of the Nativity at nine o'clock, each carrying a lighted candle, and for an hour sang old English carols. The Greek Patriarch in his robes was fraternally present, to read the Gospel in Greek and to pronounce the benediction—a touch of ecclesiasticism that did not add to the simplicity of the occasion. Also official place was made for the Lord High Commissioner of Palestine; and nobody departed until he did: for, of course, even at Bethlehem, in celebration of the Divine descent to the Manger, a British lord is a British lord!

Nobody in Bethlehem thinks this exaltation of dignitaries an unseemly thing. Indeed, it is of the essence of their celebration of Christmas; and the two great contenders for honor, the Latins and the Greeks, seek to outvie each other in the number and trappings of the great ones they can muster for the occasion. Both have daylight parades into the Church of the Nativity, through Bethlehem's public square, on the day before Christmas; and both have celebrations of the mass at midnight. Let me outline the colorful procedure of the Greeks, whose Christmas holiday really begins on January six, for, here in Palestine, the Greek Church follows the old style Julian Calendar. In the late morning, the Patriarch, clad in gorgeous robes, sets forth from Jerusalem in a carriage, for the five-mile drive, attended by lesser dignitaries of Church and State in other carriages and automobiles. More than halfway out, he rests for refreshment in a gay tent that has been set up alongside of the Holman Hunt Memorial Bench. Belated visitors, afoot, in motors, carriages and on various animals, are seen hurrying toward Bethlehem, to be

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on hand for the formal entrance of the Patriarch, which is the real high point of the Christmas celebration. A man on a commanding roof with a flag frantically signals to the inner city the approach of His Holiness.

In the Bethlehem Square a crowd of thousands, marshaled by Palestine gendarmes, under command of British officials, awaits the great hour. It is not at all different, except in the matter of dress, from an American crowd awaiting a circus parade or a political procession. There are the same noisy venders of refreshments and souvenirs; the same crowding for points of vantage; the same restless, expectant spirit. Everybody is in the colorful holiday attire of the Holy Land. The Bethlehem garb of the women is graceful and striking. Most of the men wear fezes and European dress; although the large sprinkling of men and women in Bedouin costume is a surprising indication of the native membership in the old churches. Some of the little boys are dressed as Greek priests, because their mothers had taken vows to do so if they were healed of certain illnesses, or otherwise blest. These children are not, however, necessarily dedicated to the priesthood. Young men move about the crowd offering little red and white ribbons to men to wear as badges of allegiance to the Christian-Moslem Committee, a token of Arab nationalism and of anti-Zionism. Stir and anticipation characterize the crowd.

Then the Patriarch appears. His outer robe of red and gold is adjusted. In his left hand is placed his silver crozier, gold-headed and jeweled; in his right, a jeweled silver cross with which he is to bless the

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multitude as the procession passes. In front are arrayed lines of lesser dignitaries and priests. Boys in light blue, carrying gilt-encrusted banners, silver and gold ikons and huge silver crosses, precede the Patriarch. Ahead walks a priest of one of the higher orders, sprinkling holy rose water right and left upon the crowd, from a silver bottle. Another priest carries a smoking censer. Civilian dignitaries, wearing the decorations of the Church and of Greece, lead off. Ranks of priests follow the Patriarch, and gendarmes bring up the rear.

Slowly, slowly, slowly, the march proceeds through the gaping crowds. On a ledge by the door of the church stand two Franciscans and an Armenian monk. The former, with impassive faces, study the whole affair, comparing it, as do all the jealous adherents of the rival churches, with the similar procession of the Latins, two weeks earlier. When the Patriarch draws near, he condescends to nod to the delighted Armenian monk; but no sign passes between him and the Franciscans. All flags and crosses and heads have to be lowered before the church may be entered, through the tiny fortress door. The crowds generally do not follow. They have seen the demonstration, and prefer to keep holiday in other ways. The sunshine is warm, and there are friends to be met and life to be shared; so why go into the cold, dark church? A sprinkling of black Abyssinian monks and laity, who also keep Christmas at this time, watch the service inside.

Proceeding to the Greek altar, at the head of the main church, the patriarchal procession breaks up to

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follow the stated service, with readings, singings and changes of vestments. Green and gold and blue are the three dominant colors worn by the participants. Candles in groups of twos and threes, tied with bunches of artificial flowers, are borne before the Patriarch on his throne, when it comes his turn to read the Gospel. A massive silver-bound Bible is presented to him to be kissed and read, after two additional sets of vestments have been put over his head. While he reads, the heavy book rests on the bowed head of a priest; really, a man with abundant hair should have been chosen, for this one's bald head afterward bears the marks of the silver work of the book's cover. The Lesson was long and unintelligible.

All the while that the Greek service was proceeding, in low tones, an Armenian choir was lustily singing in a neighboring alcove, as if to drown out the Greek liturgy. That is the sort of "good will" that prevails in Bethlehem at Christmastide! The informality that marks the services of oriental churches was in evidence. Civilians of importance enough to be recognized were being given place behind the chancel; and others who simply wanted to be there shoved and crowded forward. Mothers were holding out their babies that they might come within the smoke of the censers. One old woman was having trouble in making new candles on the altar stand upright. Boys were restlessly squeezing into points of vantage. Gendarmes were pushing back the over-presumptuous. A very dirty monk, in a still dirtier black cloak, brought forth a board barrier to keep back the crowd; but the nervous-eyed master of ceremonies made him remove



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BETHLEHEM.



BETHLEHEM CROWDS WATCHING APPROACH OF PATRIARCH IN
GREEK CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.



IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID THAT THERE WERE NO ACACIA (SHITIM) TREES IN SINAI LARGE ENOUGH TO FURNISH WOOD FOR THE ARK OF THE COVENANT. THIS ONE IS IN KADESH-BARNEA.



BEDOUIN SHEIKH AT ESBETA, SINAI PENINSULA, IN RUINS OF BYZANTINE CHURCH.

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it. During a dull period I tried to count the decorations, mostly jeweled, on the Patriarch's light blue silk undercoat, but I had only got to twenty-five when he moved away, to lead the official procession down into the crypt of the Manger.

Like the rest of the world, Bethlehem displays a complete confusion of the shepherds' and the Magi's part in the events of the Nativity. The star is linked with the shepherds; although the Gospel narrative is explicit that it was the "glory of Jehovah"—the mysterious Shekinah which once hovered over the Ark of the Covenant in the Holy of Holies—that appeared to the dazed shepherds. They were not led to the Manger by the star; indeed, they had difficulty in finding it, after they had heard the celestial chorus sing the "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace among men of good will."

Nor did the Wise Men go to the Manger: they it was who were led by the star; but their arrival was at a considerable time later than the Birth. They found the Holy Family, as the Gospel tells, in a house, and not in the stable of the inn. The action of Herod, in slaying all infants up to two years of age, implies that the time which the Wise Men had given him made it possible for the Babe of Mary to be more than a year old when they reached Bethlehem. Their gifts enabled the Holy Family to flee to Egypt and sojourn there; and the Infant was old enough to stand the rigors of that hard journey. All of this is clear to a careful reader of the Scripture: but, nevertheless, to the end of time, the decorations in the Church of the Nativity, and all Christmas art, will portray the Magi

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as at the Manger, and the shepherds as seeing the star.

I shall tell more about Bethlehem later; and also of an unforgettable Christmas Eve that I once spent in a Syrian khan, where there was a real baby in a still-used manger; but at the moment let me make clear that to-day, at the actual scene of the Birth of Jesus, there is none of the sublime simplicity, none of the divinely human dignity, none of the transcendent democracy, which marked the Advent that gave the world its Christmas, when heaven and earth met in a manger of lowliness; and all the pomp and trappings of history were rebuked by the Incarnation in Mary's Babe. All of the accumulated worldly pride of the Church, and all the intricacies of man-made rituals, have intervened to obscure the majestic naturalness of the Nativity. It was that God might draw near to man that Jesus was born in Bethlehem; but now ecclesiasticism has so come between the Reality and the worshiper that seekers after the Child no longer may find Him where He was born. Tragic is the bitter disappointment of reverent spirits who have traveled far to be present in Bethlehem at Christmastide. Ten million homes in America and Europe keep Christmas more truly than it is kept in Bethlehem; and they really draw nearer to an understanding of the Saviour who came to bring peace and good will to earth.

Historically, there is no doubt about Bethlehem as the Birthplace. This is the city of Ruth, the Moabitess, who here gleaned in the fields of Boaz. Here the Prophet Samuel passed the stalwart sons of Jesse in review, and anointed the ruddy shepherd boy, David,

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to be ruler of Israel. It was for the water of the Bethlehem well that fugitive King David thirsted, while the Philistines held the city; and when his three warriors risked their lives within the enemy lines, and secured the coveted draught, the grateful and poetical king poured the precious water out as an offering to Jehovah. It was to Bethlehem that Joseph and Mary came for the birth of "King David's Greater Son." On these fields, the glory-invested angels sang the first Christmas song to the uncomprehending shepherds. This was the goal of the Persian Wise Men following a star. These streets once rang to the bitter wails of Bethlehem mothers whose innocent children the ruthless soldiers of Herod slaughtered. Hither came, centuries later, devoted Queen Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, to build a basilica which has survived all others throughout the centuries, to stand as the oldest Christian church in the world. And it was upon Bethlehem that the Crusaders lavished their devotion to the Cause—and at the same time proved the frailty of their vows to the light of their lady-loves' eyes back in Europe; for to this day Bethlehem shows the Crusader strain in the blue eyes and Frankish features of its people. The distinctive dress of the Bethlehem women is probably a survival of a European style.

Modern Bethlehem is too modern to be satisfactory. It is one of the most prosperous and pretentious communities in Palestine, with a proportionately greater number of fine homes. These have been built by returned emigrants, who have made their fortunes mostly in South America, but have come back home

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to enjoy their wealth and prestige. Possibly because of the strong infusion of Crusader blood, the Bethlehemites are an aggressive, efficient people, outranking other Syrians. Most of them are Christians. The women are all striking, and many are beautiful. Aside from agriculture, the principal industry of the place is the cutting of mother-of-pearl into ornaments and souvenirs. Some of the artisans are real artists. This mother-of-pearl originates near by in the Red Sea, but it is shipped to Bethlehem by way of New York!

Commanding views of the mountains of Moab, with glimpses of the Dead Sea in between, may be had from the heights of Bethlehem; and especially from some of the roofs and towers of the Christian churches and schools which abound in the city. A fine marble bench, a memorial to her husband, has been placed by the widow of Holman Hunt at a vantage point on the road to Bethlehem; and this is a good spot from which to contemplate the whole region, including the city and the Shepherds' Fields. These last, the traditional site of the angelic appearance to the shepherds, are some distance east of the city: the nearer ground is mostly occupied with high-walled vineyards and olive groves. Still the sheep are pastured in the fields which once resounded to celestial music; and shepherds dress as of yore; and keep warm of nights by huddling under their *abeyahs* close to tiny fires; and sheep know their shepherds' voices, and are known to them by name. The one wholly satisfactory part of my visit to Bethlehem for the Greek Christmas was a picnic luncheon with a party of friends, in the warm sunshine of a grass plot overlooking the Shepherds' Fields, with never

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a priest or spire in sight. There is no getting close to the real Christmas except as one shuns formalism and artificiality and the accretions of ecclesiasticism; and draws near to the simplest aspects of nature and of human life.

That Bethlehem's great shrine has escaped the destruction which so often has overtaken the holy places of Jerusalem, only five miles away, is remarkable. On one occasion the reason traditionally given was romantic. It was at the time of the Persian invasion, which laid waste Jerusalem; and the conquerors rode down to Bethlehem to treat that Christian center likewise. In the great Christian church, then, as now, the center of the community, they saw, outstanding amidst the elaborate mosaic which ran around the wall (part of it still remains) the figures of the Persian Magi, bearing gifts to the Child. The work of the artist must have been well done; for the invaders recognized the Magi as Persians, and cried, "Why, these are fire-worshippers from our own country! This cannot be a church of the Christians. It must be a Zoroastrian temple." So they rode away without harming the Church of the Nativity at all. Again and again the building has been spared, miraculously, the Christians believe.

Bitter ecclesiastical rivalry has not been so tender of the old structure, in which Latins, as Roman Catholics are called out here; Greeks, or the Eastern Orthodox Church; and Armenians, or Gregorians; and Copts and Abyssinians; all have "rights." For a long time a hideous wall cut the main church in two; but this was removed, in a fortunate hour, by the

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British, shortly after the occupation. Each sect has its chapels, the principal part of the structure being claimed by the Greeks, and each has certain privileges of worship in the crypt, and of the number and kind of lamps it may hang there. So often did these ecclesiastics clash at the actual Manger of the Prince of Peace that the Turks kept a military guard at the entrance of the crypt, to maintain order. The British have been obliged to do likewise; but it is apparent that fighting in the holy places has greatly diminished under the strong and mollifying rule of the British.

For centuries the Church of the Nativity has partaken of the character of a fortress, because of the fear of Islam. In order that it may never be "rushed" the main door to the whole structure is so small that a man has to stoop double to enter: even the proudest and most bedizened ecclesiastic has to assume, momentarily at least, the outward semblance of humility before he can enter this holy place. Inside, the old building shows traces of successive periods of repairs and redecoration, including a pronounced flavor of the Crusades.

Not in the church or chapels above, but in the crypt below, lies the real shrine of the Nativity. The former are decorated with all the gold and silver and bejeweled and enameled and painted and tinsel and ostrich-egg elaborateness common to the old churches in the East, and with not a trace of real art. Something of the same tawdriness bedecks the crypt; the real character of which, however, as a rock-hewn chamber, cannot be hidden. Sunk in the floor of the traditional manger is a silver star, inscribed "*Jesus*

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Christus natus est hic de Virgine Maria." Close by is the alcove of the Manger; and, down a long, rock-cut passage is the room where Jerome, the peerless scholar who translated the Scriptures into the Latin Vulgate, dwelt and worked and died. On other than an ecclesiastical feast day, the spot is well worth visiting, one of the most rewarding in all Bible Lands. Ever since early in the second century, this cavern has been pointed out as the birthplace of Jesus.

From what we know of the unchanging usage of the Land, this well may be so. Houses and khans in Syria, as in southern France and Italy, are often built against the hillside, with their inner rooms cut from the soft limestone. Such was doubtless the case with the khan or inn at Bethlehem, five miles below Jerusalem, on the highroad to Hebron, where distraught Joseph vainly applied for admission on the first Christmas Eve. Then, as now, simple human kindness and fellowship were stronger amongst the working folk than in any other class; and the kindly caravan drivers, moved to sympathy by the urgent plight of the carpenter's wife, cheerfully made room for them in a corner of the cave stable, amidst the horses and donkeys, whose natural heat rendered this innermost room warmer than the cheerless upper chambers where lodged the proud and unyielding guests who would not inconvenience themselves for the sake of the belated Nazareth workingman and his wife.

Overmuch has perhaps been made of the hardship of the birth of Jesus in a stable. In the East, the plain people live close to their animals. Doubtless, both Mary and Joseph had often roomed with the

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gentle beasts who are man's best servants. Many babies in Palestine have been born in stables and cradled in mangers. It was into the common lot of the lowliest folk that the Christmas Child came.

In the year 1910 it was my unique privilege to spend Christmas Eve in a Christmas khan, liker to the scene of the Nativity than anything Bethlehem can nowadays show. That experience illustrated Christmas for me beyond anything I had ever read or heard; and far beyond all that I have learned in repeated visits to the modern city of Bethlehem. The scene was in upper Syria, between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. With a companion, Mr. Gardner Hazen, I was caravanning from Aleppo to the Tigris River, there to have constructed a skin raft to carry us down to Bagdad. We had been passing, during our belated journeyings, "shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night"—groups of two or three men or boys, cowering close together over a frugal fire, alongside of their sleeping sheep. For protection, they usually had flintlocks, and the curved daggers which serve all purposes, from toothpick to carving knife; and stout clubs, with knobby ends, the "rod" of the Twenty-third Psalm. Cold and lonely and hard are these nights spent on the hillsides with the sheep; but that is the shepherd's lot.

On Christmas Eve, nightfall found us at a little village on the eastern side of a small hill. By the nature of the construction of these one-storied hillside settlements, with their flat roofs, built into the earth, this one was scarcely visible to us, coming from the west, until we were full upon it. The cattle returning from the fields, and the well where the women

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were drawing the evening supply of water, were our first evidences of habitation.

There was a small khan in the village, built around three sides of a courtyard, all entered by one gate. In this courtyard were our vehicles, and the camels of other travelers. There were storerooms and guest rooms at the sides; and the largest room of all was at the back, against the hill. It was already occupied by some Armenian travelers when we arrived; but the inn-keeper, or khanji, hustled them off into a corner, to make room for the foreigners, who had cots to set up and a servant to cook for them. Had we been so minded, the Armenians would have been driven out entirely; for they were of the undistinguished common people, like Joseph and Mary, for whom there is no room in an inn when free-spending notables, like Americans, are concerned. The Bethlehem episode was true to the ageless usage of the whole Orient. Shamu, our servant, made the evening fire right in the middle of the room, and prepared the hot meal which the cold wayfarers so sorely needed. A single unsheltered wick, fed by native petroleum from down Mosul way, was the only light in the room.

Hardly had we got our canvas cots set up before we had to move them, to make a passageway for the horses, bound for the cave stable which lay back of the large guest room. To the East there is nothing incongruous in building the best guest room alongside the stable, or in having the animals pass through a living room.

After we had eaten, I went into the stable to explore. I found it warmer than other rooms, and steam

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rose from the bodies of the horses. (Of course, there were no oxen or cows or sheep or goats in the stable; which was for the use of horses and donkeys only.) Our drivers had lighted a fire, about which they and their new-found fellows were having a sociable time. The blaze from this fire made weird shadows dance on the earthen walls; and picked out the glistening blackness of the timbers of the soot-lined roof; and revealed the swaying, dusty, smoky cobwebs. Here was comfort, as compared with what we travelers knew in the more honorable guest room.

Suddenly, the hum of the driver's talk, and the soft sounds of the horses, was punctured by the shrill cry of a little child! Over at the other end of the spacious cave stable were the women of the khanji's household, and a baby in the manger! Holy Night was being reproduced before my eyes, by Moslem peasants who had never heard the Christmas Story. Here was in completeness all the setting of the birth of Christ. The naturalness, simplicity and homeliness of the scene were etched vividly and indelibly upon my memory; and I went out under the diamond-sprinkled velvet Syrian sky to muse upon the primitiveness and universality of the Nativity; when God drew nearest to man by the Child born close to nature's unadorned manner of life. Christmas is too beautifully simple and real and human to be marred by all the artificiality which nowadays attends it at Bethlehem.

CHAPTER XIV

QUIET DAYS BY GALILEE



EN is powerless to portray that which best deserves reproduction—nobody has adequately described a sunset, since nature works in the superlative degree—so I sit here on our balcony overlooking the Lake of Galilee, and wonder how to begin my crowded tale. It is a morning in early December. We are guests of genial Father Toepper, a German Lazarist monk who maintains a hospice on the northern shore of that Lake which is the best-loved stretch of water in the world. Father Toepper, with his twinkling blue eyes and silken brown beard and unfading smile and gestures of animation, is a character study worthy of a chapter: with his Bedouins in their black tents, who partake of his bounty and obey his authority. Scholar, publicist, boniface, Biblical authority, cosmopolitan, Father Toepper is a man not soon forgotten. We occupy his large, upper room, with its own balcony, roofed over by gorgeous Bougainvillæ vines in full bloom. Directly in front, at once obscuring and adorning the view of the Lake, is a glorious palm, twenty-five feet high, and next to it is a pine tree, with a cypress hard by. A little to our right, the monk's

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orange and banana groves bear golden fruit on a background of intense green. A lover of plants as of people is our hearty host.

Like the hum of the conversation of a roomful of gentlefolk is the soft lapping of the waves of Galilee upon the shore this morning. Yesterday they danced merrily and noisily before a driving wind; and sometimes they increase to huge and thunderous breakers. At this moment the music of the water is interrupted by the drone of two British airplanes on their way to the Syrian border, where a heavy patrol is maintained against incursions by Druzes. Nevertheless, there is a constant seepage across the frontier of men fleeing from the fighting: as soon as we left our car by the roadside yesterday to go to Chorazin, two German members of the French Foreign Legion, who had been hiding behind the rocks until we should be out of sight, accosted our Arab chauffeur, seeking succor and direction for further flight. As in the days of Jesus, the great highway to Damascus from the coast runs along the northern end of the Lake; and nowadays all the talk of chance-met travelers is of developments in Syria, and of the safety of the Damascus road beyond the border. Even one day's sojourn by the northern end of the Lake makes clearer than much study the strategic position of Galilee, and why Jesus was in touch with the world currents of his day. There were geographical and political reasons for the cosmopolitanism of the Galilean who hereabouts first claimed world dominion. Jesus knew His times.

This Lake still has immeasurable preëminence over

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Lake Geneva as the spot whence the deliverance of the nations from war and fear and hatred is to come. Right here were spoken the words, and right here was lived the Life, that hold highest hope for humankind. Such is the thought ever uppermost with one who is tracing the earthly footsteps of the Teacher of a new world way.

Within the past few days we have covered practically the whole scene of the Galilean ministry of Jesus. Somewhere within walking distance of this spot where I am writing, was His own town of Capernaum, where His manhood was lived and His greatest works done. Never has the Gospel record so glowed with present reality as when I read it here: for the places mentioned are no longer mere names in a book, but actual localities that I may see by lifting my eyes; and that my feet have lately trodden.

It was down yonder gray Gadara hills, on the eastern shore of the Lake, that the swine rushed into the sea when the evil spirits entered them from the tomb-dwelling maniac: and right here in Tabgha wanders to-day a naked lunatic, making his home in the caves. The boatmen whom we saw letting down their great net last evening, girding up their garments to the waist, were in unbroken succession to the fishermen who became apostles. The other boats, setting out at dusk for the night's fishing, whom our rowers hailed with the prayer that God would give them a good haul, may have toiled all night and caught nothing, for December is a dull month at the fishing. It will not be easy to forget the mien of dejection with which the crowd of Arabs who had gathered to see last eve-

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ning's big net hauled into shore, walked away empty-handed.

Either at Tell Hum, a good walk to the east of us, where we inspected the remarkable remains of a Hellenized Jewish synagogue; or a few rods to the west, where the Plain of Gennesaret lies stretched out before the Lake, busy Capernaum once beheld such wonders, and heard such words, as never blessed any other city in history. No man knows the sure site of any of these Lake cities. One simple explanation is that the doom pronounced upon them by Jesus has wiped them from the map of man's knowledge. "Woe unto you Capernaum, woe unto you Bethsaida, woe unto you Chorazin" was no mere rhetorical gesture. The disaster beyond all others possible to man is to incur the Divine reprobation. The only city on the Lake that has survived since the time of Christ is Tiberias; and there is no record that He ever visited it. Zionism is making over into prosperous commonplaceness this old city with its medieval walls, and its once so squalid and smelly streets. Jewish orthodoxy has long held Tiberias as one of its centers: for tradition says that when the Messiah comes he will rise from the Lake and choose his followers from the city. Though famous for its sanctity, Tiberias, before the British imposed certain sanitary measures, was reputed the most malodorous spot on earth; thus disproving the adage "cleanliness is next to godliness"—even though there is a famous hot Roman bath a few rods further down the Lake; for these bathhouses are notoriously dirty: not all places of cleansing are themselves clean. Some day, though,



MOSQUE AT JENIN, PALESTINE.

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British efficiency will get around to putting these celebrated curative baths into a condition that will merit the popularity they enjoyed in Herod's day.

It is a curious fact that the voluminous Roman records that have come down from the first century do not fix the exact place of the Lake cities of our Lord's time; and equally strange that no informatory inscriptions have rewarded the digging of the archaeologists. We are therefore driven back to the basic considerations that commonly lead men to establish cities; such as trade, defense, water and food supplies. Here at Tabgha are the "Seven Springs," adequate to supply a city. When we were in swimming yesterday, we clambered for a quarter of a mile over the rocks of the beach to the West, and they revealed an almost continuous flow of abundant water. The Plain of Gennesaret, upon the edge of which Tabgha sits, must have contained a city. Bethsaida Julius may have been the traditional *tell*, perched against the hills on the edge of the Jordan-watered plain at the north-eastern corner of the Lake. Natural conditions usually determine the place and growth of cities: it is only occasionally that an Atlanta or a Dallas grows by the sheer power of its own people.

Fascinating, but rather footless, is this quest for sure sites. After all, they only afford opportunity for rival sects and organizations to score against one another by creating shrines. A layman's judgment is that probably there were only two cities actually on the northern shore of the Lake, in the time of our Lord. One was Capernaum, either on or hard by the Plain of Gennesaret; and the other was Bethsaida, on the

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other plain by the eastern bank of the Jordan, up in the northeastern corner of the Lake. Other settlements there doubtless were—ruins prove it—such as the town of Magdala, whence Mary Magdalene derived her name; now a Jewish farm colony with cunning little Noah's Ark houses all in a row. But these spots indicated were the natural sites of the two cities so often mentioned in the Gospels, as the home towns of Jesus and of His Apostles, and as the scene of their labors. Now they are given over to the nomadic Bedouin. Only by imagination can we reconstruct their bustling life, and the commotion created in them by the Master's sayings and doings.

Midway between Bethsaida and Capernaum, but lying back from the Lake a few miles, was Chorazin. This is the surest site of the three; for the little village on the spot has always borne a name analogous to Chorazin: at present, it is called "Kerdzah," and we saw new excavations in progress which confirm this as the scene of an ancient city. To the general reader, it means nothing out of the ordinary when I say that I have visited Chorazin; but it may be that some one—perhaps Father Toepper—will light upon these lines who has also visited Chorazin, which is entirely out of consideration by Holy Land "trippers"; if so, I know that a smile will come to his face, and a twinkle to his eyes, as he reads; for he understands what the experience involves.

Stout shoes, stout legs, stout lungs and stout patience are all required for the trip to Chorazin. The route lies up and down, up and down, over the stony hills of Galilee. There is no path, except occasional donkey

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tracks (the appropriateness of which grimly suggests itself to the stumbling traveler!), and for every time a foot is placed upon soil it is twice placed upon a rock, big or little, and one often prone to roll from under. Great boulders and small stones literally cover all the stretch from old Capernaum to Chorazin; and the going is the roughest this traveler has ever experienced afoot anywhere in the world. But the prospect of a swim in the Lake, and of food, keeps one moving on the homeward way. Petty pride at having accomplished a feat such as modern cushioned and coddled travelers would never attempt is also salve to foot-soreness.

Only by walking—which includes climbing and stumbling—over such a region as the road to Chorazin may a traveler get any real understanding of one of the big facts of Holy Land geography. This stony land was not always stony. It simply would have been impossible for a city to have existed on the site of Chorazin, under existing conditions. Traffic could not have been carried on. Homes could not have been built. Food could not have been raised or transported. Wheels could not have moved over these roadless rocks, and pack animals could not have traveled them. Written clearly on these stony hills, where the slinking hyena that we saw seems the natural inhabitant, is the tremendous truth concerning Palestine, that the Land to-day is not as it was in the times of Scripture: not so fertile, not so cultivatable, not so beautiful, not so resourceful. The Promised Land of the Children of Israel wore a far different face from the territory which Zionists nowadays seek as a national home for

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the Jews. This clear, indisputable fact has a bearing upon every phase of study of the Holy Land. It applies generally, "from Dan to Beersheba."

The explanation lies largely in a single word: deforestation. The Holy Land has been practically denuded of trees. Only on the uplands of Moab, across the Jordan, are any old forests to be found. Ignorance, war and poverty have caused the sacrifice of the forests, including even many of the gray groves of olive trees, which are one of the country's principal sources of revenue and sustenance. Dwellers in Palestine lament the destruction of whole large areas of olive trees by the Turkish and German armies, during the late War.

Then there are the goats! How often in this country I have seen the faces of good men grow hard as they have condemned the free-ranging goats as the curse of the land. Goats feed on young trees. Where they pasture there is no chance for new growth. What man's ravaging hand has begun, the goats have completed: for they have prevented nature from restoring the damage done. Black goats on gray hillsides are a seemly sight: but they are deadly foes to the development of timber that is essential to bind the soil and to retain the moisture. Some day the government will see that it is less important for Europe and America to wear kid-leather shoes than it is for the hillsides of Palestine to wear verdure. When that happy time comes, the public domain will be closed to the flocks of goats which are at present one of the characteristic spectacles of the Land. I wonder if the animal's destructive proclivities were known when it was made the scapegoat of the Hebrew ritual?

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Without trees, stones have gradually appeared where good soil once was. And the light, friable dark brown soil remaining between the rocks is exceedingly fertile. These stony hillsides are a panorama of lovely wild flowers in the springtime. Given a chance to grow, the trees, and especially the olive, send sinuous and adventurous roots down between the rocks, and find adequate nourishment. But for profitable agricultural purposes, the hills of Galilee have been made impossible. Too much of the top of the mountains lies at the bottom of the Lake. The muddy tinge of the Jordan, all the year through, tells its own sinister tale of rain-washed, treeless uplands. Every visitor to Palestine is struck first of all by the stony barrenness of the hill country: and the country is mostly hills. When he looks closely, he sees that these slopes were once terraced, and bore vineyards and orchards and gardens. Of course, the absence of vegetation has had a great effect upon the rainfall; and lack of water, along with lack of trees, constitutes a fundamental shortcoming of present-day Palestine. Of the ten thousand square miles of Palestine, less than one half is officially computed to be arable. Divided by Biblically-designated regions, Judea is the most barren; Samaria is better and Galilee is best—for in Galilee and Samaria lies the Land's greatest garden spot, the Plain of Esdraelon. It is on the plains that the Zionists are working out their experiments of afforestation and of modern cultivation. Whatever may be the outcome of Zionism, the trees it has planted should remain a lovely monument.

Literally, because of the state of the shins and feet

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of the man bound for Chorazin, deforestation becomes a sore subject with him. He muses upon the vast historical and political and economic and social consequences of so simple and individual an act as cutting down trees without providing for a new growth. He wishes he could take the legislators and lumbermen of America on a tour of this stony way, that they might learn the elemental lesson. Proud Chorazin on its hilltop might withstand beleaguering armies, but it had to succumb to the ax laid at the foot of its trees.

Arrived at Chorazin, there is little to see. Because of the still-open wells of the place, a small mud village clings to it. Now a collection of the black goats' hair tents of the Bedouin have come to town, because of the work offered to women and men by the archaeologists. The Palestine Department of Antiquities, despite its limited funds, is conducting operations, on a small scale, to uncover so much of ancient Chorazin as possible. They have been rewarded by the remains of a synagogue, built of black basalt; which, like the synagogue at Tell Hum, on the Lake, shows curious evidences of a mingling of Greek and Roman and Hebrew symbolism and architecture. I saw the "Star of David," which is now Zionism's emblem; and the seven-branched candlestick, cut into capitals of great basalt pillars. One partly defaced figure was evidently that of a lion. The entire floor space of the synagogue has been uncovered, and the stone benches around the walls still remain in place. No inscriptions have been unearthed; and there is no means of knowing whether or not this is the very synagogue in which

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Jesus once preached. The tumbled condition of the ruins is due to severe earthquakes which have shaken the whole region of the Lake.

On the stony way to Chorazin, Father Toepper pointed out what he, and many other students, believe to be the Mount of Beatitudes and the place of the feeding of the five thousand. He laughingly explained the traditional spot on Kurn Hattin, back of the city of Tiberias, and quite a distance from the shore, by recalling that the Crusaders were rather given to fixing all Scriptural sites within territory occupied by them. Since the Saracens held the head of the Lake, and the regions behind it, the soldiers of the Cross fixed upon places accessible to their own pilgrims. Kurn Hattin, alas, was destined to have a tragic significance of its own, as the scene of the great defeat of the Crusaders by Saladin. Certainly, it seems more in accord with the Gospel narrative, and with known conditions, to assume that the Sermon on the Mount was delivered in the region where Jesus commonly labored, and close to the populous cities. This hillside, now a field of black stones, but once a flower-decked, grassy incline, slopes gradually toward the Lake, at a point midway between Bethsaida and Capernaum. Until the War, it was surmounted by a small grove of surviving old trees, known to the Arabs as the "Trees of Blessing." At present, the one sign of life on the mountain side is a Bedouin tent, which I photographed in the foreground.

Amidst these stones it is not easy to see again the teeming Oriental multitudes who used to throng the gentle Christ. Then population was dense where now

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is desolation. The very complexion of the hillsides has changed. Doubtless, the Bedouins are substantially the same, in dwellings, dress and manner of life, as when Jesus knew them. He who frequented the desert so persistently must have partaken often of Arab hospitality. Life in its simplest forms is what persists in defiance of the mutations of time.

On the day before our visit to Chorazin, we had passed a Bedouin wedding party, which seemed for all the world like a page torn out of the New Testament. These people of the black tents, who were old when Abraham dwelt amongst them, magnify the importance of marriage and of the family and of female chastity. (A Bedouin maiden who loses her virtue is done to death by her relatives, even to this day.) Poor and busy though the Arabs be, they set everything else aside for the festival of a wedding. In this procession, one camel carried the unveiled bride and her mother, the latter holding aloft a flag that was but a red cotton bandana handkerchief on a stick. The band was one solitary piper. There were but two horsemen and a few donkeys, and the rest of the large party, men, women and children, walked; and sang and capered as they walked; ever and again letting forth the shrill wedding cries. These were but the preliminary festivities ere the bride-elect should be taken to the home of her husband. All day long there was intermittent firing of guns, which is one Arab way of expressing a festal spirit; and then, at eventide, we chanced upon the party again, tirelessly noisy and frolicsome. For some reason unknown to me, the bride now wore a veil.

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At sunset, while the wedding feast was preparing—a poor enough feast, meaning merely plenty to eat, without even a single sheep cooked; for poverty is real with these Bedouins—the wedding dance began, to continue intermittently throughout the night. Father Toepper took us up to the tent where the bride was now secluded, that we might see the festivities at close range, and a servant brought along a lantern, for the Arabs had only firelight. One homemade reed pipe furnished bagpipe music by the simple expedient of the musician's keeping his cheeks continuously puffed out. ("I have piped for you and ye have not danced.") The line of dancers, all men and boys except one, marched serpentine fashion, singing as they went. Occasionally they would halt facing each other, and indulge in a series of rhythmic stampings and clappings. It was weird work, and sweaty, but the participants seemed not to tire.

Because we were foreigners, the little dusky bride was brought out for our inspection, dressed in her wedding finery—all dark silks, gilt embroidered. She uncovered her face shyly, to smile at us, proud of the attention she was receiving, and frankly appreciative of the wedding gift that reached her hand. Altogether, she was a demure and happy and satisfactory bride. Father Toepper rather spoiled the illusion of the hour by his chuckling remark, "Look at her now! And in a week she will be dressed in rags and working like a donkey." But at least, this hour was hers. On her back was perhaps twenty dollars' worth of trousseau; and the cousin she was marrying had to pay one hundred and fifty dollars for her. In the face of this

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Bedouin actuality, one had whimsical thoughts of a lately popular silly American book and play, *The Sheik*. (That word, by the way is pronounced, not "sheek," but "shakh.")

Whoso loiters about Galilee will see many touches of native life that unexpectedly shed light upon the Scripture narrative. What criticism has regarded as one of the "fishiest" of Christ's miracles was the finding of the silver tribute coin in the mouth of a fish. Granting the known existence of a fish peculiar to this Lake, which has a pouch in its jaw wherein it carries its eggs and its young; and admitting the proclivity of the fish to pick up bright objects, the query has been, "How could that fish ever have come into possession of the coin?" A trifling incident of our boat trip to Bethsaida is perhaps illustrative. A rather simple-minded Arab had been doing errands ashore for us, while two of our three boatmen had gone up the Lake with a gun, in successful search of waterfowl. He had stood guard by the ladies in an orange grove ashore, while a friend and I had pushed out into the Lake for a swim, *au naturel*; and he had carried shoes and parcels while the party later waded out from the shell-strewn beach to the returned boat. So I gave him a ten-piaster piece, the equivalent of half a dollar, which he promptly put into his mouth. But the silly fellow had never learned the advantages, financial and otherwise, of keeping his mouth closed; and he dropped the money into the water which had been muddied by his feet. He smilingly touched his head and pointed to heaven, remarking that Allah had decreed it so. Was it some remote ancestor of this man who similarly



EVENING ON THE LAKE OF GALILEE, NEAR BETHSAIDA JULIUS.



THE HILL OF BEATITUDES ON THE NORTHERN END OF THE LAKE OF GALILEE.



A GLIMPSE OF JERASH RUINS FROM WITHIN THE THEATER.



PROBABLY JESUS PREACHED AND HEALED IN THIS VERY FORUM
IN JERASH.

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dropped into the Lake the coin which Peter extracted from the fish's mouth? And what will a modern fisherman say if he catches a fish that has swallowed my glittering ten-piaster piece?

Galilee boats are heavy, and propelled by two long, apparently clumsy sweeps, fastened to thole pins by thongs, which the rower pushes, rather than pulls. It fell to me to take an oar when we went half a mile or so out into the Lake for our swim (and there is no more exhilarating bathing to be found anywhere in the world); and I was surprised to discover how easily the oar was manipulated. Nevertheless, it was a source of wonder to behold our two Arab boatmen, light, lithe chaps, drive the heavy craft at full speed for an hour and a half, part of that time in the face of heavy wind and waves, which arose with the startling suddenness characteristic of the Lake. Despite their intense exertion, they sang merrily in the moonlight as we neared shore; and laughed at the foreigners who were heavily wrapped against the chill wind, whereas they wore only thin cotton garments. Who would exchange a Venetian gondola, or a Hudson River motorboat, for this rough craft on Galilee, the sea of sacred memories?

After all the varied aspects of the Lake and its environs and its history have been considered, it still remains true that the most cherished memories of quiet days by Galilee are of the water itself, and of the hills around it. Sometimes the Lake is a vivid green or blue, like the Mediterranean at its fairest. On dull days it wears a somber lead color; and at evening it shares the purple glow with the resplendent hills. This author is not so foolhardy as to attempt to describe a

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celestial sunset or a moonrise, or the glory that marches softly and swiftly over the eastern highlands to introduce the new day to this most hallowed of waters. But before and after memory reverts to the cities and ruins and peoples of Galilee, it dwells upon the indescribable and immeasurable beauty of the Lake in its changing lights: the loveliness that once brought peace and refreshment to the weary spirit of Jesus of Galilee.

CHAPTER XV

THE GALILEE MAN: THE MAN OF GALILEE



VARIOUS convergences strike the modern Rambler in the home-town neighborhood of Jesus. Just at the time when scientific studies of the age and origin of man had begun to percolate down to the common consciousness of the world, there was reported, from this very region by the Lake, the discovery of possibly the oldest human skull. The Galilee Man, as this petrified fragment is called (although now the experts contend that it was a woman!), gets into print in a way that confuses readers who have been reared to reverence the Man of Galilee. On this spot, for millenniums preeminently sacred to religion, the modern contention of science dramatically thrusts itself forth. At first sight, it looks as if this northern end of the Lake is to become a controversial battlefield between the forces of the Man of Galilee and those of the Galilee Man.

As we made our way one sunshiny December morning, when the world seemed too fair for any kind of quarreling, across the stony but fertile Plain of Gennesaret, toward the cave where this prehistoric relic had been discovered a few months earlier, we mused, naturally, upon the long, long stretch of human history

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that this region has staged. In childhood days it used to seem as if the long-ago times of Jesus were close to the beginning of things; and so far distant from our own era that they could scarcely be reconstructed. One recalls not very learned Bible class discussions as to whether Jesus and the Apostles really could read and write; and clear affirmation by certain popular "higher critics" that writing was unknown in the days of Moses, so that the Lawgiver of Israel could not possibly have recorded his statutes. Yet here in the Greco-Roman ruins all about the Near East, are signs that the race was ripe to rottenness when Jesus came upon the scene. The world has suddenly inherited a bigger clock and a longer calendar; but no new time-keeper.

Twenty thousand years or more is the age assigned by the savants to this prehistoric skull. The exactness of the chronological knowledge of these modern wise men rather bewilders a layman; and likewise the apparent recklessness with which they toss about periods of tens of thousands and millions and even billions of years. One who has to cudgel his brain to retain even a vague knowledge of three thousand years of fully and clearly recorded history, envies these cocksure masters of millions of years. Despite all the heretical winks and tongues in cheeks of ordinary men who also are in a position to examine the evidence of the archæologists and of the geologists and of the anthropologists, there really is no way to check up on the affirmations of these scientific dogmatists who make the theologians look like timorous amateurs. Perhaps a celebrated British political maxim, "Wait and see" is as pertinent an observation as any for one who has

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heard the scientists disagree over evidence in their hands.

A young man, Turville Petre, found this much-discussed upper skull of the now famous Galilee Man, in June, 1925. He was out for a term of study with the British Archæological Society in Jerusalem; and work had to be found for him. So he was sent up into Galilee by the director, to poke around the ancient caves that abound in the neighborhood where already German scientists had gone exploring. All of Bible Lands is a region of caves: and the Wady El Amud (or "Valley of the Pillar") which runs due north from the center of the Plain of Gennesaret, at the north-western corner of the Lake of Galilee, has many such. In addition to the one that has now won celebrity, I entered two others which have been dug out, showing the same layers of ancient deposits, especially flints. Others, including two almost opposite the Cave of the Galilee Man, still await the exploring spade of the archæologist. It seems to me that the caves of Asia Minor and of Syria and Palestine offer the best fields of adventure in the world. And on the way, enriching experiences of natural beauty and of human life, such as the ageless Bedouin in their black tents, will be stored up: for the oleanders and crocuses and cyclamens and other flowers which still bloom in the Wady El Amud, as they did when the Galilee Man sallied forth from his cave habitation, armed with flint spear and club in quest of the family dinner, are a perpetually fragrant memory. As I photographed a charming glimpse of the Lake down the Wady, I wondered if the eyes that once looked out from beneath the pro-

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truding eyebrows of the skull which has given Mr. Petre a permanent place in the school books, used to pause to contemplate this loveliness.

Long before scientists paid any attention to this particular cave, it was locally known as "Robbers' Cave." Imagination is quickened as one observes the evidences of the successive groups of mankind, from the doughty hunters of the prehistoric period to the inoffensive shepherds of modern times, who have made this huge aperture in the rock their habitation. None have left inscriptions that remain. Only the débris tells their story. The cave is about twenty feet high and thirty feet wide at the entrance, which is more than one hundred feet above the bottom of the ravine; and within, at its greatest dimensions, I estimated it to be fifty feet high and nearly a hundred feet deep. The walls are smoke covered, and on the roof are many curious limestone nodules, the size of a golf ball, perhaps incipient stalactites. A few feet above the entrance, and clearly of human construction, is a circular hole, about eighteen inches in diameter, blackened by smoke. Possibly this was cut into the soft limestone, æons ago, to let out the smoke when the entrance was closed up, for protection from enemies or from the elements. The walls are naturally irregular, nooks and alcoves opening off from the main chamber, as is usual in limestone formations. I wonder if this is the origin of chamber within chamber which marks the ancient sepulchers of Egypt, Phœnicia and Syria? The "Tombs of the Kings," in Jerusalem, is a clear example of this. At present, the Robbers' Cave is inhabited only by great flocks of pigeons; and we found several snake skins.

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Fire is one of the first needs of man: and more wood and brush have been burned in this cave throughout the millenniums—for the cave has apparently had practically continuous use since first man began to occupy it—than the mind can easily conceive. Each fire left a deposit of ashes and scraps. These packed down throughout the centuries; and by the nature of the clearly marked strata of ash-gray deposits, varied by occasional charcoal layers, and bits of pottery, bone and stone, the scientists have sought to determine the antiquity of the successive eras. On the lower levels flint implements and flint chips are abundant: for early man's house was his workshop as well as his castle.

It was on this lowest level, beneath a rock which had apparently fallen from the roof, that Mr. Petre found the petrified upper front portion of a human skull, separated into three fragments but not crushed at all. His theory is that the accident which killed the Galilee Man also preserved his skull from decay, beneath a cavity in the rock. Why the teeth and lower jaw and other bones were not found is one of the points that give play to conjecture. The director of the British Archæological Society, Dr. John Garstang, was present at the actual discovery of the skull; but he has kept in the background and given all the credit to his young assistant.

At once the skull was taken to London, and submitted to the eminent anthropologist, Sir Arthur Keith, who examined and classified it as representing the Neanderthal type of man, of the period extending from twenty thousand to fifty thousand years ago. Sir

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Arthur comments (London *Times*, August 14, 1925): "From all of these facts, it may be inferred that in point of size, the brain of the ancient Galilean fell only a little short of that of the average modern Englishman of to-day." This is a scientific pronouncement that may not politely be stated in its converse form.

Two points pertinent to our central theme emerge from the cave of the Galilee Man. One is that the earliest man may have had his beginning in Bible Lands. It almost seems as if this region is central to science as to history and to religion. The recent dictum that the human species began in Europe, or in Central Asia, has been dramatically challenged by this fragment of a human frame from a cave in which the wandering Jesus of Galilee often may have taken refuge for prayer, in one of his seasons of seclusion. The location may be visualized if it is suggested that the Galilee Man lived in the suburbs of Capernaum, which was the home, during His maturity, of the Man of Galilee.

Of far greater practical significance is the conclusion of Sir Arthur Keith, that this Galilee Man possesses as large a brain as the modern Englishman who is sapiently discussing religion, politics, economics and sports to-day. The statement recalls something said to me just after the War by Colonel T. E. Lawrence ("Lawrence of the Hejaz," the leader of the Arab allies against the Central Powers), who was busy as an archæologist at Carchemish, the Hittite capital on the Euphrates River, when the War called him to fame in a totally different field. "The thing of which I am proudest," said Lawrence, "is that I discovered the

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oldest archæological man—that is, of man falling within the period of recorded history. The man was about five thousand years old, and I dug him up at Carchemish. His skull clearly showed the brain capacity of an Oxford don.”

No reader can miss the meaning of these two testimonies, and their application to the present controversy over evolution. For if man's brain has not evolved to any substantial degree in the past five thousand years, according to Lawrence; or in the past twenty thousand years, according to Keith, the hypothesis of evolution must be discarded as a practical factor in the progress of the race. As a biological theory, evolution may continue to be held, and held in perfect consistency with the teaching of the Bible. But it contains no hope for the development of the powers of living human beings. All the once-popular patter about society's "evoluting" into a better order of mankind is unscientific buncombe. Even the most patient and far-seeing humanitarian is not willing to wait twenty thousand or fifty thousand years for the race to develop bigger, better brains and consequent personalities. All the clamor about evolution as a substitute for religion has been futile. The Galilee Man, as interpreted by our day's foremost evolutionists, has come forth from his cave to rebuke our folly.

In dramatic contrast, the Man of Galilee, from the very same locality, speaks anew a message of hope, and one that is even more scientific: for the psychologists, such as Professor William James, must be admitted to a scientific rank quite equal to that of the anthropologists, such as Sir Arthur Keith. The latter, and all

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his learned associates, would doubtless be quick to agree with Professor James, that the powers of man are capable of development and increase by bringing to bear upon them certain spiritual and emotional forces. Any intense personal experience, such as love, or fear, or patriotism or religious conversion, may arouse in a person powers totally unsuspected by him or by anybody else. There is, scientifically, such a possibility as transformation of an individual or of a nation or of a race by the experience of religion. One great inward spiritual upheaval may have more effect upon a human character than years of education or environment. The World War proved the truth of this principle. Christianity has demonstrated it times without number. Regeneration is as scientific as evolution—and far more provable and practical. So we may translate into the scientific jargon of our own day the teachings of the Man of Galilee that He came to bring life, and life more abundantly. His Message, which made over His fellow Galilean followers, who had been but commonplace fishermen, into saints and statesmen (a rare combination!), heroes and world leaders, is assuredly the truth for our troubled times.

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF JORDAN

NLY of late has the occasional venturesome tourist to the Holy Land begun to find his way beyond Jericho and the Jordan River. Before the War, and before British law had imposed a measure of security upon the region, the man who went to Amman or to Jerash or to Medaba or to Petra regarded himself as somewhat of an explorer, and entitled to write a book about his adventures. With reason, too; for the East has ever been the lawless land, the seat of trouble for Palestine. Only so short a time ago as 1910, when I first visited the Trans-Jordan region and Petra, we were attacked by a highwayman on our second night out from Jerusalem; and we left Petra just in time to escape, by a day, the massacre of Kerak, and the tearing up of the Mecca Railway near Ma'an. Even on the present occasion, Petra was prohibited to us by the British authorities, because of local risings of the tribesmen. To this day the maps of the region are sketchy and conjectural and inadequate for a traveler.

None the less, it needs to be stated flatly that nobody knows Bible Lands, or even the so-called "Holy Land" proper, who has not traversed the Jordan Valley, and the uplands of Moab. A moment's thought, without

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looking up the references, will recall that it was on the other side of Jordan that the Children of Israel found themselves fit for the great undertaking of conquering Canaan. Here they left their leader, Moses, in an unknown grave. Jacob had his greatest experience here. These fertile highlands were the assigned heritage of Reuben and Gad and the half-tribe of Manasseh. This was the land of Balaam. Here Elijah was born. Here Gideon fought and, after his victory over Midian "taught" the too-cautious elders of Succoth with "thorns of the wilderness" such as we see growing abundantly. The blood of the Moabites flowed in the veins of David and of Jesus, by way of beautiful Ruth, whose homeland this was. East of the Jordan, John the Baptist preached and Jesus was baptized and called his first disciples. It was in the fortress city of Macherus that Salome danced and John was beheaded. Amidst the proud cities of this Perea, as Rome called the region, Jesus itinerated, and wrought miracles and spoke many of his most rememberable parables, and called little children unto Him. Surely, this is a Holy Land.

Seen from the heights of the Mount of Olives or of Bethlehem, the iron-gray mountains of Moab are misty and mysterious barriers. They symbolize both the remoteness and the allure of this across-the-river East which figures so largely in the events of the Bible. Haze and indefiniteness characterize this view from Canaan. Nobody is prepared for what he really finds after crossing the Jordan River, which is literature's symbol for decision and separation.

A Scripture-saturated traveler almost rebels at the

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ease with which the journey to the Jordan is nowadays made, as he recalls the slow and toilsome climbs of Jesus and his disciples. Over a rare road, built by British brains and oversight—which, however, misses the thrills of the old trail that ran along the perilous brink of the great gorge of the Brook Cherith, where ravens such as fed Elijah fly below one's feet—to-day's traveler whizzes down, past the Apostle's Spring and the ruined Inn of the Good Samaritan, to Jericho, all within an hour from Jerusalem. At a point twenty-seven hundred feet below Jerusalem's height he passes the sea level sign; and then proceeds somewhat more than twelve hundred feet lower to the Jordan, the lowest level on the surface of this uneven old earth.

Still, since nobody ever gets too low for vision of the heights, the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon, far to the north of Dan, are clearly in sight from the Jericho Plain, where our thermometer registered ninety-six degrees in the shade; and this before the hot season had begun. The surface of the Dead Sea seemed shimmering with heat waves. No need is there of the palms and bananas to tell us that this plain is tropical. Our thoughts go out to the British soldiers, mostly Anzacs, who were encamped here throughout a torrid summer. The blinding white hills between Jericho and the Jordan are pock-marked with the remains of the cave shelters of war-time troglodytes. These modern reminders of heroism interest us even more than the excavated ruins of the old city of Jericho, whose walls crashed before the triumphant blasts of the rams' horns of the seven-times-circling army of Israel; or than the luxuriant green oasis in a gray desert which

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is modern Jericho. A tree marks the traditional site of Gilgal, where the twelve memorial stones from the Jordan were erected by Joshua's direction, after the Hebrews had crossed over the river dry-shod. At present the new Jordan bridge is an international toll-station, kept by Arab soldiers representing the Palestine and Trans-Jordan governments. Arab prisoners, wearing heavy, clanking chains, at work on the bridge, tragically remind us that civilization has of late crossed the Jordan.

Once out of the plain, the traveler enters a land of delight. Nature and history join hands to stir his memory as he starts up the romantic ravine now called Wady Shaib, named by the Moslems in memory of the so-called Tomb of Jethro, father-in-law of Moses. Here races a fish-filled brook, between luxuriant oleanders and plumed pampas grass, the "reed shaken by the wind," to which Jesus alluded. Foliage grows richer at every hundred feet of rise. Little patches of irrigated vegetable gardens increase to vineyards and orchards as we approach the terraced city of Es Salt, under the shoulder of Mount Gilead. It was possibly on this mountain, certainly not far away, that "Penuel," where Jacob saw the ladder to heaven, may be located. As in Syria, grapevines here lie close to the ground, and are pruned back almost to the root. Peach and almond trees are delicately in bloom, and the wild flowers are an ecstasy of beauty.

Up, up, up runs the road, until at Suweile, a Circassian settlement, our altimeter shows a height of more than thirty-four hundred feet. These Russians from the Caucasus, who still cling to the garb and ways

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of their homeland, are Moslems who were allocated in these fat uplands by the Sultan of Turkey, following the Crimean War, that they might not have to dwell under a Christian ruler. Still, it is the Cross of St. Andrew in the Union Jack that flies over them to-day. However, they dwell amidst fellow Mohammedans, and their women veil their faces on the street. This rich tableland was the inheritance of Reuben, who became enervated by prosperity. Territorially, his was the better part, with more milk and honey than ever the stony hills of Judea produced. Even the fair fields of Galilee are not nearly so fertile as this favored territory, the most productive by far of all the inheritance of Israel. Hither Elimelech and Naomi and their sons migrated when there was famine in Bethlehem.

It is not easy to realize, looking at Moab from the heights of Judea, across the Jordan Dead Sea Valley, that the wall of forbidding mountains is really only the blank side of a plateau which maintains the level of the mountain tops. As we rode "by the way of them that dwelt in tents," from old Amman to Medaba, both cities that Joshua and his wanderers knew, we found ourselves in the far West of the Holy Land—great rolling wheat fields, and widespread expanses of wild flowers awaiting cultivation by modern machinery. At present the soil's surface is scratched by stick plows in the hands of Arabs. During the time of planting and harvesting, the Bedouins from the neighboring Arabian desert pitch their black tents here and carry on primitive agriculture, just as in the days of Abraham. "Scientific farming" is unknown. Zionism has clamored for

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these fertile lands, so much vaster and richer than even the Plain of Esdraelon; and rumor is abroad that their wishes are soon to be granted, and this made-in-London nation of Trans-Jordan is to be merged into Palestine. Its puppet king, Abdullah, son of Hussein, the ex-king of the Hejaz, has had both his salary and his powers reduced by Great Britain, which holds the mandate. Whatever the political future of this productive and historic region may be, "the land of Gilead" and its storied balm, the lover of civilization cannot refrain from wishing that it may again, as of yore, become the seat of great cities and prosperous agriculture.

Pen shrinks from any attempt at description of the views and flowers of Trans-Jordan. Only primitive man's "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and similar elemental ejaculations could voice our wonder and delight, our thrill and ecstasy, over the panorama that unfolded before our beauty-filled eyes. Streaked mountains, with fantastic geological lines, sometimes showing the gray limestone formation beneath nature's irresistible green, like worn but still shimmering velvet robes, reflected the brilliant sky. This is a garden of God! With most lavish hand He has distributed His superlative handiwork. Like an artist who is daring because sure of himself, He has strewn huge expanses of blue and purple and lavender and yellow and pink and crimson and white flowers, against a background that runs the whole gamut of green. Here is an enchantment of color and fragrance. No garden on earth could match this color scheme or this lavishness. How extravagant is Nature! All of this matchless display—and nowhere else on earth are wild flowers to be seen in such pro-



JERASH—BEYOND THE RUINS THE TREES OF THE CIRCASSIAN
SETTLEMENT ARE BUDDING.

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fusion and variety and beauty—is for the eyes of a few Arabs, and an occasional traveler, and of God and His celestial creation. This is loveliness enough to satisfy the eyes of all the people of all the great cities of earth taken together. Here are flowers sufficient to give every living mortal a nosegay; and to suit each individual taste. Royal black lilies, deeply purpled and of great size, are side by side with delicate field orchids and tiny blue grass flowers. Gorgeous blue lupine shares a field thickly carpeted with three colors of wild mustard, and with yellow marguerites and wild hollyhocks and blazing red poppies. Indescribable crimson anemones—doubtless the “lilies of the field” which the Master bade His disciples “consider”—fairly intoxicate the beholder with their beauty. One is dazzled, overwhelmed and made speechless by the sumptuous feast of flowers, spread here as nowhere else in the flower-strewn Holy Land. If this be beauty of earth, what wonder that even inspired pen shrank from portraying the beauty of heaven, taking refuge in “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him.”

Sacred story blends with Nature in filling this Land of Gilead with charm. On one of these heights Jacob and Laban piled their heap of stones called Mizpah. Through these gorges Jesus and the Twelve traveled. Down them poured the hosts of Israel to the possession of Canaan. Patriarchs and prophets, armies and refugees, went to and fro over these natural passes. The formation of the country makes almost certain the identification of the ancient routes. We stopped for

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our midday meal at the ford of the Jabbok, the central one of the three principal Trans-Jordan streams. Pausing thus, by the side of the pleasant brook which, whether blood-stained by battle or muddied by the feet of misery, has rippled on its way throughout the centuries, heedless of the rise or fall of nations and of conquerors and of religions, we ponder upon the patience of Providence. Jabbok is a place for prayer: it was here that Jacob wrestled all night with an angel, and emerged lame but able to walk straight for the first time in his crooked life. This site symbolizes the profound changes which spiritual experience works in human character: for it was at Jabbok that Jacob, the crafty schemer, became Israel, the prince with God. As the gray rock underlies the glorious carpet of flowers which decorates the hilly sides of the Jabbok, so the profundities of human life stand supreme and changeless beneath the vicissitudes of history. Jabbok and Jacob and Jehovah are a trinity of inspiration. Typifying the unity of spiritual experience, which includes the wrestling Jacob and the agonizing Christ in the Garden, was the striking fact that from Suweile, on the heights above the Jabbok, we were able to see clearly the Mount of Olives, more than fifty miles away. What thoughts must have crowded the Saviour's mind as He crossed the Jabbok, with its memories of praying Jacob.

"Sights," rather than spiritual musings, interest many persons, and these are to be found in richness and romantic form in that part of the Promised Land which lies east of the Jordan. They stretch from the ancient Bashan, to the north, which includes the

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Hauran, with its mysterious rock city where the fighting Druzes make their headquarters, to Petra, the other rock city to the south, the lure and reward of unconventional travelers. In a lilting line, Petra, the unique and incomparable, has been called: "The rose-red city, half as old as time."

Situated at the foot of Mount Hor, where Aaron is buried, amidst mountains inaccessible save through a remarkable cleft, "the Sik," so high, long and narrow that ten men may hold it against an army, the city was built partly in a narrow valley and partly in the sandstone cliffs. Here were carved wonderful temples and tombs and residences; the sculptors' skill reënforced manyfold by the vivid colors of the natural rock. No artist except Nature would dare paint such varicolored habitations for man. Pink dominates; but it does not glare. Brilliant, yet soft, the reds and blues and grays and creams blend in a beauty which a hundred pens and brushes have vainly tried to portray. Petra is one of earth's superlative sights.

Added to all the sheer delight of Petra is the mystery of it. Utterly lost from human ken for more than six hundred years, after the Crusaders had built therein, and discovered a hundred years ago by Burckhardt, the spot is a strange combination of romances. Who founded it, who built and rebuilt it, and who lived in it, is not known of a certainty. Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Nabatean architecture are combined and superimposed in a bewildering fashion. Even the uses of the most notable structures, cut out of the living rock, are matters of conjecture. That the Nabatæans, an Arab nation, ruled there for five centuries, extending more

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than a hundred years into the Christian era, seems assured, and Aretas, the Nabatæan, figures in the story of the Apostle Paul's experiences in Damascus. Esau is traditionally associated with Petra, which was in the Land of Edom and the home of the Horites. Isaiah alludes to the city (Isa. 16:1); and Amaziah, son of Joash, king of Judah, conquered it, if Sela, the rock, is the same as Petra, as is the prevailing idea (II Kings 14:7). Dean Stanley erroneously identified the place with Kadesh-Barnea; and the belief persists among the Arabs that Moses and the Israelites sojourned there. "Wady Mousa" is the local name; and it seems as if two out of three of the neighboring Bedouins are called Mousa. In the dim days of long ago, when caravans crossed Arabia, bearing goods from Persia and India to Egypt and Europe, Petra was a rich and safe and powerful trading center. Despite the many hundreds of American and European travelers who have visited Petra, much remains to be discovered in it and about it. My guide, Mousa, for instance, showed me a long Greek inscription in an out-of-the-way corner, declaring that he had found it himself and that no other foreigner had ever seen it. Regarding this as mere backsheesh talk, I failed to copy the inscription, only to learn afterward that there is nowhere any record of it. Wonderful weeks could be spent amidst these ruins, which range from Canaanitish "high places" to late Roman remains, by informed and serious travelers who are more interested to add to the world's knowledge than to flaunt their own daring and privilege in having penetrated to Petra.

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Doubtless many unimaginable finds await the archæologist who does thorough work in Trans-Jordan. Provokingly inviting ruins of cities and castles and temples and pillars and churches thrust inviting heads above the ground at many places. It is a poor mud house that cannot have a marble pillar of Grecian or Roman handiwork for its door sill. Fine sarcophagi are put to all sorts of practical use; or else lie unheeded on the plain. It was here that the Moabite Stone was found, seventy-five years ago, after lying unnoticed on the ground for ages. It is now in the Louvre. This stone records the conflicts of King Mesha of Moab, with King Omri, of Israel: a priceless contemporary corroboration of the Scripture story. But, then, all this region, so interwoven with Old Testament records, is an impressive confirmation of the Bible. It was here that Job dwelt and suffered and philosophized and had his faith in God vindicated. Jesus doubtless resorted hither. It has been conjectured that Paul's three years in Arabia were spent in this southland of Moab and Edom, a historic refuge for those in trouble west of the Jordan, clear down to the present time, when Syrian patriots flee to "the East."

One of the most curious archæological discoveries in the Land of Moab was the mosaic map of Medaba. This was found in 1894, on the floor of a ruined Byzantine basilica, when a new Greek church was in course of erection. Because of the ignorance of the monks, and of the builder, it was irreparably injured, but enough was saved to prove its priceless value. Originally, it was a map, made in 499, one of the oldest in the world, of all the region from the Nile to the

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Euphrates. While crudely out of drawing, it has been of immeasurable worth to historians and Biblical geographers in locating places and fixing dates. The Jerusalem portion of the map is intact. This has been ingeniously reconstructed by a German priest-architect of Jerusalem, Père Mauritius Gisler, O.S.B. It reveals why the Damascus Gate is still called by the Arabs the Gate of the Columns; and recent archaeological research has unearthed ancient columns along this principal thoroughfare. The location of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and of the Temple and of the city gates is made clear. Other beautiful mosaics of the early Christian centuries have been found in Medaba, and remain in place, as floors of hovels; but this map is unique among the treasures of archæology. What will be the next "find" in Moab?

On the Medaba map are representations of lions and gazelles, recalling the days when lions were abundant in Arabia, and elephants were part of the fighting equipment of the armies which clashed here. Occasional lions have been seen in Arabia of recent years, as I know from eyewitnesses. Greatest of the changes of the centuries has been the disappearance of Christians from this part of Bible Lands. Medaba is largely populated by Christians, of the Greek and Latin churches, who were forced to migrate from the history-crowded castle city of Kerak, a short distance to the south. Once, though, Medaba was the seat of a bishopric; and all the famous cities of the Trans-Jordan region, most of which are now heaps of stone, were thriving Christian communities, before the rise of Islam, scattered or extinguished the disciples of Jesus.

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Bedouins on Mount Nebo, which is directly west of Medaba, still poke amidst the caves and crevices, seeking what they call the treasures of Moses. There is an allusion in Josephus to the Ark of the Covenant's being secreted on Mount Nebo; and this, with the fact that Moses lies in an unknown grave somewhere on the mountain, has come down to the Arabs to incite their cupidity. Readers of the Bible have all doubtless envisaged Pisgah, or Nebo, as an outstanding peak; whereas it is almost on the level of the Trans-Jordan Plain. Viewed from the west it is a rise in the mountain range; approached from the east it seems hardly a mountain at all. Nevertheless, it commands a wide view of the Land of Promise, which that sublimely tragic figure, Moses, the leader of the Exodus, was permitted to see but not to enter. As Moses looked upon the Mount of Olives, was he granted a prevision of the One greater than himself in the Garden there? As a panorama of landscape, the view from Pisgah may be surpassed in beauty by thousands of scenes in North America alone.

Of all the celebrated remains of antiquity in the Trans-Jordan region, those at Jerash are the most notable. The city's past is uncertain, though it may have been Ramoth Gilead. As one of the ten cities of the Decapolis, Gerasa, as it was then called, was in the zenith of its greatness during the lifetime of Jesus. It possesses intact a greater number of standing columns, Ionic and Corinthian, than any other city of the past, not excepting Palmyra, which is "Tadmor in the Wilderness." Even Athens, although its Parthenon and Thesium are matchless, has not such a

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display as Jerash's great circular forum, the street of columns, the exquisite fountain, the theater, the baths, and the Temple of Artemis, formerly called the Temple of the Sun. These are poems in stone. For twelve hundred years they have stood in unregarded splendor in the wilderness, seen only by the nomad Bedouin. Jerash was not destroyed by invasion: it simply was abandoned by its Christian population at the approach of the Islamic flood from the East. Within fifty years a settlement of Circassian Moslems has established itself by the stream which runs through the city; and they have made the almond trees and peach trees and Lombardy poplars to grow in their gardens amidst the unheeded stone reminders of an era the greatness of which they do not comprehend.

Readers may complain that I pass by these superlative survivals without detailed description: must I confess that more impressive to me than the lovely lines, the exquisite carvings, or the superb proportions of these magnificent ruins was the dominating thought that this represented the life which Jesus of Nazareth knew? He itinerated the Decapolis. Again and again He visited Perea, as was the Roman name of the Trans-Jordan territory. It is altogether reasonable to suppose that He and His friends trod this colonnaded thoroughfare, the flat flagstones of which still lie in position. Perhaps in this very forum, encircled by these still standing pillars, so stately and exalting, Jesus preached the word of the Kingdom and ministered to the suffering of Gerasa.

We cannot know of a certainty the particular places of the Master's ministry; though it is altogether right

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to reconstruct the scenes amidst which he lived. His background was the finest creation of imperial Rome, inheritor of the Greek traditions of beauty. Perhaps literature has overstressed the peasant aspect of the Carpenter's environment. We need to remind ourselves that His Capernaum was a resplendent Roman city. Jerusalem was adorned with civilization's best. On the highways trodden by Christ the wealth and power and culture of his sumptuous era passed to and fro. Jericho had been made magnificent by Herod the Great. The Decapolis were cities, mostly settled by Alexander's veterans, which nurtured all the arts. No unsophisticated rustic was Jesus; but a man familiar with the urban refinement of His generation. He lived at the apex of Rome's glory. Jerash, even in ruins, speaks of the splendors of the background of the ministry of the Master. As we look upon its treasures, we are uplifted by the thought that He saw them also; and when they were at their unbroken best.

As we speed over the flower-clad hills of Moab toward Amman—the Rabbath-Amman of Scripture, and the capital of the Ammonites, with whom Israel fought so often—we pass the first considerable growth of trees that we have seen in treeless Trans-Jordan. These are scrub oaks, their limbs cut back for firewood and now putting forth the first tender bronze foliage. Somewhere hereabouts unfilial Absalom was caught by his poll, of which he was so vain, in the branches of an oak-tree. David's history has much of its tragedy laid here in Moab. For it was at Amman that he sent noble Uriah, a better man than himself, to a perfidious death, in order that he might marry Uriah's wife,

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Bathsheba, with whom he had already committed adultery. If David had not "tarried in Jerusalem," a royal slacker, when his place was in front of the citadel of the Ammonites, that black chapter of his life would never have been written. As it was, General Joab summoned him to Amman to complete the capture and receive the loot, else his face would be blackened. David took the conquered king's crown, and dealt hardly with the captive people; but all the while the piercing bitterness of the Fifty-first Psalm was singing itself in his spirit. He knew himself as quite other than a hero and a conqueror: in truth, a defeated, dishonored man as he took over, amidst the huzzas of his army, this city of Rabbath-Amman. All too soon his sin drove him a fugitive into Moab from his own son Absalom; even as he had long before fled hither from Saul.

Tedious even in summary is the story of the risings and fallings of Amman. Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, that incestuous Roman, rebuilt the city after war had again destroyed it, and called it Philadelphia. Earlier, we recall, Og, king of Bashan, was defeated by Israel and sixty of his cities captured, and his "iron bedstead," nine cubits long and four cubits wide, was kept at Amman as a trophy. That bedstead seems to have appealed to the Hebrew imagination; although later critics have suggested that "iron bedstead" should be translated "basalt sarcophagus." We visit the great theater of Amman, so well preserved, and inspect the other ruins that have survived Circassian vandalism; but our heart is not in it.

For the new, unlovely city to-day embodies one of

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the acute phases of the present issue in Bible Lands. Its streets are filled with Arab soldiers—there is even a traffic policeman at one intersection—and Bedouins are in from the fields and from the desert. Ominously, Trans-Jordan merges to the east with the desert of Arabia, in which lurk the Bedouins, the X, or unknown quantity, of the day's political problem. Amman is the new capital of the made-to-order kingdom of Trans-Jordan, over which Great Britain is mandatory. When I visited him three years ago, the ruler, Abdullah, dwelt in a tent; but now he has built himself a hideous "palace" on a hill overlooking the city. Still higher up, though, is the great air base of the Royal Air Force in the East, with a dozen bombing planes ready to take off, toward Mosul or Bagdad or Syria or Petra or Mecca, as occasion may arise. The native army is being disbanded, and a British military unit is to administer security. Authority is openly shifting from Amman to the British High Commissioner of Jerusalem, and the two mandated areas seem to be in process of amalgamation. It is all being settled in London, without consultation with the Arabs or with the League of Nations. Will old Amman, after long and dormant centuries, resume its ancient rôle as a center of intrigue and war and woe? As in the days of Israel, trouble seems to be brewing in the land east of the Jordan; which God has made so beautiful and so productive, and man has made so miserable.

Deep and varied emotions stir the breast of the visitor to history-crowded and nature-enriched Trans-Jordan. Strongest, perhaps, is the sense of the vanity and futility of human pride and ambition. Amidst

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these fallen and forgotten splendors Gray's lines re-echo:

*The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:*

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

CHAPTER XVII

EXPLORING SINAI BY AUTOMOBILE



STERILE Sinai peninsula, which broke the hearts of the Children of Israel, and so sapped their small supply of stamina that an entire generation of them had to be buried before their sons could be trusted to adventure into the Land of Promise, is one of the silent spaces of earth. It may be said to have no history. It is the great and terrible wilderness of Israel's wanderings. Nothing notable ever happened there, except the sojourn of the liberated Hebrew slaves under Moses. It has ruins, but they all, except one significant site, were either the habitat of Christian devotees, moved to dwell amidst Scripture scenes, or else posts for the protection of trade routes; or abandoned mines of antiquity.

In the light of our experience, the traditional impenetrability of the Sinai Peninsula seems almost amusing. Except mid-Arabia and Tibet, no other region had been less thoroughly explored, despite the fascination of its Biblical associations. The faint-hearted Children of Israel were not more afraid of the Anakim reported to them by the spies whom they sent into Canaan from Kadesh-Barnea, than modern travelers have been of the Bedouins of the Sinai peninsula. Archæologists and historians have been content to de-

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bate and discuss the meager reports of occasional visitors to spots on the peninsula, instead of going themselves. An absurdly large volume of second-hand comment and controversy upon the subject clutters up the bookshelves of scholars. Up until fifteen years ago, the only two travelers who had made anything approaching a comprehensive tour of Sinai were Robinson and Palmer. Of course, the Monastery of St. Catherine, and the ancient Egyptian mines and quarries on the southern edge of the desert, had been frequently visited.

Yet we went to the very heart of the Sinai peninsula, to Kadesh-Barnea, in an American motor car! Had we adventured into the same place on camels a dozen years ago, and written about it, we should have been ranked as intrepid and pioneer explorers. Until within a generation, Kadesh-Barnea was an inaccessible place of presumed perils. Now we have to report that anybody who wants to do so may follow our example; and by the use of a fair measure of common sense, observation and industry, see the wonders of which this narrative tells, and also for himself disprove utterly the identification of Kadesh-Barnea which is on all the Biblical maps, and in all the Bible dictionaries. Since returning from Sinai, I have dug into the scant original literature on the subject, and, disregarding the volumes of wordy and conjectural discussion by men who either have not been in Sinai at all or else have merely peeked and run, I find that the latest and most authoritative survey, made by trained scholars and archæologists, T. E. Lawrence (later Colonel Lawrence of the Hejaz, the War's most spectacular personality) and C. Leonard Woolley, under the auspices of the Palestine Explora-

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tion Fund, completely supports my own independent though lay conclusions. The facts that we found, as well as they, must profoundly affect all subsequent treatment of the subject of the Israelites' sojourn in Kadesh-Barnea.

Doubtless the reader would prefer to have the story in sequence. So to tell how we went and where, let me begin at the beginning, which was Jerusalem. Setting forth one fair morning, in a small touring car, with a friend whose home is in Jerusalem, Mr. Olaf Mattson, to be our Arabic tongue; and with Arif Nassar, a skilled Syrian chauffeur, as driver, we followed the historic highway to the south, through Bethlehem, Hebron and Beersheba. Anywhere else than in the East our car's equipment would have attracted attention. In addition to extra supplies of gasoline and oil and water, we had our cots and baggage and food, and a pick and shovel, and a big basket for carrying earth (the wheelbarrow of Bible Lands), strapped on to the side of the car. Below Beersheba we were venturing upon an unknown way, far beyond all gasoline or service stations; and we had to be prepared to dig ourselves out of difficulties.

First of the striking generalizations about travel in Canaan to emerge from this trip, added to others taken in the north, is the unrecorded fact that all of the principal points in the history and geography of the Holy Land are strung like beads on a string stretched from Dan to Beersheba. Here is a unique physical phenomenon. A glance at a map makes one wonder why the books about the Bible have not all stated this striking arrangement of sites. A taut cord laid on the map

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shows that, with inconsiderable divergences, the great places of the Bible lie almost directly north and south; or northeast and southwest. Beginning at the upper border of the Land, Dan, the famous sites follow in order—Capernaum, Nazareth, Samaria, Shechem, Shiloh, Gilgal, Bethel, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Hebron, Beersheba and Kadesh-Barnea. All are on the great highway which runs through the center of Canaan. And, as I shall later show, that central road was also continued as the main thoroughfare down into Egypt. No other highway on earth contains so much of interest to the educated Christian traveler as this one. Nevertheless, until the present time, its completeness has been disregarded; the books all make the one feasible way into Egypt lead down along the Mediterranean coast, as runs the present railway.

Not by the sea, but down this natural central highway, Abraham went from Beersheba to Egypt, as the natives of the land had done from time immemorial. By this old desert road through the heart of Sinai, discarded Hagar fled with Ishmael. The young man Joseph, a prisoner of the Midianites, traversed the same route, as did his brethren and father later, when they sought food in Egypt. By the lower entrance of this road, Shur, on the border of Egypt, at the head of the Red Sea, Moses led the Children of Israel into Sinai. Along this road Elijah and Jeremiah fled from their countrymen, who were not worthy of them. This was the route of the invasions of Egypt into Syria, and of Persia into Egypt. Monks and other devotees of Christianity in the early centuries of our era, whose zeal for holy places led them to penetrate even the fast-

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nesses of Sinai, followed this same historic highway. In our own day, this was the road by which the Turks descended upon Egypt; and along which the British army drove them back on its victorious progress into the Holy Land, tasting by the way the bitter experiences of the Children of Israel in their wanderings. Not only topographical conditions but also water supplies, made it the one and inevitable highway. And hitherto geographers and historians have ignored it, because the entire expanse of Sinai below Beersheba has been, since the Moslem invasion of the seventh century, an unknown region, except for a narrow strip along the shores of the Red Sea and of the Mediterranean.

As we sped southward from Jerusalem, along this ancient Sacred Way, we noticed that Rachel's Tomb, near Bethlehem, now bears a sign in Hebrew, the only Biblical site in Palestine to do so; for the Jews possess none of the places in Canaan made holy by their history. Only the tomb of Esther and Mordecai, in Persia, belongs to them. Bethlehem itself is Christian, with goodly houses built by emigrants returned from North and South America. The Crusader blood is apparent in the faces of the Bethlehemites, and Crusader fashions in the apparel of the women. The hills, which bear the best olive groves of the whole region round about, are fenced in and terraced with high stone walls.

Stopping the automobile to enter a labyrinth of these runways, we visited "*Haram Ramet el Halil*"—"Sacred Place of the Friend," a ruined enclosure, measuring 225 by 190 feet, built of stones twelve and fifteen feet long, and said to be the site of a structure erected by

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Constantine the Great to mark the Oak of Mamre. Hebron itself commemorates Abraham, "the Friend of God" in its Arabic name, *El Khalil* "The Friend." As we rode on, there were glimpses of the Dead Sea; and Frank Mountain, with its Crusader memories, was long in sight.

On a hill between Bethlehem and Hebron is a Moslem shrine called the grave of Jonah, who was a much-buried saint; for I have myself visited four of his six tombs; this one, another on the seashore, near Sidon, another near Aleppo, and another, the most imposing, amidst the ruins of Nineveh, opposite Mosul. Two others have been named to me by those who have seen them. "*Neby Yunis*" is a rather overabundant illustration of the words of Jesus concerning the honor paid to a prophet after death. Perhaps it is heterodox, but I confess to less interest in many of these shrines—the Spring of Philip and the Eunuch is a little farther along the road than Jonah's tomb—than in the changeless scenery of the Land, including the flowers. Here is a thorn bush, bearing fragrant, small lavender flowers, with a fine black crown in the center, which now wears the name of "Christ thorn," because it is esteemed the plant from which the crown of thorns was made. We may be sure that the natives who so named it were quick to catch the homily of the beautiful crown at the heart of the flower which grows on the thorn.

Without stopping in Hebron, the unquestioned burial place of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, whose *turbahs* in the sacred mosque over the Cave of Macphelah we had previously visited, a particular privilege shared by few

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travelers; we went south, along high hills and through fertile valleys, until we passed the productive plains before Beersheba, where farmers still plow with camels hitched to crooked sticks, just as Abraham saw them doing when he went this way. Beersheba reached somewhat of its old importance during the World War, when first the Turks and next the British made it their headquarters. Into the garden made by Jemal Pasha, alongside of his new public buildings, the British have put a high-pillared bust of General Allenby. There is also a British War Graves cemetery. The bazars are of the primitive sort found all over the East, dealing only in bare necessities, the city being a trading town of the Bedouins.

Our interest is chiefly in the wells, first dug by Abraham and Isaac. There are seven of them still, mostly covered with water lifts. The ancient curbing of some may yet be seen, ten feet or more below the present ground level. In the case of the largest, the rutted and worn curb stones (How many centuries of women's backs have ached in wearing those grooves by the toilsome pulling up of water vessels on leather thongs!) have been rebuilt into the new well mouth with its big wheel. In an unusual degree, Beersheba, freighted with memories of the Patriarch's dealings with the Jehovah, adds a sense of reality to the Genesis record. What sermons a preacher could prepare here!

One of the oases in Beersheba is the modest home of an American Christian and Missionary Alliance missionary, whose work lies largely with the Arabs. As an expert upon the Bedouins, he was frankly pessimistic concerning the perils we were incurring. He

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besought us to seek nightly refuge in the camps of the Bedouins, who themselves would thus be constrained to friendship by the inexorable desert law of hospitality; but who could scarcely protect us from marauding bands of Arabs. He reënforced his gruesome warnings by tales of recent tragedies in the desert south of Beersheba. Long ago, however, we had learned that the traveler who heeded all the reports of perils ahead would never get beyond the wearisome belt of hotels *de luxe*. The one best rule for travelers is in the diary of Columbus: "This day we sailed on." Dangers usually disappear as one goes forward. Only twice in all of my travels have I ever needed to turn back from my objectives; once, related in this book, was when two large bands of armed Arabs chased us; and the other time was when two days of hard and solitary horseback riding over unknown mountains, with no guide procurable, intervened.

Getting out of Beersheba, by sliding down a stony bank and finding a way across a dry torrent bed, augured ill for our progress. Soon, though, we found the Turkish military road leading straight southward. That road proved to be the key to our subsequent success. Although occasionally lost in some wide wash-out, it made the going easy and rapid. And we discovered that it led direct to our goal. This fact was apparently not known to anybody in Jerusalem, much less to the outside world, else we should not have been the first to penetrate to this region of mystery and dispute in a motor car. We could find no chauffeur with either experience or knowledge of the route. Our respect for the Turks and the Germans increased with



ARAB SOLDIER LOOKING INTO THE ROCK-CIRCLED WELL OF
AIN KADEIS, THE TRADITIONAL KADESH-BARNEA.



THE REAL KADESH-BARNEA, AIN EL GUDERAT.



APSES OF BYZANTINE CHURCH IN THE RUINED CITY OF ESBEITA,
SINAI PENINSULA.



THIS OUTER, NEWER WALL OF THE FORTRESS-TEMPLE AMIDST THE
RUINS OF THE CITY OF KADESH DATES FROM THE BEGINNING OF
THE IRON AGE. HERE MANY FLINTS WERE FOUND.

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every mile. After many years of complete disuse, the highway is still in fine condition, except where all the culverts and bridges had been destroyed during the War. The newest roads of Palestine are no better than this one, which has been neglected for a decade, with the exception of the breaks indicated. These, however, made the ride rather a sporting affair. They were clean-cut interruptions, like broken bridges on a railway line. We came upon them without warning. There was nothing to show, a hundred yards away, that twenty-five or fifty feet of the road was missing, a dry torrent bed, several feet down, having taken its place. Unless the driver were alert, we stood every chance of a nasty wreck.

Paralleling this desert highway to the heart of Sinai is the fine roadbed of the railway, also built by the enemy during the War, now stripped of its rails and ties, and with every bridge and culvert destroyed. These signs of civilization, now as abandoned as Petra or other desert ruins, amidst the silent stretches of uninhabited waste, were rather eerie reminders of war's power to call forth human resourcefulness in ways which the quiet times of peace do not afford. This road never got to Suez, as was contemplated, ending shortly beyond the Egyptian border; but the day is not distant when at least the highway will be repaired and completed and become a main artery in the world's network of motor routes. Nothing short of the all-too-possible world cataclysm can keep the automobile off all the roads over which the Scripture Story ran. Imagine a service station near Elijah's juniper bush: a rest camp where Moses smote the rock for water in

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the wilderness: a hotel at the junction of the old caravan route between Egypt and Syria, and Egypt and Petra! Whoso travels these roads of antiquity will have for ghostly company caravans from Cathay, bearing silks and carpets and embroideries for the luxury-loving Greeks and Romans and Egyptians; other camel trains from Arabia laden with spices; and from India with jewels and scented woods and cunningly wrought brass. Once the remotest regions of the known world sent their convoys across Suez.

Occasionally we sighted Bedouin encampments and patches of thinly planted wheat. Arab farming on Sinai has been described as "the triumph of hope over experience." Flocks of sheep and herds of camels are small. Bedouins whom we met, especially the boys, were afraid to come near the mysterious monster which we rode, even to receive gifts of food—for they all seemed undernourished. Camels were equally scared and skittish: one ran away with its rider upon catching sight of us. Long before we reached our goal, or left the Turkish road, it was plain that we were an unusual sight to the natives. Many centuries seemed to be bridged by the honking of our horn amidst the echoing emptiness of the ruins of El Auja.

El Auja is a good place to tarry to talk over the ruined cities of Sinai, ancient Christian settlements and guardians of the trade routes, and all fallen into decay since the Islamic invasion drove out the Christians and the Romans. Bir Birein (where the water troughs are made of ancient carved marble capitals), Abda, Khalasa and Auja, where once Christianity thrived, are now completely destroyed, the Turks' need for building ma-

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terial during the War having added the last touch of demolition. Only Esbeita has considerable walls and fragments standing, due, doubtless, to its being at a considerable distance from the highway.

Straight back into the romance of desert-dwelling monks of the Byzantine era the ruins of Esbeita carry us, telling of a day when religious devotion sought the seclusion of Sinai because Jehovah once revealed Himself here. Even Ephesus is not more of an incitement to the imagination of the Christian traveler than those strikingly preserved remains of a city which for centuries defied the desert, but succumbed, fighting to the last, as the still barricaded city gates show, before the irresistible onslaught of the Arab disciples of Mohammed. Esbeita lies as it fell, never having been built upon since; and only the Bedouin shepherd really knows the runways which were once its streets. With a native to guide us across the flinty, gully-cut desert, our car surmounted the bitter stony wastes until it stood before the ruined walls of the great basilica, the first meeting at this spot of western enterprise and ancient Christian monasticism. No need to leave a guard with the car, since the two Bedouins in sight are manifestly afraid of the monster. I sent a shepherd boy for the sheik of the neighboring Arabs, who told me that no other white man within his time had seen these ruins, which were so old that the traditions of the Bedouins knew nothing beyond the fact that they are "Roum." As a matter of fact, Lawrence and Woolley, and Père Vincent, and possibly a few other Europeans, saw Esbeita before the War; and the British survey forces also visited it.

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While the origin and history of the city is unknown; since the foundation of the big church plainly reveals three separate eras of construction, which I judge to be Byzantine, Nabatean and Roman, ancient ecclesiastical records show that Esbeita was once the seat of a Christian bishopric. The city was compactly built, the walls measuring approximately a quarter of a mile by half a mile in extent. Apparently the whole city was subordinate to the monasteries. There are no ruins of theaters, forums or other public buildings than the three churches. Existence was wrested from the land at infinite pains. There is no flowing well; every house had its own cistern for catching rain water, and in the center of the city two large reservoirs, approximately fifty by one hundred feet, remain as they were left. In the largest church, the deep cistern with small mouth is still used by the Bedouin. An elaborate system of terracing made possible a measure of agriculture, grape-growing in particular. The shortage of timber is written large in the complete use of stone for the buildings.

Most surprising of all the crowding wonders of this desert ruin, this fallen citadel of Christianity in the wilderness, were the churches, with their apses almost wholly intact. The main church stood at the southeast corner of the city, at the highest point, our altimeter showing 920 feet above sea level for the floor of the church. Its outside dimensions were 189 by 81 feet. One third of the church seems to have been a monastic fortification, with a cistern in the center. The outer walls all sloped inward, pyramid fashion; and between the inner and outer courses of masonry was a filling of rubble. All signs point to the need for de-

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fenses: it was the Church Militant that occupied this stronghold in Sinai, and manned with elaborate fortifications the two neighboring mountain heights commanding the natural highway.

Beauty as well as strength characterized the churches. The three standing apses of the Big Church, as we called it, are lovely in line and in color. Art could not produce more perfect contours. Soft limestone, joined without mortar, and with scarcely perceptible lines between blocks, was the material used. The arches have keystones. To look upon them was a joy to the eye, from sheer delight in the form, wherein the religious art of a forgotten era had expressed its sense of worship. And the color was a rich, soft creaminess that seemed to have absorbed the Sinai sunshine of ages, until it represented the ripeness of all time. Above the level of the ruins which represent the fallen roof and walls the central apse now rises twenty-five feet. The side apses are smaller, and each has at the bottom a curious smaller apse or recess. The entire floor level is at least fifteen feet above the ground, thus indicating that it was built upon an earlier church or temple site. No other ruin that I have ever visited gave me such a sense of the antiquity of organized Christianity as this forgotten church in Esbeita, the peerless apses of which resounded with the chants of the monks and the eloquence of preachers for centuries prior to the coming of the destroying sword of Islam, thirteen hundred years ago.

As bewildering as the survival of the three Esbeita churches on the unvisited desert is the absence of Christian symbolism. The Byzantine era was the cross era.

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In architecture and sculpture and mosaic and painting, the Byzantine Church exalted the cross. Yet we could find no crosses anywhere in the ruins of the city, save for a conventional frieze around the occasional stone capitals, the design being a small circle with an equal-armed cross inside; just such a decoration as might have been used by pre-Christian Greece. A close examination of the apses of the second church shows that the borders had been decorated with red paint, the design now distinguishable being a triangle. (Lightly cut marks, possibly the sign-manual of the masons, but also resembling those seen on the rocks in lower Sinai, adorn the bottom tiers of the central apse.) Faint traces of red frescoes which once covered the apses of this second church remain—here a hand, there a figure, here a fish, there a few Greek letters. In the first and second churches, but not in the third, the main apses had inside them the little apses already mentioned. Why these should be is only one of the mysteries of these surviving structures. Why these buildings upon buildings? What is the explanation of the rough Arab masonry one level above the early Roman, and under the Byzantine? In a city so large and strong, why was all the construction, except the churches, so crude? How explain the lack of the usual characteristics of a Byzantine city? What was the fate of the defenders, in the last successful onslaught by the conquering Arabs? Why have no inscribed records, no pieces of statuary, no ecclesiastical emblems, survived? Some day, surely, Christian archæology will adventure and explore Esbeita: the story of which is one of the buried romances of vanished Christian cities in Bible Lands.

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We found more and greater wonders than these ruined cities on central Sinai. Indeed, I am not altogether certain that Sinai itself is not a marvel beyond anything that it holds. This is the Desert of Teaching, the Wilderness of Wisdom, the Rendezvous of seeking spirits with the Eternal.

Delight dwells in the desert. For ages Biblical commentators have stressed the woes of the wilderness. Imagination has been drawn upon heavily to portray the hardships undergone by Abraham and Moses and Elijah and Jesus and Paul, and other Bible characters, in their desert experiences. I do not so understand either the place or the persons. In the wide wilderness reaches there is a freedom, a nearness to Nature, an approach to the Infinite, which city dwellers may not know. Folk of the desert never have nervous prostration; because they do not experience the corroding cares of complex civilization. Theirs are the primary concerns of mankind—protection of life from enemies; and provision of simple food, of simple clothing and of simple shelter; and these responsibilities never yet gave man a "nervous breakdown."

All of the elemental joys of life, on the other hand, are for the wayfarer in the wilderness—sunrises and sunsets such as the angels must enjoy; delightful glimpses of graceful gazelles in motion; of flamingoes and storks winging their way across the wastes; camels on the sky line; mountains etched into loveliness of form and color by the sand blasts of the Supreme Artist; primitive folk, chance-met, whose hospitality is like that which Abraham showed beneath the Oak of Mamre to the three angels; occasional relics of a past

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that was old at the beginning of history; the busy little life of insects and birds; the sense of freedom on the road; and all the other old proved and indispensable things. Souls are cured of their man-caught sicknesses on the desert. Patience, proportion, Providence are lessons learned along these solitary ways. The sense of God-awareness, of a Divine Will for man's life, have hitherto emerged most strongly from the wilderness fastnesses to rule the cities and the towns. Amidst the silence of the desert, God speaks.

Our first night on the Sinai peninsula was spent under the stars. We had hoped to reach the ruins of El Auja for our camp, but darkness overtook us on the way; and we deemed it not prudent to attract attention to our presence by far-seen headlights. A Sinai sunset (for sunsets on Sinai really deserve a name to themselves) had engrossed our thoughts; the imperceptible dust of the desert seems to serve as a canvas upon which the sun may paint his most royal colors and designs, especially in purple and gold. How puny appears human art at its highest, alongside of Nature's display of beauty! Hard on the heels of this unforgettable sunset came darkness; and we made camp by the simple expedient of drawing our car up amidst a clump of juniper bushes, a plant with long needles, like the pine: the same sort of bush under which the despondent Prophet Elijah languished and longed for death. We set up our three cots and got out our provender by what was left of the short twilight. It seemed unwise, considering the reputation of the Sinai Arabs, to show a light. Afar, we saw the twinkle of a Bedouin campfire, too distant for us to reach and claim

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hospitality. Full darkness had come before six o'clock : we were in bed, between our blankets and wearing all of our clothes and sheepskin overcoats, before Jerusalem dined. Arif, curled up in the curtained car, had the warmest quarters of all ; for as night advanced we were cold, cold and ever colder. That the Arabs, with their scant cotton clothes, survive the desert nights is a commentary upon man's capacity for becoming inured to hardship. Just to endure in quietness difficult experiences is an inseparable part of real travel, as it is of real life.

What a master stage-craftsman is Nature ! As we lay beneath the brilliant stars, unsheltered on the desert, the penetrating breezes broken only by a cluster of bushes, the new moon arose, blazing in regal majesty, between Jupiter and Saturn. As these three larger luminaries passed from sight, we watched the procession of the Pleiades. We seemed nearer to the Ninetieth Psalm than to the garish lights of Broadway. It was amidst such a setting as this that the majestic poetry of the Hebrews was born. To think about God, and about the human soul, and about the riddle of existence, is natural and easy in these conditions. Always the desert has begotten reverent thinkers. Here one fellowships happily with the great figures of the past, who traveled and brooded along this very way—with great Abraham ; with desolate Hagar and her son Ishmael ; with captive Joseph ; with the twelve spies, ten of whom sold their souls to fear ; with stern and moody Elijah ; with Jeremiah, the rejected and fugitive prophet ; and with unchronicled Christian ascetics, rapt devotees who thought to find in the desert nearer ap-

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proach to God and freedom from sin's assaults. At various times, and in strange places, I have slept under the stars; but this was a night of nights, a summit of memorable experiences.

A great day was ushered in by the splendid sunrise (I tried to photograph it), which found us preparing a wayfarer's breakfast, and lashing our outfit to the car. Before noon we had reached Egypt, since the frontier is far up the Sinai peninsula. Most of Sinai is still, as of old, within the borders of Egypt. Every mile of our way showed vegetation growing scarcer, and the desert mountains bleaker, their beauty stern and cruel, without the softening touch of growing green. The live creatures of the desert became fewer and fewer—the occasional owls, eagles, blue pigeons, and another bird unknown to me, almost as large as a duck—which had earlier given life to the scene. Before arriving at the frontier, we enjoyed a short but lively race with a fox; one of the "little foxes, that spoil the vines" in the north. The creature arose in front of us, to the right, and ran straight along the highway. Arif put on speed. So did the fox. At the risk of coming a cropper in an unforeseen washout, our sport-loving Syrian let the car out to its limit. Still we could not come abreast of this red streak, with extended tail, whose feet seemed barely to touch the earth. The fox moved at such an incredible rate that it appeared more like a moving missile than a running animal. Its performance was really beautiful. For a mile or more the race continued, ending abruptly when the fox turned at right angles and made off into the desert.

A sandstorm was encountered as we drew near to

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the Egyptian line, the high wind that swept down the *wadys* being loaded with a cloud of fine, flinty particles from the ground, and with chalk dust from the snow-white mountain sides. To cover and to cower is the rule for facing these visitations, whether riding or afoot. A cave, an overhanging rock, even the shelter of a bush, is sought to diminish the discomfort of this pervasive affliction, which penetrates eyelids, ears, nostrils, mouth and garments. Afresh we understood another reason for the murmurings of the Israelites.

Kassaima, an Egyptian frontier police post, with an alert native in charge, is situated in a green oasis, made by a spring and a marsh, which gave the Children of Israel a camping place. It is also a rest house for officers, and for any occasional venturesome foreign traveler. There are a few native houses at Kassaima, and two or three simple bazars, for trading with the Bedouins. Here we made our headquarters while seeking Kadesh-Barnea. The Sudanese and Bedouin soldiers stationed here know the Sinai peninsula even better than the tribesmen.

So it was simple, after protracted discussions of sites, to put two gendarmes aboard our car, and sally forth to Ain Kadeis, which all the maps and books identify as Kadesh-Barnea. Really, it seemed too casual and easy altogether. We would have preferred more of the awesome mystery and seclusion and danger which abound in the books of the few explorers who have recorded their visits to central Sinai. This is one of the decisive spots in Hebrew history, a region pivotal to religion and revelation. Here the Children of Israel camped, while they sent twelve spies northward, over

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the very route down which we had come, to find out the feasibility of entering Canaan. To automobilists, the distance is absurdly short; even to pedestrians and camel-riders it is not far, as compared with the route of the forty years of wandering. Lack of courage, however, cost the Jews a generation of time; none of the men who accepted the craven counsel of the cowardly ten spies ever got to the Promised Land. Only stout-hearted Caleb and Joshua had that privilege. Over these sandy plains and green oases, the pillar of cloud and fire once hovered. Here Jehovah spoke with Moses as a man speaks with his friend. In this neighborhood Miriam died. Hereabouts Moses impatiently smote the rock, to provide water for the murmuring multitude. What is the awe that fills a visitor to St. Peter's, to St. Sophia, or to the Mosque of Omar, as compared with the sense of hallowed associations which throng one at Kadesh-Barnea!

For an hour, our stout-hearted automobile pioneered this trackless wilderness, the first of its kind to adventure the fastnesses of the greatest camp of the Israelites. At the outset, we had some driving over firm ground, past patches of thin cultivation, causing one to wonder at the zeal with which the Bedouins, in their incessant struggle for existence, discover even the smallest sections of arable land. Then we had stretches of sand, which were easily mastered. Afterwards came the "great and terrible wilderness" of stony Paran. Cobbles and boulders filled the desolate ground; I now think we were foolhardy to force a car to go where almost certain serious damage would result, hundreds of miles from all possibility of mechanical succor. Camels

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might bear back to civilization the stranded passengers, but what would be the fate of the automobile itself, in case of a serious accident? Arif's pride in his machine was justified, however; although no car was ever meant for such an ordeal. Barren and bumpy, the *wady* of Ain Kadeis contains neither cultivation nor camp ground. Ancient cairns and ceremonial circles of large stones and frequent flint instruments, told of man's presence in the long ago; although how he lived on this spot is a mystery. At length, even Arif gave up, after having driven us far up the Ain Kadeis *Wady*.

One soldier remained behind with him and the automobile, while three of us, led by the second soldier, started afoot to follow the dry and dreary ravine to its head. These desolate hills never held trees, and this stony expanse was never carpeted by grass or grain. After the stoneless sands of Egypt, this rocky road must have been doubly dreadful to the Jews. And instead of the lush green of the flat Nile Valley, they had for environment grim and fantastic mountains, where the occasional oasis showed little more than seepage of water. Through this valley we trudged painfully for another hour, following the least difficult trail of stones, worn and polished by the feet of millenniums of camels and of human beings. Surely, Israel never camped on this wilderness waste of stoniness.

At the head of the valley, our instrument showing a height of 1,550 feet, we came to the spring. And such a small spring to bulk so big in books and on maps! Under the chalky hill, where a small ravine opened to the left, was a roughly walled up well, about eight feet across, and about eight feet deep. By clear signs—and

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smells—the goats of the Arabs had climbed down into the well to drink, which also accounted for the nasty taste of the water. From time to time, as dry season approaches, the well is evidently cleaned out. It never overflows; and, of course, is nothing like so large or bountiful as the average farmyard well in the western world. It could not supply any considerable number of persons or animals, much less the hosts of Israel.

A dozen yards below the well, on the sloping ground, there are two or three seepages of water which might, by extreme courtesy, be called springs. A small plot of ground, scarcely more than a hundred feet in extent, is covered with grass because of this water; and, besides a large rock there are small, shallow pools of water. There is no stream. Manifestly, this supply of water could no more than serve the needs of a few tents of Bedouins. We found ourselves disappointed and baffled: for the Kadesh-Barnea of Scripture was a large and important camping place, where the Children of Israel dwelt for a long time. Ain Kadeis, save for the side valley mentioned, ends in a *cul-de-sac*; it is no highway.

All the while we were examining and measuring and photographing Ain Kadeis, our soldier was urging us to make haste. His agitation was unmistakable; and I did not need the sight of a Bedouin girl, standing sentinel on a distant rock, to make me surmise the reason. Our guide had turned aside to visit a Bedouin encampment, a short distance below the spring, and had left it rather precipitately. Not until later did he relate his reception to us. As we started our return journey, I observed the girl make off swiftly in the

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direction of the black tents, as if to report upon our movements.

When we stopped at a primitive graveyard, on a hillock near the spring, our soldier openly protested. But the graves were worth seeing; and while our guide said a prayer before one of them, we examined these evidences of the unchanged religion of animism which underlies the Mohammedanism of the Sinai Bedouin. At the head of the grave of some notable, probably a sheik, was set a sort of feather duster, not unlike an African fetish. On the grave were laid the accouterments of the dead man—his long blue coat (acquired in some contact with the Occident), an earthen water bottle, a pair of worn porpoise-skin sandals, a camel stick, a skin pouch, and other odds and ends. Here also, as all over Sinai, were to be seen the pillars of stone piled upon stones; which, when placed on a ridge, appear from a distance, or in the dusk, to be human figures.

Our seemingly scared soldier kept urging us to move, and instead of retracing the trail by which we had come, he led us up over shoulders of mountains, as if to keep as far away as possible from that Bedouin camp. Then, while out of sight of the Arabs, he led us, still at a gruelling pace, down into the bed of the *wady*—which was a Napoleon of a maneuver; for, ourselves unseeing but seen, any enemy above could have pelted us with rocks. At last we got on to the open plain again, and in sight of our distant automobile and the other soldier. Thereupon our guide halted, and for a long time scanned the horizon behind us for signs of pursuit. Nothing ominous appeared, and the man relieved his mind by cursing the Azazma Bedouins, who

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have refused to come under the authority of the government, and flee like wild animals to the further deserts when they have done mischief that is likely to evoke reprisals. He told us frankly that he had been ungraciously received in the black tents, and that the men had blustered threateningly about these foreigners who had come where they had no right to be. Upon leaving them he had every expectation of an attack; hence the mad speed and weird maneuvers of our return journey. Even had we shared the soldier's fears, our poor feet engrossed us too greatly to permit us to care for any troubles less near and bitter than the stones over which we had stumbled. If it was at this route that the Israelites murmured, I, for one, freely forgive them.

Even the bumping of the automobile on the homeward way was comfort, as compared with the two hours of bruising foot-travel over cobbles and boulders that we had undergone. A distant dust storm did not come near us. From behind the clouds the setting sun reached down straight steel fingers to touch the tops of the mountains. Kassaima and its rest house seemed almost like home. Readers who delight in the difficulties and deprivations of the desert may be interested in the menu of our evening meal, provided, of course, from our own hampers. I recall bouillon, caviar, olives, lobster, cakes and oranges, in addition to bread and butter and coffee; altogether a modern substitute for manna!

Resting in the comfortable police post, by the fireplace in its guest room, we discussed from every angle the possibilities, and the impossibilities, of Ain Kadeis



EVEN ON THE TOP OF MOUNT SINAI THE ARABS HAVE SET UP A
HEAP OF STONES TO PROPITIATE EVIL SPIRITS.

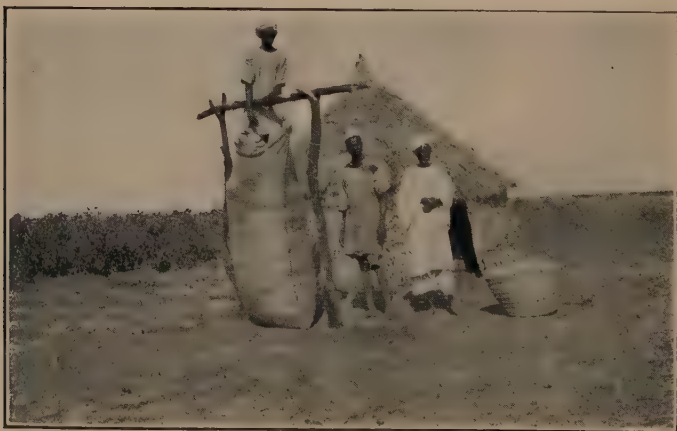


THE SINAI MONASTERY AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LAW.



Photograph used by permission

THE NEWLY EXCAVATED SPHINX, SHOWING TABLET OF THOTMES IV.



Photograph by North Winship

SUDANESE COTTON PICKERS PACKING A SACK FOR THE GIN.

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being Kadesh-Barnea. The little company of natives were voluble in answering our every geographical question; and they described another valley, and another spring, not far away. Ain Kadeis is on the Egyptian side of the border; this other, Ain Guderat, is on the Palestinian side. They may be roughly described as two points of a triangle, of which Kassaima is the third. Doubtless so large a host as the Israelites (probably numbering six hundred clans, or families, rather than six hundred thousand men: the point hinges on the interpretation of a single Hebrew word), spread over the whole region, utilizing every source of water for their flocks and herds and for themselves. In the desert, everything is contingent upon water.

So in the morning we resumed our explorations by automobile, bound for Ain Guderat, following an easy valley until we came to the entrance of the *wady* that was our goal. Before we reached it, we found ourselves following a modern pipe line, of six-inch iron pipe. The incongruity was explained by our guards, who said that during the War the Turks had piped the water from Ain Guderat ("ain" is Arabic for "spring") a distance of more than twenty miles, down into the desert to Jebel Hilal. This spring is the most copious in central Sinai. It is an unfailing supply in all seasons of drought. The awesome significance of this remained to be discovered a little later.

At the opening of the *Wady* Ain el Guderat we found impressive and extensive ruins. A city once guarded the gates to the spring. Does not the Bible (Numbers 20:16) speak of the city of Kadesh? A fort, or cistern, twenty-eight by twenty-eight paces in extent,

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is still in fair repair; Père Vincent, the learned Dominican monk, of Jerusalem, who has studied it, tells me that the latest addition to the structure dates from the beginning of the Iron Age, which was the time of Moses. Here we gathered a great store of worked flints, especially of the small knife-size. There seemed enough of these in one surviving pile to have circumcised all of the children of Israel—for flint knives were so used. Near these city ruins is a wide plain, suitable for the encampment of a great host, a complete contrast with the dreadful stones of *Wady* Ain Kadeis. The hills here are not so steep, and the *wady* is never washed out by torrential rains.

Surprise upon surprise awaited us as we went up *Wady* Ain el Guderat. Although the hills on both sides were bare chalk and sandstones, with flint streaks and nodules abundant, the valley in between, which was from one-eighth to one-half mile wide at different points, was covered with grass and shrubbery. Here was more grass than I had ever seen in any one spot in all Sinai, or Palestine, either. The fertility of the place was almost incredible, considering its location. Flowers and trees as well as grass and grain, flourished. Feathery tamarisk trees were abundant. I counted ten beautiful, thorny, fern-leaved acacia, or shittim, trees, any one of which was large enough to furnish boards for the Ark of the Covenant. Birds made their homes in the trees. The discontented Israelites could grow here the leeks and onions for which they lusted. Plenty of pasturage for animals abounded; and we saw both goats and camels feeding. This is far and away the most habitable spot in all Sinai.

EXPLORING SINAI BY AUTOMOBILE

Through the center of this meadow glen (for the Arabic word "*wady*," so popular with writers upon the East, simply means valley, watercourse, glen, ravine, gulch or gully) ran a singing stream, sometimes tarrying in pools, and occasionally tumbling in cascades. The descent between the spring and the ruins is one hundred and fifty feet, the former being at 1,150 feet above sea level. With eagerness, and enthusiastic comments one to the other, we sought the source of the brook.

It had two sources. One, overwhelmingly the larger, had been partially surrounded by stonework by the Turks, yet it is seen to flow directly from the rock, the only rock-spring in this part of the peninsula. We hesitate to name aloud what was in all of our minds: is this Meribah, the water of murmuring, brought from the dry rock by the rod of Moses? The other spring, a short distance higher up, is small and inadequate for the needs of a multitude. We merely cite the facts.

That we had come upon the true Kadesh-Barnea, missed for ages by Christian scholars and explorers, seems proved, if further proof than the abundance of water and richness of the valley were necessary, by the presence of the city ruins; and by the name of the valley which persists to this day—"Dharb el Sultan," "the king's highway" of the Bible. At Ain el Guderat, the veritable Kadesh-Barnea, meet the great ancient roads of Sinai. Northward one runs to the Land of Promise, over the route we had followed, and the twelve spies before us. Southward, toward Nakhel, lies the path to Egypt, inviting the return of the feet of the discontented ones. Westward went the beaten path to

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Gaza. To the southeast is the main road to Elath, at the head of the Gulf of Akabah. Eastward stretches the old way into the Arabah and to Petra and Mount Hor, where Aaron is buried. All the conditions and considerations of Kadesh-Barnea are met by the fertile valley of Ain el Guderat, with its wonder waters.

From the soldiers at Kassaima we had learned that the Egyptian Frontiers Administration has mapped, and used, automobile roads for light cars, that extend to Suez and to the Sinai Monastery. The need to be at Bethlehem for Christmas caused us to postpone that trip. Later, from Egypt, we planned to revisit the Monastery of St. Catherine, on the Mountain of the Law, this time by automobile, continuing thence across the Sinai peninsula to Kassaima and Hebron and Jerusalem. All the necessary permissions, ordinarily most difficult to secure, had been graciously extended by the director of the Egyptian Frontiers Administration. The archbishop and monks of the monastery, who were visiting their Cairo headquarters when we called, were warmly hospitable and cordial in their renewal of our old friendship. The date was set for departure from Suez; when, lo, storms came down and deposited the new motor road in the Red Sea! So mine will not be the distinction of having been the first to go from Mount Sinai to Jerusalem by automobile.

Some day, I am officially assured, the road will be made ready for public travel, and the solemn seclusion of Sinai will be broken. Travelers may then easily visit the ancient sanctuary, built on the traditional site of the Burning Bush, and surrounded by a never-breached wall erected by the Emperor Justinian. They

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may browse in the library, rich in ancient manuscripts, from which the oldest extant copy of the Gospels, now in Leningrad, was filched by Tischendorf. If especially favored, they may look upon the priceless treasures of gold and jewels which are the gifts to the monastery of emperors and empresses, and other devotees throughout the Christian centuries. Best of all, they may climb Jebel Musa, the Mountain of the Law, and there, amidst its lightning-scarred granite peaks, muse upon the immutability and eternal contemporaneousness of the Ten Commandments.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN "FUZZY-WUZZY" LAND



ALL climates and conditions imaginable are to be found within Bible Lands; from the ultra-civilized life of Rome's higher social circles to the naked savagery of Africa. So from Ishmael's Arabia I followed the route of Solomon's ships to the land of Ethiopia, the home of the sons of Ham; the land of Cush, whence Moses got the Cushite wife who caused trouble in his family; the probable land of Ophir and the source of the ivory, apes and peacocks of Solomon's cargoes. (Some cynical reader is certain to point out the similarity between these and other cargoes of modern tourist ships; so I forestall him!)

As already intimated, in earlier chapters, the connection between Palestine and Arabia, on the East, and Egypt and equatorial Africa, on the west, is closer than is commonly realized. In Bible times the history of the two regions was often intertwined. Egypt is Asiatic; the Arabian coast of the Red Sea and Indian Ocean is manifestly Africanized. The dhows, or native sailboats, of these waters are African in their origin. So also are the one-piece canoes, or skiffs, with their round-ended paddles, in which the natives adventure rough waters. Passage across the Red Sea is constant, slaves being a common cargo. In Africa are uncounted Arabs and in Arabia myriads of Africans.

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This interplay of continents within the Bible area is significant. Life in the Sudan, for illustration, has its present springs in Arabia, and not in the wide southern hinterland of Africa. The religion of the desert dominates the people, who are all, nominally at least, Moslems. How fiercely fanatical is their faith was shown by the uprising of the Mahdi, which cost the life of General Gordon and a host of other British heroes, as well as of a million natives. Kitchener won his fame, as "Kitchener of Khartoum," by suppressing, after years of preparation and effort, this outburst of Moslem zealotry. After traversing the Sudan, from the Red Sea to the Egyptian border, and after spending some days in Khartoum, I am definitely of the impression that the next revolt in that land will have its incitement in Arabia, rather than from within its own borders or from Egypt.

Like all other Bible Lands east of the Mediterranean, the Sudan shows clear signs of impending trouble. The unrest of the East is fermenting in these woolly heads. Again and again, Englishmen in various parts of the Sudan spoke to me of the day when foreign control would have to depart. Even the most complacently imperialistic of them inadvertently betray a spirit of uncertainty that is in sharp contrast with their confident words. I asked a high railway official, who was born in an Arabic-speaking land and who has spent his whole life in colonial service, who or what is the present-day successor of the Mahdi and Khalifa, as leader of the Sudanese.

"We are," he replied succinctly. "We've got these people right there," holding his hand in cupped fash-

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ion. And it seemed so. For in the Sudan the sahib rules. Natives stand whenever a Britisher approaches. English authority seems absolute in every department of life. The black man is definitely under the white Briton.

Still, the next words of my acquaintance were rather upsetting. As we talked, we were crossing the grounds of the British club at Atbara, to watch the sunset over the Nile. Noticing a large wireless equipment, I asked if the daily news bulletins from Rugby and Berlin and Moscow were received over it. Forgetting his confident words of a moment before, my companion said, "No, we have erected the wireless only to be ready in case of trouble. If another rising, like that of two years ago, or of 1919 in Egypt, should again cut the wires we shall be able to communicate with Port Sudan and Khartoum and Cairo. In case those cities fall, we can even communicate with England."

Not five minutes later, still on the quest for news of the world from which I had been shut off for nearly a month, I asked concerning a proposed meeting, two days previous, of all the opposition political parties in Egypt. I was expecting no such reply as came. "We all 'stood by' throughout that day. Soldiers were kept to their barracks, ready for trouble. But nothing happened." Evidently, in their hearts, the ruling class are not so sure that "We've got these people right there." Although an abyss separates the governed from the governing, the latter are well aware of a political and social and religious sensitiveness on the part of the Sudanese that may upon any occasion break out into open revolt, as it did in 1924, when the native soldiers

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mutinied and, in several days of fighting at Khartoum and Omdurman, killed a number of British officers and men; losing a great many of their own men at the same time. Like the Arabs, the Sudanese are prone to fight.

Politically, the Sudan is decidedly part of the world's trouble zone. Subdued in 1898 by an Anglo-Egyptian expedition under Kitchener, long after the failure, in 1885, to relieve General Gordon, and since called the "Anglo-Egyptian Sudan," both British and Egyptian flags being flown over all government buildings, the land was quiet for a score of years. Egyptians claimed that the Sudan was still part of Egypt, as before the ill-fated Gordon expedition against the Mahdi. Because the sources of the Nile, and so of Egypt's water supply, are within the Sudan, unity of control is indispensable; since, as is true of no other land on earth, Egypt's life is wholly dependent upon a single river. Were the waters of the Nile to be diverted in the Sudan, Egypt would quickly perish as a nation. Any visitor to the land of the Pharaohs can understand why her ancient inhabitants worshiped the River Nile as a deity.

So long as the British controlled both Egypt and the Sudan all was well. But with the granting of even nominal independence to Egypt, and the development of great cotton regions in the Sudan, British control of the latter country became more definite and exclusive. The assassination of the Sirdar of the Sudan, Sir Lee Stack, in Cairo, in 1924, was made the occasion for a series of instant and extraordinary demands by the British. In addition to a twenty-four hour cash indemnity of two and a half million dollars, it was stipulated that all Egyptian officers and soldiers should

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leave the Sudan; and that the irrigated acreage to be devoted to cotton-growing by the British in the Sudan should be increased to a practically unlimited extent. There were other demands, looking to a strengthening of the British power in Egypt and in the Sudan; but this one condition concerning the increase of irrigated land in the Sudan excited the most fear and furore; for Egypt, always sensitive upon the point of Nile water, which is her national life-blood, saw in this project a disastrous diversion of water from the Nile to Sudanese cotton fields.

In truth, this swift imposition of a set of heavy national penalties, of so varied a nature, and the heaviest one of so technically an economic character, was greeted with amazed protest on the part of others than Egyptians. This curious assortment of significant demands was suspiciously ready at hand for just this occasion. It smacked unpleasantly of Germany's territorial and economic demands upon China, in connection with the death of two Shantung missionaries. Also it contrasted with America's way with Persia, in the case of the murder, a short time before that of the sirdar, of an American consul by a Persian mob, with local police officials under suspicion of at least passive participation. America asked an indemnity of sixty-five thousand dollars for the consul's widow; and the expense of a warship's journey to Persian waters to bring home the body—afterward allotting the latter sum for the education of Persian youth. Criticism of the size of the cash indemnity demanded by the British was heightened by the refusal of Sir Lee Stack's widow to accept the money.

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More than a year later, the case had a dramatic sequel. By order of a British judge, there was released from secrecy two sets of confessions taken down by British officers at the time, on the part of men condemned for participation in the murder plot. These declared that the originator of the scheme to assassinate the sirdar was a high palace official, close to the king of Egypt, whose avowed purpose—which succeeded—was to discredit and cause the overthrow of the Zaghloul Cabinet, to which both the king and the British were opposed. Zaghloul and his government resigned, and every effort was made to fasten the crime upon them, but in vain. Their complete and dramatic vindication came early in 1926, by the publication of the confessions mentioned; by the withdrawal of a new election law promulgated by the king without the sanction of Parliament; and by the overwhelming election of the coalition government to take the place of the one that had succeeded it in 1924, and that had earned popular reprobation by its uniform compliancy to the will of the British.

These confessions, the first a transcript by listening British officers stationed outside the cells of conversation among the condemned men themselves, when they did not know they were being overheard, appeared at the very time the British High Commissioner of Egypt was in the Sudan opening the new Sennar Dam—a project that is, probably without reason, the bugaboo of Egyptian agriculturists. This event was made the occasion for official demonstrations in the Sudan which were regarded, alike by Egyptians, by British and by other foreigners, as the practical assumption of com-

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plete control of the Sudan by Great Britain. The fiction of Egyptian suzerainty was openly dropped. While the two flags still fly over government buildings, all authority is exercised solely by the British.

Cotton, of course, is the stake in this particular game of international politics. Just as the Egyptian customs have been regulated to prevent competition in Egypt with the Lancashire spinning industry, so all the affairs of the Sudan are attuned to the production of a maximum cotton crop for England, as part of the long effort to free Great Britain from dependence upon American cotton fields. At first, the Sudanese farmers protested that land and water sufficient for their own food crops were not being provided, but this has now been adjusted. The cotton growing of the Sudan is in the hands of a British syndicate, which controls the water also. Proceeds of the crops are allocated, 40 per cent to the farmer; 35 per cent to the government; and 25 per cent to the syndicate. I heard from more than one British source in the Sudan that the Blue Nile leaves so heavy an alkaline deposit upon the soil irrigated that its fertility is limited to a period not exceeding three years.

All economic and political and social aspects of the situation aside, visitors are warm in their admiration of the efficiency of British management of the Sudan. In addition to this great engineering feat of the Sennar Dam, on the Blue Nile—which is ten thousand feet long, seventy-five feet high, contains five hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet of masonry, and forms a reservoir fifty miles long—they have built a new and modern port on the Red Sea, at Port Sudan, with great

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docks equipped to outrival those of many European seaports. A small but spacious city has been created at Port Sudan, around the ancient landmark of the Moslem shrine of "Saint Shrimp," for the handful of foreigners and for the Sudanese workers who have been attracted by the new labor market. A railway has been built to Khartoum from the Red Sea, with branches into the cotton-growing territory; and this is linked up with the railway between Halfa on the Egyptian border, and Khartoum. The apparent purpose is to make Port Sudan, rather than the Nile, the gateway for the trade and travel of the Sudan.

Khartoum itself is a lovely, made-to-order British settlement, with hand-planted and hand-watered trees and gardens, and a magnificent three-mile boulevard along the river bank. It will hardly become a popular tourist resort, for, however approached, there is a thirty-six hour ride across the hot and dusty desert. Gordon College is the outstanding institution, built at Kitchener's request by British subscriptions. During the troubles of 1924 the entire student body, and teaching staff, were expelled, the latter, being British, for inefficiency. Gordon College is not a distinctively Christian institution. In response to public clamor in Great Britain against the prohibition of the teaching of the Bible, this ban has been removed; but I was told that, nevertheless, the Bible is not now taught. The college is designed to provide a limited number of Sudanese who have been trained for the minor government positions.

Shining as is the practical efficiency of British rule in some parts of Asia, it is sadly dimmed by the educa-

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tional policy which prevails. Great Britain does not believe in general education for native peoples. In the Sudan, the natives have less educational opportunity even than in Egypt, where less than 10 per cent can read and write, after forty years of British rule. The American Mission maintains in the Sudan a number of schools for both boys and girls, including an agricultural school. The illiteracy of the Sudanese makes possible the sharp contrast between the large mud city of Omdurman, with its unrelieved native life and poverty, and, across the river, the lovely and luxurious little British city of Khartoum. The two places are ages and continents apart in character and spirit.

One of the American missionaries told me that 50 per cent of the population of Omdurman are still slaves, and that their children succeed to their condition as slaves. No open slave traffic is, however, permitted in this or any other British possession. Because of the shortage of labor on the Sennar Dam and in the cotton fields, the condition in which the native is held leaves something to be desired in the way of perfect freedom.

"Fuzzy Wuzzy," himself, whom Kipling has made famous as

*. . . a pore, benighted 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man,*

is not to be met nowadays in the Khartoum region, but near Port Sudan and farther south. His huge poll of kinky hair, the lower portion greased and hanging down about his neck, is only one part of his distinctiveness. His upright carriage, his self-assured bearing;

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his many beads and amulets, around his neck, arms and body; his spear and his shield and his sword, all set him off as the most pictorial figure that this wide-ranging traveler has ever seen. Civilization has thrown a dirt-colored cloth about him, but his spirit is still unconfined. In the ultimate working out of the world-wide race question, he will surely bear a part.

Interior Africa's newly discovered resources in commodities which civilization needs, as well as in the luxuries which pampered the pride of potentates like Solomon, assure the continent's ever enlarging emergence into world affairs. The Sudanese black men, known by the tribal scars on their faces, whose efficiency as servants has made them prized throughout the Moslem world, are men of to-morrow rather than of yesterday. If ever there should come an armed clash in Bible Lands between the East and the West, "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" and his brothers will be among those present.

CHAPTER XIX

PHARAOH BESTIRS HIMSELF



ASIEST, safest and perhaps most interesting of all the approaches to the subject of Egypt as a Bible Land would be to dwell upon the scenery and the native customs; the lush agricultural life along the Nile; the Pyramids, the Sphinx and the other antiquities which Joseph, Moses and the Israelites looked upon in their day; and the scholastic discussions of the date and route of the Exodus. This is the Egypt that is "done" every year by thousands of American tourists—who, incidentally, are themselves usually "done" in Egypt!

Egypt's chief lure for travelers is her antiquities. Foremost among these are the pyramids, which are really too great to be grasped in one brief visit; especially when that visit is complicated by the importunities of Arabs and by the novel and engrossing experience of a half-mile ride on a camel. To be fully appreciated, the pyramids need to be seen both by moonlight and by sunset; in calm and in sandstorms, and when played upon by all the wonderful lights of the desert. Only one who has viewed them thus, and has also climbed to the top of the Great Pyramid, and penetrated to the King's Chamber in the interior, may truly be said to know the pyramids.

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Familiarity has its rewards. The upper part of the second pyramid is still covered with its original marble casing, and because of its smoothness, is commonly said to be unscalable; but during the War the Australians, those intrepid incarnations of audacity, whose delight was ever to do the impossible, who were encamped at Mena, not only reached the peak of the second pyramid, but also somehow managed to erect there a thirty-foot pole, from which they flew the Australian flag!

Nowadays the Sphinx, which was an ancient antiquity when Moses saw it, has been fully uncovered from the sands that for more than a generation have enveloped the paws and most of the body. The impressiveness of this mysterious man-beast, which is the world's symbol of the riddle of existence, has been increased manyfold by the present season's excavations. The original brick casing, with the red paint applied millenniums ago still showing, is being extended to cover most of the body which is of natural sandstone; and the back of the head has been covered by cement, giving an appearance of newly bobbed hair heightening the popular error that the Sphinx represents a woman. Happily, the inscrutable, cryptic face has not been touched by the restorers.

Despite all the generations of archaeological research in Egypt, a veil of mystery and uncertainty hangs over even the most outstanding discoveries. Lately, a third dynasty temple—that is of the period of 4945-4731 B.C., to assume the correctness of the oldest date assigned—has been uncovered at Sakkara. Its notable feature is a magnificent colonnade of pillars

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almost pure Grecian in style—though built more than three thousand years before there was any Greece!

While nearly all of Egypt is a necropolis, the most famous sights, after the pyramids and the Sphinx, are the temples and tombs at Luxor, the ancient Thebes. The Karnak columns are the most impressive remains of old Egypt's temple-building; and the tombs of the kings, hidden deep in the hills across the river, have preserved the record of a long-dead life by inscriptions, paintings and sculptures. The vanity and futility of these magnificent efforts to defeat death are matched only by the arrogant tyranny of the royalty which thus lavishly wasted the labors of uncounted human beings.

Ancient tombs, Egypt's best-known exhibit, are, after all, one form of our modern vogue of "self-expression." They represent every personality's desire to be somebody distinctive, to do something different and to leave an individual mark upon the world. The stupendous pyramids and tombs of the kings are only different in degree, and not in kind, from the autographs of tourists, in many languages, to be seen scribbled upon Egypt's antiquities. Inside the Great Pyramid, men of like mind with the builder have written their names upon the walls, by chalk and chisel, paint and pencil and candle smoke. One American vandal has cut his inconsequential name in the rock over the entrance to the king's chamber more deeply than the cartouche of Cheops himself has anywhere been incised upon his monument. (It still is an open question whether or not the builder of the Great Pyramid ever was buried in his matchless mausoleum. If he was, his tomb was rifled millenniums ago.)

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This defacing of public places by private names is no modern fashion. One gets an unexpected sidelight upon the antiquity of the Egyptian remains, at Karnak and Giza and Abu-Simbel and elsewhere, by reading the autographs of Roman and Greek sight-seers who were themselves dead before the Christian era was born. Upon one little temple lately uncovered near the Great Pyramid an archæologist friend pointed out a deeply cut hieroglyphic inscription that was old a thousand years before Moses. So this perverted thirst for recognition and remembrance, for the making of one's mark where the world may see it, is a form of egotism that goes back as far as humankind's oldest records. The Pharaohs were particularly prone to it. Nowhere on earth is the futility of material memorials more clear than in Egypt: the fame and greatness of one Joseph or of one Moses outshines that of all the Pharaohs combined. Lasting marks are made only upon human hearts.

Discussions of every phase of Egypt's antiquities are to be found in countless books. What is nowhere printed, and what my theme constrains me to treat, is the Egypt of to-day, the Egypt that typifies the restless, changing, self-conscious East; the Egypt which, all unknown to itself, is being permeated by the Bible's ideals of human life and of a social order of liberty and justice and tolerance. Because Bible Lands are so remote from our western world, it is difficult for Occidental readers to grasp the stupendous fact, of supreme significance, that it is in Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor that the power of the American War Aims is most clearly manifest to-day. The struggle for self-

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government has shifted, since the War, from Europe to the Asia which, politically, includes Egypt.

Our West has become tragically silent concerning the Great War purposes and ideals which fired the hearts of whole nations to endure and achieve, a few short years ago. Out here in the East, however, the slogans that sustained the soldiers are still the battle-cries of little peoples whose hunger and thirst for freedom is superciliously termed "insurrection" by the powers which have taken them over as prizes of war. Europe assumes and declares that these dwellers in Bible Lands are unfit for self-government, although they are of the stock which once ruled the known world. Something of the spectacular inheres in this staging of what may easily be the world's decisive struggle here in Bible Lands, at the crossroads of the earth, rather than in Geneva or other European capitals. And that new-old Egypt should be crying to Europe's foremost Christian nation the ancient words of enslaved Israel's leader to Pharaoh, "Let my people go!" is thought-compelling, at least.

In two rôles Egypt has figured throughout the Scripture story: as a refuge and as an oppressor. From Abraham to Jesus, outstanding personalities in the Bible have sought safety in Egypt. Here the whole nation of Israel first came to national consciousness. During the Dispersion, large bodies of Jews established themselves and their religion along the Nile. Following the example of Joseph and Mary, with the Infant Jesus, the Early Church quickly found her way to the hospitable Land of the Sojourn; and Alexandria was one of the early capitals of Christendom. The Coptic

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Church, although enswathed in the mummy-cloths of a dead ritualism, has continued to live in Egypt, despite all persecutions, up to the present hour. And here is being witnessed a notable Christian missionary renaissance.

Of actual and indisputable traces of Biblical events in Egypt there are almost none. Sites are known, of course, such as the Land of Goshen, and the city of Pithom, where the children of Israel built storehouses, such as have been excavated there; and the scenes of the lives of Joseph and Moses. A considerable body of contemporary records of the interpenetration of Egypt and Canaan has been dug up. Circumstantial evidence in corroboration of the Scriptural narrative abounds. But of direct allusion to Israel on the monuments there is only one; and that does not concern the period of the Sojourn in Egypt.

This is on a large black granite stele in the Cairo Museum, about ten feet high, six feet wide and one foot thick. Originally set up by Amenhotep III in the temple behind the Colossi at Thebes, to commemorate his devotion to the Temple of Amen, the other side of the stone was utilized by Menephtah, the son of Rameses the Great, to record his victories. He recites his conquests of cities in Palestine, and continues "Israel is crushed; it has no more seed." This is the only strictly Egyptian allusion to the Jews by name.

Upon this single stone it may be said that the date of the Exodus hinges. For the Menephtah who so vauntingly recorded his triumph over foes in Palestine, including Israel, has long been regarded as the Pharaoh of the Exodus, his father Rameses II, having been

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deemed the Pharaoh of the Oppression. Obviously, if this chronology is correct, Israel was not a nation in Canaan during Menephtah's reign. Many scholars, however, think that the preponderance of evidence favors placing the Exodus in the previous dynasty, the eighteenth, with Thotmes III as the Pharaoh of the Oppression and Amenhotep II (1461-1436 B.C.) as the Pharaoh of the Exodus. This confirms the theory that the brilliant Queen Hatshepsut was the princess who adopted Moses.¹ One famous archæologist tells me that he thinks the entire evidence of Israel in Egypt fell within the period of the Hyksos kings, which preceded the eighteenth dynasty.

Another famous stele, which most present-day visitors to Egypt see, because it stands between the paws of the newly-excavated Sphinx, has a curious incidental relation to the Exodus story. This stone recites that it was erected by Thotmes IV upon the occasion of his clearing away the encroaching sand from the Sphinx. This he did in gratitude for a vision which he had received during a siesta one day in the shadow of the Sphinx, while hunting gazelles. As he slept, the Sun God spoke to him, and promised that some day he would be king; and when that event came to pass he should clear away the sand from the feet of the Sphinx. The date of this dream was long before his father, Amenhotep II, died, and the young man's chances of succession were remote, for he had an elder brother,

¹ For a fuller discussion of the date of the Exodus, and of all the traces of relationship between Egypt and Israel, the reader is referred to the remarkably erudite and suggestive book, *Nile and Jordan*, by Rev. G. A. Frank Knight, published by James Clarke and Co., London.

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son of a royal princess, whereas his own mother was not of royal rank.

If Amenhotep II was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, then we at once have the clue to this strange story on stone, dug up from the sands—I saw it only yesterday—for Amenhotep's crown prince and heir, "the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne," was slain by the tenth plague, along with all the oldest sons of Egypt. The fearful miracle of Moses may explain the succession of Thotmes IV, and his huge stele between the paws of the Sphinx.

Two observations must suffice to dismiss this engrossing subject of the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt and their Exodus. One is the statement of an eminent American archæologist, now at work in Egypt, that a substantial revision of accepted Egyptian chronology is inevitable, in the light of recent discoveries. He himself puts the beginning of the first dynasty at 3700 B.C., plus or minus three hundred years. The other is the statement made to me recently at Luxor by Professor James H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, that "We have only touched the fringe of Egyptian discoveries." Any day may bring forth new light from the monuments upon Israel's story; even though the Egyptian monarchs were not in the habit of recording their own defeats and disasters. The famous Tell-el-Amarna Tablets chronicle, in the letters of Palestine officials to their overlord Pharaoh, the successes of an invading people who were probably the Hebrews under Joshua. If so, these are a contemporary record of the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites from the Canaan side of the battle line.

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It could not be expected that in Egypt there would remain any trace of the visit of Jesus and his parents to this Land of Refuge. Still, a certain glamour attaches to the pyramids and to the Sphinx from the conviction that they were certainly seen by the Nazareth refugees. Because Egypt welcomed the persecuted Child who was to become the world's Saviour, the myriads of Christians from all the earth who yearly seek the balm and health of the land's soft climate and unique charm cherish a tender feeling for it. And the political and social and religious questions of the Near East which nowadays center in Egypt, have an appeal all their own because in the background of Christendom's thinking are the Scriptural associations of the country. Even apart from all historic and sentimental implications, the recent history of Egypt has an inherent interest commanding the attention of all intelligent persons.

Only a few men are now alive in the world who hold the hearts of their nations in their hands. America has none such. Neither has Great Britain. On all the continent of Europe probably the only leaders of whom this is true are President Masaryk, of Czecho-Slovakia, and Mussolini, in Italy. In Turkey, Mustapha Kemal Pasha is such a leader; and in Arabia, Ibn Saoud. Gandhi, apparently in diminishing degree, approximates this idea in India. Only in Egypt, however, have the people shown repeatedly and by evidences that have no modern parallel, that an unofficial civilian is their real leader, their hero, their idol, exalted by them far above king and cabinet.

That man is Saad Zaghloul Pasha: and his highest

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apotheosis came when he was in exile for nationalism's sake. Twice a prisoner of the British, and taken far away from his native land; the object of political plots and personal intrigues so audacious and terrible that no man has dared print them, though many whisper them under their breath; an old man, often ill, Zagloul is to-day the unquestioned embodiment of Egypt's cause, the man with more power than any official or than the strong-handed British High Commissioner, who is the real dictator to-day in the land of the Pharaohs. One harks back to Joseph and Moses for Egyptian parallels to the case of Saad Zagloul Pasha, "the father of his nation," concerning whom, on the occasion of spectacular public demonstrations, the fellahen and the effendis have unitedly shouted, "No chief but Zagloul." So recently as in May of the present year, Zagloul's party swept into office in a national election by an overwhelming majority.

Hunting for traces of Bible times in this part of Bible Lands is difficult to-day for an American writer because the burning, living issue that is embodied in Zagloul thrusts itself forward on every occasion. Egypt is all alive upon the subject of independence. The old Pharaohs, who look absurdly like so many dried herrings as they lie in their mummy cases in the magnificent Cairo Museum, never saw any such movement as the present in the land of the Nile. A sense of dramatic contrast between the long ago and the present thrusts itself upon one who visits old Rameses II, the heavy-fisted self-exploiter who has been commonly regarded as the Pharaoh of the Oppression of the Israelites, and who was free to have his own egotistical

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way, as he impressed the people to labor for him in the building of great monuments to his own glory; and as he shamelessly substituted his own name for that of his predecessors on many statues and steles and other memorials. Only the first rumblings of democratic revolt, by the Israelites, were heard in Rameses' day. To him, and to his shriveled and enswathed fellow mummies in the museum, no other form of expression of national life than the monarch's absolute will was thinkable.

Even inconsequential young Tut Ankh Amen, who has had more fame nearly four thousand years after his death than he ever had during his life, was immured in such sepulchral splendor that his solid gold mummy case outshines anything else that has come down from antiquity anywhere. This brilliant mortuary panoply was his simply because he was a king, by virtue of being the husband of a queen. He had no especial qualifications of his own. Indeed, all this funerary gorgeousness which has now been unearthed, to become a tourist bait for the benefit of a grasping hotel trust and transportation interests, reflects more distinction upon the character of his queen than upon himself. She surely did enough for her young royal partner; so it is understandable that, ere the funeral baked meats had settled down in their respective mummy cases, the queen-relict should be corresponding with the king of another Bible Lands people, the Hittites, asking for the hand of a prince as a second husband. That letter still survives.

"Divine right of kings" never had anywhere else on earth such splendid manifestations as here in the

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Nile delta. After all these long centuries, the challenge to the doctrine of absolutism is being most dramatically staged alongside of the same river by the descendants of the same Egyptians. Moses and his laws, and all their subsequent Scriptural expansion, have had a startling vindication on the very soil where once the cries of the Hebrew slaves answered to the whip of the Egyptian taskmaster. Nationalism has achieved a nominal victory in the independence won by Egypt in 1923; whether the abiding reality is to ensue is a grave question, the answer to which rests with British statesmanship and with the Egyptian public.

When the World War broke out, Egypt was under the titular suzerainty of Turkey, and paid annual tribute, although practically ruled by Great Britain. The tenuous thread of allegiance to the Ottoman government was promptly cut after Turkey entered the War. Egypt became a great base for the eastern campaigns of the Allies. It was heavily drawn upon for cotton, for grain, for fodder and for draught animals, all requisitioned at a fixed price by the army. Not always did the money paid reach the peasant who supplied the provisions. While not conscripted for military service, the Egyptian fellaheen were levied as a labor corps, to work on three fronts. Ostensibly a voluntary system, with pay, these million laborers behind the lines were in effect conscripted, just as their crops and animals had been. All this created widespread hostility to the British. Innumerable particular grievances developed: as when a man who had been forced to sell his camel to the army for an unreasonably low figure was offered it back at the close of the War.

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at from five to ten times the price he had received for it.

After the Armistice, the Egyptian leaders pressed for permission to send a commission to London to talk over with the British officials the country's grievances, and the fulfillment of the British war-time promises of self-government. The Cairo Residency consented, but London countermanded this permission, never dreaming how deep and vital were the popular passions with which it was so casually dealing. When the Egyptians insisted, five of their leaders, with Saad Zaghloul Pasha at their head, were arrested and deported to Malta, that favorite dumping ground of political prisoners. The day the Zaghloul party were sent away, a nation-wide outburst of furious violence took place. Telegraph lines were cut, rails were torn up, stations were demolished, British citizens were attacked; and eight British soldiers were murdered on a train, and their corpses savagely mangled beyond all recognition. The insurrection was nation-wide, comprehending all classes of the population, and comparable to the Indian Mutiny—although the facts were foolishly kept by the censorship from the British public and the world. Many communities of British were besieged, and there was fierce fighting and reprisals. It was estimated that the fatalities were about a dozen British and over a thousand Egyptians. Airplanes did tremendous execution.

After weeks of virtual war, the British announced the release of Zaghloul and his party. The proclamation was popularly accepted as meaning the granting of independence. Then Egypt went wild, in demonstrations that perhaps had never had a parallel anywhere. For

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nearly two days these continued, always peaceful, but fairly effervescing with national enthusiasm. Then, unfortunately, British patience snapped under the strain of what was commonly regarded as the exultation of victorious foes; and at the corner of the Esbekiah Gardens, in Cairo, opposite the Continental Hotel, a procession was broken up; there was rough work by the British troops, whose excesses extended to the provinces and villages. So embittered were the Egyptians by the widespread atrocities that it was freely declared that there could never again be peace with Great Britain. That day in April, 1919, doubtless marked a turning point in the history of modern Egypt, and of the whole Near East. British authorities not only took local cognizance of the excesses of the troops, but the government at London sent out an eminent commission, headed by Lord Milner, to investigate the atrocities. But the Egyptians gave scant credit to this expression of the British spirit of justice. The upshot of the Milner Commission's work was the recommendation of independence for Egypt.

In the meantime, since the fervor of nationalism did not subside, the blunder of arresting and deporting Zaghloul and other nationalist leaders was repeated, and they were sent off to the Seychelles Islands, on the coast of Africa. All in vain. The spirit of Egyptian nationalism only flamed brighter and brighter under these measures; and when Zaghloul was brought back his reception all along the route was an ovation which European observers declare to have been without a parallel, even during President Wilson's triumphal tour of Europe. Theoretically independent, Egypt still is

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under British control, with a large army of occupation in the country, and with the British dominant in the palace. Agitation continues, and creates an ominous condition should an open clash come in Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, Turkey or anywhere else in the Near East, between Great Britain and the natives.

Because of his unique rôle of leadership, I sought out Saad Zagloul Pasha in his home, called "The House of the Nation," which has been the center of theatrical manifestations of the nation's loyalty to him. In the anteroom were gathered young nationalists, and the walls were hung with photographs; one, I noticed, showing conspicuously flags bearing both crosses and crescents. The great outburst of nationalism bridged the deep gulf between Christians and Moslems, and made them politically one in their purpose. Some of the Cross and Crescent demonstrations in 1919 were incredibly spectacular; as when Christians made speeches in the Mosque of El Azhar, that citadel of Moslem intolerance; and Moslems entered all Coptic pulpits on Easter to bear felicitations and express fellowship. At that time I saw great organized processions of professional men, students, landlords and fellaheen, displaying Cross and Crescent banners, and led by Moslem mullahs, Christian priests and Jewish rabbis, marching side by side.

I found Zagloul Pasha, a man past seventy who had been ill, reclining on a sofa; but the old fire was still in his eye. He was unequivocal in his arraignment of the British in Egypt, and of the existing cabinet, which, he says is only their tool. After he had stated a situation which left no conclusion possible

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except that the king is in the same category, I asked, in slow, unmistakable terms, being unwilling to leave anything to inference :

“Then you mean to say that the King himself is only a puppet in the hands of the British High Commissioner?”

We had been talking through an interpreter, since Zagloul Pasha speaks English only with difficulty; although I perceived that he understood throughout what I was saying. This time, without waiting for the interpreter to speak, he replied, emphatically :

“Yes!”

Then his eyes held mine in silence for what seemed to be a whole minute, as if to confirm his own sense of the gravity of the single word he had uttered. It is not usual for a man who has twice been prime minister, and who is himself the responsible popular leader of his nation, to strip his sovereign thus of scepter and state, and portray him as a mere marionette of a foreign functionary. Yet it is that sort of pugnacious audacity which has endeared Zagloul to the people. Common report says that the reason for the hostility of the palace to Zagloul is the fear that he may turn Egypt into a republic, and send the king off to Europe to join the colony of jobless ex-monarchs.

Our talk ranged over many phases of the Egyptian situation; and throughout it the doughty old warrior showed his unflinching opposition to all that interferes with Egypt's real independence. When I mentioned an appeal to the League of Nations as a peaceful solution of the vexed question of Anglo-Egyptian relationships, he said that he had no faith whatever in the

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League; it is but an instrument of the Great Powers; and besides, Great Britain will not let Egypt join. He says there is much difficulty in getting Egypt's case before the tribunal of world opinion, and especially before the British public, owing to the control of publicity exercised by the Foreign Office. While he also recounted Egypt's grievances in the usurpation of control of the Sudan by the British, Saad Zaghloul was most immediately concerned in the attempt to foist a new election law upon the land, without parliamentary approval. The king had prorogued parliament more than a year before—illegally, the Nationalists claimed. Two weeks after my interview, the unwelcome election law was withdrawn, in the face of a union of all opposition parties; and the May elections proved an overwhelming Zaghloulist victory which precipitated a crisis in Egypt's relations with Great Britain.

Owing to the presence of a rigid British censorship, which kept the world from knowing how important was the really nation-wide 1919 uprising of Egyptian nationalism, even students of foreign affairs are not generally aware of the central place that Egypt holds in the unrest of the Near East. In the first place, the American War Aims were allowed free circulation in Egypt before the Armistice, and these were intensified by definite and official promises of self-government for the Near Eastern peoples, issued jointly by the French and the British.

In the foreign and colonial offices of London and Paris little heed was paid to the possible consequences of feeding the minds of aroused nations upon such utterances as these which President Wilson had laid down

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in his address of May 27, 1916, as fundamental principles:

First. That every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which it shall live.

Second. That the small states of the world have a right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon.

And Third. That the world has a right to be free from every disturbance of its peace that has its origin in aggression and in disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

Is it any wonder that during the mighty demonstrations of March and April, 1919, the Egyptian mobs made the air resound with "*Yahia el America!*" "*Yahia Doctor Wilson!*" "Long live America!" "Long live Dr. Wilson!" The portentous truth is that the leaven of the War Aims had worked down to the bottom units of Egyptian life, even to the fellah toiling amidst the irrigation ditches, himself only one generation removed from the *corvée*. All thoughtful foreign residents of Egypt with whom I have discussed the subject agree that this potent passion of patriotism permeates the whole nation. It is in and of the entire people, and is not the frothy effervescence of over-vocal agitators. I commend to some thoroughgoing psychologist the importance of a first-hand study of the phenomena of nationalism as an almost transforming force in the life of the Near East.

Another reason for Egypt's leadership in the oriental awakening of the postwar period is that Cairo is the intellectual center of the Mohammedan faith. Her

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lines reach out to the uttermost bounds of the Moslem world. Cairo newspapers are read wherever Arabic is spoken. Even more to the point is the fact that El Azhar, the great Mohammedan university, is the training school of the leaders of Islam. Wherever on earth the followers of the Prophet are to be found, there runs the influence of El Azhar. Every student is a zealot and a professional propagandist. So when, in 1919, El Azhar became the center of the nationalist uprising in Egypt, and its students were themselves witnesses of excesses by British troops, they quickly dispersed to all corners of the Orient to preach an anti-British doctrine of revolt and nationalism. A close study of the chronology of the risings against foreign, and especially British, influence in the East will show that the relation of El Azhar men thereto has been one of cause and effect. Herein lies a large part of the explanation of the transformation of the former friendship of the East for the British into a general feeling of antagonism that is now as deep seated as it is widespread. Events in Egypt, 1919, have profoundly colored the entire subsequent history of the Near East. The blunders of London politicians have cost their Empire a large proportion of its overseas trade, as well as the almost complete collapse of its prestige. Professional diplomacy seems wholly unable to learn the simple truth that the attitude of the common people is eventually determinative in all public affairs. It is a drastic and rather dreadful lesson in democracy that Egypt has been trying to teach Europe.

In the passions of the present the performances of

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the past are forgotten. What Great Britain has done in and for Egypt has been obscured by recent tragic blunders. To-day the two peoples are wholly antagonistic. The Briton despises and dislikes the Egyptian; the Egyptian regards the Briton as the incarnation of tyranny and oppression. To an outsider, this entire lack of a spirit of sympathy and good will is the most disheartening phase of the situation. Both peoples need each other; yet no avenue to adjustment and reconciliation seems open so long as the present mental attitude persists. On two accounts the larger responsibility rests with the British: first, because they are the wiser, stronger people; and, secondly, because they are attempting to restore or maintain a policy of imperialism which the War has made antiquated and unworkable.

Nevertheless, the forty years of the British Occupation of Egypt remain, despite all incidental errors and faults, as a great international achievement. The British took over Egypt, in 1883, as a bankrupt nation with a total revenue of nine million pounds, with the aggregate value of agricultural land as one hundred and fifty million pounds, and a population of seven million persons, a large proportion of whom were subject to the *corvée*, or forced labor, as they had been for six thousand years. Taxes and political privileges all operated in favor of the strong as against the weak. Government officials were underpaid, and lived off the fallaheen.

Such is the picture of yesterday, as drawn by Sir William Willcocks, the famous engineer, whose term of service has almost coincided with the period of the

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Occupation. In contrast, he pointed out, in a recent address to the *Institut d'Egypte*, that at the close of the Occupation, in 1923, the population had increased to thirteen million; the revenue of the country was thirty-four million pounds; bankruptcy had been converted into a treasury reserve of seventeen million pounds; the value of agricultural land had increased to five hundred and fifty million pounds; officials were able to live on their salaries; taxes had been equalized for rich and poor; the immemorial *corvée* had been abolished; and the Nile had been trained as the servant of the land, after a fashion never dreamed of by the Pharaohs. Added to these are other notable achievements in the domain of public health and sanitation; the promotion of the public security and of justice; the organization of modern business, and a general lifting up of the nation's level of life.

Egypt is a good land in which to consider that sort of internationalism which most interests the greatest number of stay-at-homes—Christian missions. In this country the missionary situation is rather simple and uncomplicated. One organization, the United Presbyterian, or American, Mission, dominates the field, with no competition from other American denominations. True, the Church Missionary Society, which is Anglican, and works exclusively among Moslems, has thirty-eight missionaries; the Egyptian General Mission, a British undenominational organization, has forty-six; and the Canadian Holiness Mission has seventeen. But the American staff numbers two hundred and seventeen, supplemented by eight hundred

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and sixty-four Egyptian salaried workers, ten times as many as the next largest organization.

That the rather dour and grim United Presbyterians of America, who are one of the smallest religious bodies, with their center at Pittsburgh, should have reached out into Egypt and become one of the determinative forces in the modern life of the ancient land of the Pharaohs, is itself a curious and striking illustration of the possibilities of modern world-wide influence. These stern-visaged Psalm-singers, whose tenets are of the strictest, and, some would say, of the narrowest, have shown a breadth of grasp and plan, and of real statesmanship, that has caused their mission in Egypt to be one of the recognized forces for tolerance and righteousness and progress in the country. Their accomplishments are a real feat of practical internationalism. Incidentally, they have done more to exalt America's prestige and power in Egypt than professional diplomacy could ever do.

It was away back in 1854 that the American Mission began its work in Egypt, finding its field among the Moslems and among the members of the stagnant and ancient Coptic Church, which has been substantially rejuvenated by American evangelical influence. The present staff consists of two hundred and seventeen Americans, men and women, including evangelists, teachers, physicians and administrators. In addition, there are eight hundred and sixty-four Egyptian workers. In the cities and in the villages, and by the itinerating work of three dahabeahs on the Nile, a private car on the railway and a fleet of Fords, the missionaries have permeated the life of Egypt by their

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direct and indirect influence. They have been stoutly evangelical throughout, the Bible, the church, the Sunday school and the prayer meeting accompanying them in all their activities. It is estimated that every night there are at least a hundred prayer meetings held in Egyptian villages by the natives themselves.

Education had been a banner achievement of the American Mission in Egypt. At present, it operates two hundred and twenty-eight schools; sixty-seven schools for girls, and one hundred and sixty-one for boys; and the apex of the educational system is the American College for Girls, Cairo, with three hundred and sixty students; and the Assiut College, with seven hundred male students, Moslem, Coptic and Protestant. In these colleges there is an insistence upon daily chapel and curriculum Bible study that is rare in American institutions.

Anybody who has traveled much in the Orient, with an especial eye on Christian missions, gradually sets up his own standards of good missionary colleges. These must include the size and character of the teaching staff; the spirit of faculty and students; a building equipment adequate without elaborateness; the quality of the work done by the students; freedom from pauperization; and, most important of all, the genuineness of the Christian teaching and character that pervade the life of the institution. By all these standards, Assiut College merits highest rating. Visitors who know most about education in mission lands are warmest in their praise of this virile and thoroughly missionary college, with its seven hundred students; and fine American and Egyptian staff.

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A recent outgrowth of the educational system of the American Mission in Egypt is the American University of Cairo, which is an independent and inter-denominational body, although its heads are United Presbyterian missionaries. This institution, which aims to provide advanced studies for a picked body of young men in the Arts College, and to maintain other departments of university rank, has had extraordinary success, the highest families in the land sending their sons to it. Even El Azhar professors and students have gone to the American University to hear lectures on science. For Islam is being broadened by these varied Western influences.

After all has been said, though, the one surest criterion of missionary success is the number and type of indigenous churches it has brought into existence. I chanced to be at Assiut for the annual meeting of the Synod of the Evangelical Church of Egypt, a body of strong and attractive ministers and elders, practically all of them the product of the American Mission schools. The Synod's churches, nearly three hundred in number, manned by more than a hundred ordained Egyptian clergymen, are scattered over the whole country. Their membership is more than eighteen thousand, with something above a thousand additional members reported for last year. These native churches contributed \$118,765 during 1925, an increase of \$3,765 over the preceding year. Every item in the Synod's reports showed similar progress: thus there were twenty-nine new Sunday schools organized, bringing the total up to 303, with a membership of 25,495. That is a potential proportion of a small

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nation's youth. These Sunday schools gave \$7,850 during the year to Christian causes. In addition, most of the support of the American Mission's 228 schools, with 19,020 pupils, already mentioned, comes from the Egyptian Synod, rather than from American contributors.

Somehow, I cannot escape the sense of romance which is hidden in even the baldest summary of the record of this American Mission. In the background I see the ultra-sober and apparently provincial United Presbyterians as I know them in the States, hard-working, plain and thrifty people. These seemingly commonplace and unimaginative Presbyterians wield a scepter of real influence in the Land of the Pharaohs. They are working miracles of character transformation that exceed in wonder some of the feats of Aaron's rod. Largely by their labors, America has won the first place among the nations in the affection and admiration of the Egyptians. They are literally a leaven of life amidst a nation half a world away from the stark hills and smoky air of Pittsburgh. What they are doing in the living present I have found of greater interest than what the dead pharaohs did millenniums ago.

Stories of the most diverse sort crowd toward a writer's pen in Egypt. Worthy of fuller telling is that of Sir William Willcocks, "Father of the Nile Dams," who, at the age of seventy-three, has lately finished a translation of the Gospels into the Egyptian vernacular. Arabic is the written language of Egypt; but not 10 per cent of the people are literate, after forty years of British rule. The spoken dialect of the

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fellaheen, Sir William says, is the ancient Punic, or Phœnician, or Canaanitish language, which, he contends, has been in persisting use around the southern Mediterranean littoral for thousands of years. He finds in it remarkable resemblances to the native speech of Palestine in the time of Jesus.

By spending four years off in the desert—for so he calls his sojourn in Helouan—he has been able to complete the Four Gospels, putting them for the first time in the colloquial tongue understood and spoken by the common people. He says that, once taught the alphabet, the Egyptian peasant can read these Gospels. "It's a bigger job than the Assuan Dam," says this famous engineer, who created the mighty dam in upper Egypt which countless visitors have pronounced a more wonderful achievement than the pyramids.

Sir William and I first became friends down in Mesopotamia, in 1910, when he was building the Hindia Barrage; and his pungent personality even then suggested "the trees of the Lord," which "are full of sap." As I recently listened to his recital of the Providences attending this work of Scriptural translation, and his enthusiastic plans for still larger Christian service that would put to blush the ambitions of a young man, he seemed like the Psalmist's tree which "brings forth fruit in old age." To have built Egypt's greatest dam, and then to have given Egypt the vitalizing waters of the Greatest Book, constitutes a unique instance of success.

Thoughts of the Egyptian sorcerers and snake-charmers with whom Moses and Aaron contended before Pharaoh come to mind in Luxor, as one watches

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Mousa, the present representative of a hereditary line of snake-charmers, whose fame is international. I had read and heard of Mousa; yet I expected little more than the dreary sort of stage performance that one sees enacted by the Indian snake-charmers. Friends at the American Mission School in Luxor say, however, that out of tourist season, they, and other residents, employ Mousa to rid their gardens of snakes and scorpions. So for our entertainment they invited him to their garden one afternoon, following tea.

Riding a donkey, alone, and carrying no equipment save a squat, jar-shaped basket, with a stopper, he arrived. Evidently accustomed to American skepticism, he began to divest himself of his garments, to show that he carried no concealed pet snakes—his basket having been intrusted to one of the Mission servants, who was instructed to keep well to the rear, so that Mousa would not “smell” its contents. We let him strip himself of his outer robes until propriety bade us tell him to desist. He wore next to his skin an overplus of amulets and charms.

Carrying only his stick, he set out on a tour of the garden, calling aloud to the snakes, in the name of Solomon and an assortment of spirits, good and bad, to show themselves. This, of course, was pure hokum. He moved quite rapidly, his face extended like that of a bird dog working a cover. As he approached a thick tangle of weeds he exclaimed, “One is here,” and stooped to peer into the weeds. “It’s a cobra,” he said, beginning to poke amongst the growth with his stick. I was close beside him but could see nothing for the weeds.

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Mousa redoubled his invocations, and once gave a sharp rap with his stick at the snake. He extended his hand as he kept calling to the creature. Several times he made false passes. Whether or not this was a ruse to heighten the excitement of the spectators I do not know. I could not see the snake at all, so thick was the growth. Then with a "Here he is," Mousa made a quick thrust with his hand and pulled out by the tip of the tail a cobra five feet long! The snake hung perpendicularly, as straight as the rod of Aaron which turned into a serpent. This namesake of the wonder-worker before Pharaoh then carried his find to an open space where we could see clearly his methods.

Throwing the snake on the ground, he began to talk to it. The cobra reared its head and swelled out its hood menacingly but did not strike at the hand extended toward it. Twice it tried to run away, but with a flip of his stick Mousa brought it back, talking scoldingly all the while. His stunt was to make the reptile "eat out of his hand," which he kept extending toward its head. The posturing of the snake was really beautiful, its head upraised more than a foot and its hood distended. At length, the head was almost laid on Mousa's hand; whereupon he grasped it by the neck, and showed us the poison oozing from the sides of its jaws. Yet so far as I could see, unless it was at the first contact in the weeds, when the man gave it a blow with his stick, the cobra had not attempted to strike him. Still talking, and still holding it just below the head, Mousa wrapped the snake around his neck; and then put it into his basket, along

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with a smaller one captured earlier in the day. He says he never kills a snake, but empties his basket over in the hills. I suspect, though, that the scorpions poison the snakes.

Mousa's next effort was to find a scorpion. He went closely about the school building, still calling monotonously upon his assortment of spirits. I was within three feet of him all the while, watching as closely as I knew how. Suddenly he said, "Here's one," and began to poke at a bit of loose stucco, behind which a scorpion was completely concealed. The creature came running out, striking with its tail, as Mousa stretched out his hand to pick it up. Again and again it struck him, and once a real effort was needed to withdraw the sting. Evidently, the man is immune to scorpion poison, as is said to be the case with persons repeatedly struck by them. While Mousa held the scorpion I examined it closely, with its eighth-of-an-inch black barb, and a sac of yellow poison at its base. This was a vicious specimen, for it struck whenever its tail was released.

Then followed a bit of enchantment. With many adjurations, Mousa placed the scorpion back on the wall, and drawing a cross below it, instructed it to remain immovable until his return. There it stayed for the few minutes I watched; the missionaries say that if Mousa does not return for an hour he finds the scorpion where he put it, fully alive, but rigid until released. We left at this point to catch a train, while Mousa continued his circuit of the garden; for the school girls had reported the presence of a smaller snake several days previously; and the charmer's job

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was to clean the premises of all reptiles. Certainly his performance was wonderful. It is explained by those who have watched the man often as simply a highly developed scent for reptiles; and a familiarity with them that comes from long practice. Nevertheless, it baffles understanding why a new big cobra, with the power of death in its fangs, should perform to this man's commands until it at last "ate out of his hand." And must I confess that I found Mousa more interesting than any of the king's tombs and mummies, or even than any of the flocks of tourists, that I saw at Luxor?

Too many tourists and too few observers go from America to Bible Lands. One of the staple sources of income of sight-seeing centers in the Near East is the revenue from free-spending travelers, who are shepherded from one scene to another, with bewildering swiftness. How this docile tourist state of mind is brought to pass, so that educated, forceful Americans become as sheep—or goats!—in the keeping of professional guides and tour-conductors is a mystery to independent travelers. Rare is the person who can break over the routine mapped out for him and really see, aside from the printed itinerary, what he may want to know. Always, when ashore, the pressure is incessant upon him to visit the shops, where, of course, the guides invariably collect a commission. During the tourist season, prices sky-rocket in all bazars, as well as in hotels. As fishermen in the Bay of Naples rush from every direction to take advantage of the approach of a school of mackerel, so merchants, hotel-keepers, servants, beggars, guides, and

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a long tail of nondescript hangers-on besides, swarm about these visitors who travel in schools. So sordid, shameless and insolent is this conspiracy of greed and graft that resident foreigners in the cities visited resent equally the gullibility and lavish spending of the travelers and the avarice and impertinence of the exploiters. Besides, the local people cannot do any buying at the height of the tourist season, since prices are then so abnormal.

Rarely does a conducted "tour" devote more than two days to Jerusalem. All of Egypt is allowed a week or ten days. Constantinople gets sometimes one and sometimes two days of the average "cruise." Only by an extraordinary effort may resident Americans, or American institutions, secure any attention from even a small proportion of the visitors. It seems as if a strange new psychology has taken possession of them: they have abdicated their normal national personality and have acquired a sheeplike tourist state of mind, and they go where they are led, do what they are bidden, and believe all that is told them. So what they really see of Bible Lands is the minimum, and under most unfavorable conditions. Small wonder that a guide-led Christian often goes home "disillusioned about Jerusalem."

Equally understandable is the observation often heard about Egypt, "This country has no other 'sight' that equals in interest and amazingness the American tourists." I confess to having been among those who, from the garden of the Mena House, have watched with amusement the helpless flocks of American tourists on a visit to the pyramids in the process of being

PHARAOH BESTIRS HIMSELF

taken possession of by the clamorous dragomans and drivers. Transferred to the stage, the scene would make screaming comedy. Not one woman in fifty is properly dressed for camel-riding. And the way nice American girls are openly fascinated by the picturesque orientalism of rascally guides make the understanding American gnash his teeth.

Some day, in response to affronted public opinion, Egypt will deal vigorously with the whole "guide" fraternity, especially about the pyramids and at Luxor. Their importunity is unmatched anywhere else on the earth's travel belt. Their only equipment is a few phrases of English and an unlimited effrontery. Most of them call themselves "Moses," or "The son of the Sheikh," or "The Sheikh of the Pyramids." Nor are impudence and lying and incompetence the worst of their offendings. It is not uncommon for tourists to be stopped and confronted with peremptory demands for money when away from the eye of the police, who carry whips and use them. Hundreds of tourists can tell how, in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid, awed by the oppressive weight of that great mountain of stone upon their spirits, they have been lined up beside the empty sarcophagus of Cheops, and then, all lights save one candle having been extinguished, a menacing demand is made for "Back-sheesh!" It is a perfect psychological "hold up"; even if there is no real danger. The trick was tried upon me twenty years ago; but, knowing the East, I gave the rascals very small change—a piece of my mind.

CHAPTER XX

SYRIAN SAINTS AND SINNERS



NATURE divided the Promised Line north and south; politics have divided it east and west. In consequence, there is trouble. That great "fault" in the earth's crust, the rift that runs from the fertile and beautiful valley of Inner Syria, the Bakaa, between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon mountains; and continues down through the Lake of Galilee, the Jordan Depression, the Dead Sea and the Arabah, clear to the fine natural harbor of Akabah (Solomon's Elath), at the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, is one of the geological curiosities of the globe. It makes the study of the geography of the Holy Land easy. Like a strip of bacon, the Promised Land shows alternate layers of fat and lean. First there is the coastal plain; then the ridge of mountains; then the Great Depression, on the other side of which are the rich uplands; and beyond them the desert.

Politics at Paris cut this chunk of bacon arbitrarily across the middle, and called the upper portion Syria and the lower section Palestine. In addition, it marked off a toothsome morsel east of the Depression which it called Trans-Jordan. In recent centuries, all three had been one district called Syria. Because the natural interflow of trade and travel and life ran north and south, the Paris blunder of giving an arbitrarily cre-

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ated Syria to France, and an equally arbitrarily created Palestine to Great Britain, has seriously hindered the economic life of both districts. Neither can prosper without the other. The grave rebellion in Syria has economic as well as political and social causes.

Both Palestine and Syria are Bible Lands. In this chapter, we shall traverse the northern district, from the "Ladder of Tyre," where the frontier officials halt our car for passport examinations; to Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, away up near Aleppo and Alexandretta. Our start is made in north-western Palestine at Haifa, the growing city, now largely Jewish, at the northern end of Mount Carmel. This mountain of Elijah is twelve miles long, and the Arabs call it "the mountain of a thousand valleys." It looks out on the Mediterranean, so that Elijah's messenger could see on the distant horizon the rise of a cloud the size of a man's hand. The famous duel between Elijah and the priests of Baal took place on the southern end of the mountain, at what is locally called "The Place of the Burning," an ideal theater for such a sublime drama. Few tourists ever turn aside for this rewarding site; and the hospitable Carmelite monks who inhabit it are really poor. The perennial spring, under the brow of the hill, which has never been known to run dry, explains how, in a time of terrible drought, Elijah was able to pour water lavishly upon his sacrifice.

Mount Carmel looks south toward the ancient Roman capital of the district, Cæsarea, where Peter visited Centurian Cornelius, after his vision at Joppa; and where Paul the prisoner was tried before Felix and

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Festus and Agrippa; and where dwelt Evangelist Philip with his seven daughters. Nowadays, once proud Cæsarea is a miserable settlement, swampy and malaria ridden, and wholly inaccessible by automobile. Nearer Mount Carmel than Cæsarea, and inland, on the edge of the great plain of Esdraelon, lies the mound of Megiddo, the Armageddon of Scripture. Here the University of Chicago, under Dr. C. L. Fisher, the distinguished archæologist, has begun an extensive excavation of the promising "tell." When we visited it only the preliminary work had begun, and nothing but broken pottery had rewarded the first digging.

When peace and prosperity come to the Holy Land, the shore road above Latakia will be opened and the automobile ride from Haifa to Antioch will become one of the popular tourist trips of the world. A railway is also projected. Apart from its historic associations, the stretch of territory covered is rich in natural beauty beyond many a famous beaten track of travel. Leaving Mount Carmel, the route lies along the Mediterranean sands toward Acre, the last stand of the Crusaders. The car plays tag with the waves; at times one goes to sea by automobile! Camel caravans, donkey trains, foot travelers, occasional horsemen, and auto busses are passed as we speed over the firm white sand, twice passing sea turtles, each approximately three feet long, which had apparently come to grief while ashore laying eggs. The wind was off the water, driving the spray into our faces as we rode along; and "the breaking waves dashed high" from a jeweled sea as brilliantly beautiful as ever was seen in the Bay of Naples or by the Riviera.

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These shores are not like other shores. This is Phœnicia, famous in sacred and secular history. Phœnicia's commerce bore civilization to all the far coasts of the Mediterranean and beyond. The Phœnicians were pioneers in other things than commerce and alphabet making. As we cross the river Belus, about ten miles from Haifa (we scarcely noticed the little brook Kishon when we passed it!) we are reminded that it was on these very sands that the Phœnicians first discovered glass.

Past out-jutting Acre, so loaded with a weight of eventful history that it might be forgiven for breaking off and falling into the sea, we find ourselves on "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," visited by Jesus, and closely bound up with Old Testament history. The precipice road along the white cliffs of the "Ladder of Tyre" has been newly made for safety, with enticing views of sea and land. Inland from Tyre itself stands the ancient "Tomb of Hiram," which may or may not be the authentic grave of the King of Tyre, who supplied Solomon with skilled workmen and cedars of Lebanon for the building of the Temple. One of the striking characteristics of Bible Lands is the persisting reverence shown for tombs and shrines.

Hiram's Tyre has sadly fallen in estate since the days of its glory. Alexander the Great built a causeway out to the island city, which became silted up, so that the island is now solidly joined to the mainland. As Ezekiel prophesied, Tyre has now become "a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." Thoughts of Paul at Tyre give way to memories of Elijah as we pass the village which was the Zarephath

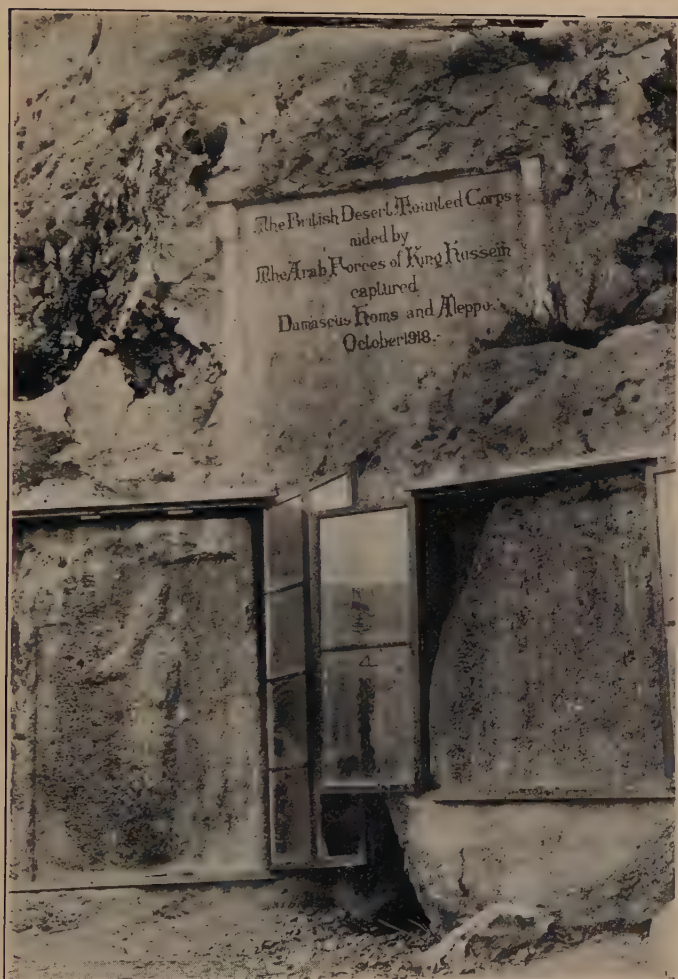
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of the Old Testament, the Sarepta of the New. It was here that the hospitable widow's "barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail." Somewhere hereabouts also our Lord healed the Syro-Phœnician woman.

Boys selling oranges and "acatinia," or loquats, for which the neighborhood is famous, and "gaseuse," or bottled soda water, crowd around the car at Sidon, the city which is currently known as a refreshment stop on the road between Haifa and Beirut. What a fall for once-glorious Sidon! Still, the vaulted streets, some of which have not seen the sunshine for many centuries, cast their spell of the romance-flavored past upon the visitor. Outside the old walls lies a heap of murex shells, from which was extracted, ages ago, the celebrated Tyrian purple. Presbyterians have notable schools in the city and on a neighboring hilltop.

It was amidst a Sidon olive grove that there was discovered, a generation ago, one of the finest pieces of sculptured marble that ever came from mortal hands—the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, which is the choicest treasure of the Constantinople Museum. Old Sidon seems to have been surrounded by a necropolis; and many rich tombs, extending across millenniums, have been opened. The iridescent "tear bottles" of Phœnician glass, found in the graves, are real souvenirs such as discerning travelers seek. A plethora of the past's treasures from Sidon are to be seen in Beirut in the shops of the antiquity dealers; and in the museum of the American University.

Two contrasting facts stand out in the landscape of Bible Lands. One is wells and springs, as central to



Photograph used by permission

FOR MILLENNIUMS, CONQUERORS HAVE INSCRIBED THEIR FEATS ON THE CLIFFS OF THE DOG RIVER. TWO ANCIENT ASSYRIAN AND ONE MODERN BRITISH INSCRIPTIONS.

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the life of the people. There is nothing analogous in the experience of the West to the community importance of the common water supply. The village well is at once newspaper, salon, amusement hall, school for scandal, fashion review, woman's club and civic center. To contemplate it, after the fashion of the tourist, as merely a picturesque phase of Oriental life is to miss the meaning of the well.

If the well, surrounded by women drawing water into the huge jars or gasoline tins which they bear away on their heads, represents life in Bible Lands, the graves and caves represent death. Naturally, there are more sepulchers than springs. Artificial cavities in the rock are more numerous than trees. Bible Lands are cave lands. Troglodytes still dwell in holes in the cliffs, even as they did more than twenty thousand years ago. It would take ten lifetimes for a traveler to explore all the caves that beckon to him throughout the Near East. Along the main highways, and in remotest mountain fastnesses, he sees caves, caves, caves. Some, like those in the region of Galilee where the skull of the widely-heralded prehistoric man was found, are high up on the hillsides, their large entrances partly closed by the rubbish of unmeasured ages. Others, like one I explored under the shadow of Mount Ararat, are cleanly cut, at infinite labor, into square rooms by iron tools, from solid granite; and were plainly meant to house anchorites. Baffling, bewildering, beguiling, are the subterranean cities, as that of the Druzes in Jebel Hauran, and of Hassan Kief, on the Tigris. In eastern Anatolia are unexplained and extensive series of caves; and the gloriously color-

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ful rock cuttings of Petra are still as mysterious as they are beautiful.

Commonly, though, the caves are graves. For more millenniums than the scientists have been able surely to count, man has tried to defy death by digging into the rock for sepulture. Humanity's unquenchable thirst for immortality is written all over the Near East by these tombs. Some, like those of the Egyptian kings, dug into the heart of the mountains near Luxor, display the power and prodigality of royalty, which thought to assure bliss in an unexpected hereafter by carrying to the grave all the trappings of exalted earthly state. Kings' tombs still remain the great treasure trove of fortune hunters in the East. Art's best skill was devoted to the beautification of royalty's sarcophagi. Jerusalem's environing hillsides are pitted with rifled grave-caves. Rome's catacombs are paralleled in Syracuse and Tarsus and other cities. Sidon, like certain Egyptian settlements, is in the midst of a rock-hewn necropolis. The simple explanation for the unfailing supply of genuine antiquities in Bible Lands is that tombs are daily being rifled by the natives, as well as by the archæologists. Nobody knows what of history or beauty a day may bring forth from these ancient graves.

"Dead" the past may be; nevertheless, in these gaping caves which confront the traveler along every highway and byway, may be read the deathless conflict of man's spirit with the last great enemy. First and oldest of all the tenets of religion is this universal one of a confidence in continued existence beyond the grave. If any weight may be attached to the testimony of

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human conviction, then every one of these toilsomely created tombs of the East is an evidence that "man was not born to die." A fresh understanding of the ripeness of the world for the Gospel of the Resurrection is imparted by this common and characteristic spectacle of Bible Lands—the cave that was once a grave.

Red-roofed Beirut is "beautiful for situation," in a cove of the many-hued Mediterranean, with the towering Lebanon mountains as a background. Standing amidst the palms of this sub-tropical city, one may look up, for most of the year, to the snow-covered peaks of the Lebanon; beyond which lie Damascus and the desert. Beirut is the base of the French administration; the center of Syria's trade; and the home of two seats of American influence, the American Presbyterian Mission, with its historic Press; and the American University, the largest and most advanced American educational institution in the whole Orient. A child of the Presbyterian Mission, this great university has assumed proportions outrunning the dreams of its founders. With more than twelve hundred students in its Preparatory, Arts, Medical, Dental, Pharmaceutical and Engineering departments, it has made itself a potent force in the awakening life of the entire Near East. Practically every town and village in Syria, as well as every land from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, has sent sons to this famous university. It is one of the far-flung agencies of altruism which cause an investigator to paraphrase Kipling: "They little know of America, who only America know."

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Three things a leisurely traveler in Bible Lands encounters again and again. One is the persistence of popular usages which illustrate and confirm the Scripture. The second is the present vitality of the Allied War Aims as a shaping force in the popular thinking of Bible Lands peoples, and as an incitement to their nationalistic fervor. The third is the magic lure of the name of America upon all classes in even the remotest regions. The first person to speak English to me in Jidda, Arabia, was a young man who wanted my help in getting to America. In Port Sudan, Africa, I was sought out by a mission-school man whose name had long been on a consular list of emigrants, who asked my counsel. The conductor of a train in Sicily, one of the many Italians we met who had returned from the States for the War and could not get back, was so homesick for Boston that he could not restrain himself. In Angora, new Turkey's capital, so many educated young men spoke to me upon their desire to go to America that I had to point out rather bluntly their duty to their own country. At Paul's Philippi, in Greece, both Russians and Armenians approached me in the same quest. Assyrians in Persia seem dominated by this one desire. Our chauffeur in Palestine was determined to accompany us all the way through our journey until he should land in America. Such were a few of uncounted experiences with young men in all the lands visited upon whom the spell of the name of America has fallen.

No empire of old ever wielded such a sway over the imaginations of mankind as does America to-day. While I am thoroughly convinced that immigration into



BEFORE THE FRENCH BOMBARDMENT AZIM PALACE WAS THE
"SHOW" PLACE OF DAMASCUS.



A BIT OF DAMASCUS AFTER THE FRENCH BOMBARDMENT.



THE RIVER THAT FLOWS THROUGH DAMASCUS.



A GLIMPSE OF FRENCH RULE IN DAMASCUS.

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the United States should be even more closely restricted than at present, and that undesirable aliens should be expelled, if the nation is to be worthy of her unsought heritage of world-wide leadership; nevertheless, the prevalence of this attitude of the young and ambitious people of the whole earth towards America is to be held in mind by all who would weigh the influences at work to-day upon human society. It means something tremendous that, given the opportunity, the bulk of the population of Syria would emigrate straightway to America. There is not a town or village in the land without its representatives in the United States. Some towns, such as Zahleh, have more of their natives in America than at home. A surprising book could be written about the migration of Holy Land inhabitants to the United States.

By way of returned immigrants, American influence expresses itself astonishingly throughout all Bible Lands. Greece, for instance, shows traces of America in a hundred ways, from taxicabs and motor busses and traffic cops, to fashions in dress and shop-keeping and home-making. The men who have come back home from the States display more initiative and efficiency than their untraveled fellows; and they copy American methods, in business and in manner of life, inciting others to follow their example. No American educational institution in foreign lands exercises anything like the influence of the returned immigrant, and of the imported American ideals and usages and wares. Doubtless, Henry Ford, by means of his automobile which all the world uses, has more definitely affected the life of his generation than any contemporary states-

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man, unless it be the author of the American War Aims.

All the world is discussing America's prohibition law. Although many Americans drink freely while abroad, yet I have found it always a sufficient explanation of total abstinence, when a wine card or a drink is put before me, to say, "I am an American." Every waiter, as every host, understands that America is "dry." Some foreigners, notably the British, rather openly resent the Volstead Law, as an implied reflection upon their own habits and as an interference with one of their principal forms of overseas trade. On the other hand, among modernized Moslems who have shown a tendency to follow British and continental drinking habits, there is clear evidence of the influence of America in reënforcing the Koran's prohibitions against alcohol.

True to the fashion of Scripture times, Syria is in a state of war to-day. This melancholy consistency of the Land gives the investigator-traveler at least a measure of perspective. To recall the great wars which have raged over Syria is to catalogue ancient and modern history. A visit to the Dog River monuments near Beirut preceded our trip to Damascus, and in the sense indicated prepared our minds for the actual fighting which we encountered in the oldest living city of the world. On the rocks above beautiful Dog River and the Mediterranean are the famous set of tablets left by some of the conquerors who have passed this way. They range from that of Pharaoh Rameses the Great, about the thirteenth century before Christ, clear down to the rival tablets of France and Great Britain,

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reciting the deliverance of Syria from the Turks during the World War—although now the people are openly declaring that they want the Turks back! Doubtless these ancient records are as inaccurately vainglorious as the latest French inscription. Several of the monarchs mentioned in Scripture, and familiar in the histories, have cut their effigies and their achievements here on what they fondly believed to be imperishable rock, as Sennacherib and Shalmaneser and Tiglath-Pileser, Esarhaddon and Ashur-bani-pal. Latin, Greek and Turkish tablets are also incised in this company of conquerors, all of them sadly weather worn. That of Napoleon III is entirely preserved. If anybody needs evidence that Syria was a battlefield of the ages, quite as the Old Testament records, he has but to inspect these rock sculptures of Dog River which have outlasted the ages. At no other one spot on earth are there surviving records of so many eras and types of conquest. Again and again human destiny has been decided by the sword on the flowered fields of the Holy Land.

Pregnant with world significance is the present war in Syria. Here are being interpreted in deeds the theories discussed academically in Europe and America. The proposition that "the consent of the governed" is essential to a just government—the "self-determination" of the War Aims—has set a large proportion of the population of Syria into active revolt against an unwelcome European overlord. This is the sixth revolution in Syria since the armistice; all seeking the same end of a measure of real self-government. Even if France should be successful in quelling the present up-

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rising, which is not at all certain, another insurrection will break out. Except for a large section of the Maronite Catholics—Church and State play the Great Game together out here—the whole country seems to be a unit in disapproval of the present mandatory power.

When I expressed surprise that a certain prominent Nationalist of Damascus is permitted to be at liberty, my Syrian companion, an especially well-informed student of affairs in his city and country, replied: "If the French were to arrest or deport everybody in Damascus who is against them, there would be scarcely a single civilian left at liberty in the city." It was noticeable that nobody in Damascus alluded to the revolutionists as Druzes, but always as rebels. I was corrected when I spoke of the attacking party in the fighting near me as Druzes: "These are not Druzes, but Syrians. The Druzes are out in the villages and mountains; it is Syrians who are fighting in and around Damascus." Another man, a foreigner, replied cryptically, when I inquired how a band of fifty rebels, who had openly entered the Great Mosque of Damascus by daylight, and carried off prisoners, had got past the French fortifications, "Perhaps they did not have to get past." By day and by night, but especially by night, during my visit to Damascus, I heard the noise of rifles, machine guns, cannon and airplane bombs. Most of the firing had been directed upon neighboring Syrian villages, and upon the Maidan quarter of the city. After seven o'clock every night nobody is allowed on the streets of Damascus. Ordinary social life has disappeared. Not even the Moslems' sacred "Night of Power," at the close of Ramadan, could be observed in the Great

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Mosque, where, in 1919, I saw ten thousand men engaged in the service.

Greatest of all the surprises nowadays awaiting the rare visitor to Damascus, tourist traffic having entirely ceased, is the significant fact that the French do not hold the entire city. The French themselves seem to be under siege. They have encircled the central and larger section, wherein soldiers are abundant, with elaborate barbed-wire entanglements and blockhouses. The famous Maidan, which is the extended portion of Damascus that is the real "Port of the Desert," is avowedly given over to the rebels. We rode out to the Maidan barrier, where three tanks (one sees dozens of tanks and armored cars in Damascus), elaborate earthworks mounting cannon and machine guns, and triple sets of barbed-wire entanglements, together with a large number of soldiers, mark the end of French jurisdiction.

While we were examining the defenses, a relief party of six men and an officer came up and went a block further, to the last outpost, just around the corner. In a few minutes there was a sharp fusillade, the French rifles being clearly distinguishable from those of the rebels. After the foolhardy fashion of Americans, we rushed out into the middle of the street, Milady in the lead, to see the effect of the firing. A courteous French officer came along and explained that since we were in the line of fire he was obliged to ask us to retire. The shooting continued after our departure; and we were solicitous to know whether any member of the relief party had been hit.

Losses, however, are the most difficult of all infor-

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mation to secure. The most reliable estimate I could obtain was that the French had suffered something like ten thousand casualties, of varying degree, since the present revolt began. They now have a force of thirty-five to forty thousand men in Syria; and the authorities fear that a heavy casualty list would arouse France to the point of recalling her army and withdrawing from Syria. The "big push" against the Jebel Druze began while we were in Damascus. Twenty thousand men, who include a full half of the forces in Syria, and more than thirty airplanes, were undertaking this attack upon the mountain fastnesses of the rebels. Boast was made that three hundred thousand bombs would be dropped upon the villages and strongholds. As if human hearts could be bombed into respect and loyalty!

What this all means we saw in the huge devastated area near the heart of the city, resulting from the French bombardment of last October. Ascending a high minaret at the end of the Street called Straight, which itself was heavily injured, we looked out on a scene such as aroused world-wide sympathy and horror when witnessed in France during the World War. A solid block of homes, from a quarter to a half mile square, had been laid in complete ruins by French gunfire, and by airplane bombs. Incredible, isn't it, that the nation which asked, and still keeps on asking, the compassion of humanity for her sufferings by war, should herself perpetrate the same horrors upon a defenseless civilian people, and that, too, by the violation of the laws of warfare? The rebels have nothing but men with rifles; the French have every modern form of weapons produced during the World War. And

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France, liberty-loving France, is bringing this ponderous armament to bear, as yet ineffectively, upon a high-spirited and civilized people who certainly think they are fighting only for freedom from foreign tyranny.

Stupid acts of oppression toward the Druzes by resident French officials provoked this rising, which is the climax of a growing sense, on the part of Syrians generally, of being exploited by the mandatory power. A galling instance is that Syrian currency has been put on a parity with the franc and so falls with the latter. It is bitterly resented that the land has been treated as a colonial dependency, solely for French advantage, with apparently no thought of the welfare of the people whose country is occupied by authority of the League of Nations. France's reply is the mailed fist, which, as always in a land where there is a general diffusion of education, only begets deeper rebellion.

We examined closely several of the larger private residences, including the most famous show place in Damascus, which had been blown up and burned in order to "teach a lesson" to the populace. If the wanton destruction which we witnessed could arouse the indignation of strangers like ourselves, what must be the effect upon the citizens whose pride and boast these mansions were? Beautiful tiles and mosaics and carved marbles lie about in ruins. I even picked up the charred leaf of an Arabic book, probably a Koran. The fountains continue to flow in the midst of the debris; to remind us of the changeless forces of Nature which move on despite all the madresses of men.

This is sheer reversion which one witnesses in Damascus. The world thought it had got through with

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all of this waste and woe of war. Most of the soldiers and correspondents left the battlefields of 1914-18 vowing "never again." My own particular aversion, as a symbol, was barbed wire: it seemed to me as if I had seen, during the War, while on various national fronts, millions of miles of wire, originally meant for the service of agriculture, put to war's debased use. Now, here in Syria, and in Damascus especially, I again come upon uncounted miles of barbed wire placed to tear human flesh. Every main thoroughfare of the city has its frequent barriers of barbed-wire entanglements. Outlying villages and railway stations are hedged off by it. And I resent it. The sight seems a personal affront. It is an insult to the calendar, an anachronism, a repudiation of all the hopes and ideals of a war-weary world. During the War I felt, in common with everybody else participating, that behind these measureless stretches of wire, and behind the noise of all kinds of gunfire, lay a great and sanctifying purpose, which is wholly lacking from this French armament in Syria. In Damascus the big guns troubled my dreams at night, less because of the noise they made than because of the thing they symbolized. Imperialism's wars are never holy.

As barbed wire is my symbol of detestation of the wars that are being waged to-day by Europe in the Near East, so, I found, the wild flowers of this lovely land embody the feeling of Mr. James Keeley, the American Consul who has played such a brave and wise part in recent events in Damascus. He and Mrs. Keeley want to go out to see the wild flowers, and the fruit trees in blossom, and all of the other radiant beau-

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ties of spring in this garden of the Lord. But they may not. Outside of the barbed wire is a prohibited region, because of its dangers. One may not even enter Damascus by automobile; from Ryak to the city the four-hour ride must be made by armored train, through a rich, rare valley so lovely that one even ignores the burnt stations and overturned train wreckage that are passed. Mohammed, it will be recalled, refused to dwell in Damascus, lest he should lose his taste for Paradise. We obtained special permission to proceed beyond the barriers to the heights overlooking the city, where the panorama is one of the fairest in all the world.

Perhaps the hatred in the heart of Saul of Tarsus toward Christians was mellowed somewhat as he came over the pass into this enchanting view. The spot where tradition says he was given his vision of Jesus—an experience which has more powerfully affected human history than all of the battles waged in Syria throughout the ages—is now out of bounds; as is also the traditional spot on the wall of Damascus where he was let down in a basket to escape his enemies. Paul's Street called Straight has only partly recovered from the French bombardment. There are no sites, even legendary, associated with Eliezer, the steward of Abraham, who was a citizen of Damascus; nor yet of the kings of Israel who conquered the city, or of the Syrian kings with whom they fought. Of Naaman, the Syrian captain who was a leper, there are only these traces; that the Barada River, which flows through the center of the city, was the Abana which Naaman preferred to the Jordan: and that "the house of Rimmon"

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where he prayed on soil carried from Israel, may have been the shrine on the site of which was later built a Roman temple; which in 379-395 Theodosius made into a Christian church; this in turn was converted into the present Great Mosque, the principal sight of Damascus. At several places on the walls may be seen the Byzantine mosaics of the old church; and there is a Greek inscription, overlooked when the church was transformed into a Moslem place of prayer: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Inside of the Mosque is a resplendent tomb containing, say the Moslems, the head of John the Baptist. On the summit of one of the three minarets of the Great Mosque local Moslem belief declares that Jesus will take his place at the last Judgment.

Only when it was made clear that we are Americans were we permitted inside the Great Mosque, having put on over our shoes what our Syrian companion appropriately mispronounced as "slappers." Here in Damascus, where, a few years ago, the simple appearance of a member of the war-time King-Crane Commission caused a revolutionary demonstration in favor of America and against the French, the name of America stands high. All the people want America as a mandatory; they will not let go of that cherished hope. The Wilson principles are quoted as the platform of the present insurrection. This amazing persistence in the Holy Land of the name and ideals of America's War President is a phenomenon incredible to anybody who has not witnessed it. An American missionary from the Persian Gulf, which is certainly a

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remote part of the map, told me, while we were both passing through Syria, and commenting upon this Wilson cult in the Near East, that an Arab sheikh had lately said to him, "While we Moslems believe that Mohammed was the last of the prophets; nevertheless, if he should ever have a successor, it doubtless will be your President Wilson."

Syria is a fair, fat land. While complaint has been general of economic distress since the French occupation, partly owing to the severance of the country from Palestine and Turkey, and to customs barriers; partly owing to exploitation in the interest of France; and partly owing to the ruin of currency by putting it on a parity with that of the mandatory nation, there has nevertheless been surprisingly little destitution. More than one hundred thousand Armenian refugees from Turkey have been absorbed. Damascus homeless ones have been taken into the families of friends and relations; none are on the streets as beggars. While fifty thousand persons have left the city since the bombardment, most of them have been able to care for themselves; because Damascus is still a rich city. Out in the villages and towns, which cannot be reached, the distress is greatest. In Beirut the Americans have effected a union relief committee of all nationalities and organizations. A traveler wonders whether this stretch of sacred soil will ever cease to be the scene of suffering. Even though the French "pacify" the country in the present war, there is every reason to expect even graver outbreaks in the future.

Syria's sacred associations reach their climax to the North, in Antioch, "where the disciples were first

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called Christians." This city was anciently a synonym for shameless degeneracy, so that when a Roman statesman sought words to portray the moral decline of the capital he declared, "The Orontes has flowed into the Tiber." Poe wrote a vivid story of the perversion of life in Antioch the sumptuous. *Ben Hur* also depicts the debauchery of the city. That it was here the infant Christian Church flowered into a missionary center is even a more notable historic fact than the Christian triumphs in corrupt Corinth. There was power in primitive Christianity. Only thus may the transformation of this citadel of paganism into the seat of a Christian bishopric be explained. Despite Emperor Julian the Apostate's defiant and solitary worship of Jupiter on Jebel Acro, the highest crag overlooking the city, in the presence of half a million awed beholders, Antioch grew steadily as a center of the influence of the new faith. The imprint of Barnabas and Paul and Silas and their associates remained upon this missionary base for centuries.

One has to traverse for himself the route from Jerusalem to Antioch to learn how great is the distance that separates the two focal centers of Apostolic Christianity. The character of the country, too, is different, northern Syria being the higher and more fertile, with mountains standing sentinel all the way. In the regions between the two capitals of Christianity developed such famous inland cities as Baalbeck, which is to-day rated by many travelers as the most impressive ruin on earth. Mark Twain, it will be recalled, named his Syrian horse "Baalbeck"—"because it was such a magnificent ruin." The Temple of the Sun

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and the Temple of Bacchus have features distinctively their own amidst all the survivals of antiquity. Hama, the Biblical Hamath, with its huge water wheels turned by the Orontes, has kept its life despite the vicissitudes of the centuries; as has also Homs, the city that is the gateway to the ruins of Palmyra—"Tadmor in the Wilderness"—where Queen Zenobia once defied and menaced the power of Rome.

This upper Syria, between Antioch and Damascus, is a land of memorials of departed glories. The circular, beehive-shaped villages of to-day, built of mud on top of ancient ruins, are in sad contrast to the former splendors of Syria. If Simeon Stylites still observed life from the top of his lofty pillar, near the present city of Aleppo, he would preach powerful sermons upon the demonstration at his feet of the vanity of power and luxury and pleasure and pride. Even the Cedars of Lebanon, which once clothed these mountains, have disappeared, save for two groves.

Tradition encrusts all of Syria. The very name of Aleppo, the principal city of this part of the world—indeed, the largest between Constantinople, Cairo and Bombay—enshrines memories of Abraham. "*Halep*," the Arabic rendering of Aleppo, means "white cow," and preserves the story of the days when Abraham dwelt here and every evening milked a white cow at the gate of the city for the benefit of the poor. The old citadel in the center of Aleppo, a stupendous pile which is of unknown antiquity, still furnishes the French with a fortress; and machine guns peep over its crumbling parapets as a warning to the restless city. Forty thousand Armenian refugees have been added

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to the population of postwar Aleppo; but trade languishes, owing to the boundary line which cuts off the commercial city from its natural tributary territory in Turkish Asia Minor to the north. So Aleppo has more serious concerns to engross it than the famous "Aleppo button," about which travelers tell. This curious affliction, which prevails clear down to the Persian Gulf, and is known further south as the "Bagdad boil," breaks out on the exposed surface of the body, and runs a year's course before it disappears, leaving a scar like a large vaccination mark. I once saw a lovely English lady with one on the end of her nose! Medical science has not yet discovered the cause of the Aleppo button, or a cure for it. Some persons, especially foreigners, escape entirely; and some have several visitations.

A sidelight on the antiquity of Aleppo is shed by the simple fact that one of the leading families, still holding Italian citizenship, is named Marcopolo, and claims descent from Marco Polo, the famous explorer.

Aleppo is the modern center from which one visits Antioch, although the approach from sea may be made via Alexandretta. There is now no road north of Latakia for vehicles from the coastal cities to the south; which probably was the route taken by Paul and Barnabas as they traveled between Antioch and Jerusalem. I like to contemplate Paul as journeying over this history-crowded road along the Mediterranean, which was the main highway through Phœnicia. The occasional traveler, who goes from Beirut to Latakia (where there is a remarkable mission of the American Associate Reformed Presbyterians)

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will not only enjoy peerless views of sea and mountain, headland and dale, but he will also glimpse many ancient ruins, dating from the Crusader churches and castles backward into the mists of unrecorded civilization. At Jebleh, the Biblical city of Gebeil, the French recently made discoveries which put the date of the Phœnician alphabet back two hundred and fifty years. All the work of archæological research seems to widen and lengthen the confines of the ancient world.

Off the coast of Syria, near the beautiful city of Tripoli, lies the Island of Arvad, now called Ruad, an Old Testament landmark. Instead of cursory allusions to these fascinating sites, each should have a chapter or book of its own. Arvad, the pre-Israelite island fortress, is still used as a political prison by the French. One reason for much of the romance of the island's history is that its supply of fresh water is derived from a spring in the Mediterranean. By its own uprising power, this sweet water from the depths of the sea throws off all salty contamination and may be dipped up pure and drinkable from the surface of the Mediterranean—quite as the Christian is "in the world, but not of it."

This chapter has detoured not a little in approaching Antioch. Therein it is true to fact: for only after repeated attempts, by land and by sea, was I able to reach this city of desire, with its thrilling memories of the Apostolic days. At last I made it, by way of Aleppo. Local authorities assured me that I could reach Antioch in three hours, by the new road, so completing the round trip in a single day. Such was

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my agreement with the chauffeur employed for the journey. His motto, however, was evidently "safety first," and as the new road is heavily infested with bandits, he took us over the old, long way, without ever so much as saying "By your leave." Personally, I prefer the risk of robbers to the ruts and rocks of that highway. By this time I should be somewhat of an authority on bad roads; and our route to Antioch was the worst of my experience. Often unavoidable ruts were two feet deep, with barriers correspondingly high. Never, before or since, have I been so shaken, jolted and pounded as on the seven and a half hours spent each way between Aleppo and Antioch. Paul never knew anything like this! How I longed for his restful donkey in exchange for this rattletrap flivver! Even a night in Antioch's "modern" hotel, and the extended time spent in ranging amidst the ruins, scarcely compensated for that body-racking ordeal.

Save for the fragments of battlemented walls along the mountain tops which flank the fat valley, there is little left of the "Antioch the glorious" which Paul and Barnabas knew. We must turn to the early historians for our knowledge of the unsurpassed splendors of this place of pride, this capital of corruption, this den of degeneracy and debauchery. To-day, Antioch is a quiet little Turkish town, with clean and simple bazars, distinguished only for a peculiar cloth and cloak worn by the men. Its few cafés are built on verandas overhanging the Orontes, from which point guests may watch the swirling waters, the ancient bridge, the one huge waterwheel and the lovely trees

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and mountains. Almost every house has one or more fragments of ancient marbles built into its walls, and small boys offer old coins to the occasional visitor. The city still has a Greek church; and there is an Irish Presbyterian mission. Outwardly, hilly Antioch seems quiet, but the neighborhood abounds in brigandage.

There is a local tale of a Moslem holy man, who sat in silent saintliness all day long. His reputation for holiness was so great that people even kissed his feet in tribute to his sanctity; for, everywhere and forever, "all men are ruled by the saint." Then, of a sudden, it was discovered that by night this holy man was a *chetta*, or brigand; and at present he is roaming the hills with a band of outlaws, a price on his head!

Associated with Antioch are the names of Seluœ, the seaport, now a complete ruin, and the Grove of Daphne, so vividly described in *Ben Hur*. It was here, according to legend, that Daphne was turned into a laurel tree, to escape the attentions of Apollo. To-day the hillside, whose thickly-strewn fragments of cut marbles vaguely hint of the architectural beauties of the ancient Grove of Daphne, is a place of beautiful cascades, which dash down precipitously amidst flowers and shrubs. One waterfall rises in a great crystal spring, flowing out of the rock. Sometimes side by side, sometimes one above another, these brilliant cascades tumble down a picturesque valley which Nature has chosen as a setting for romance. Viewed from a neighboring mountain, this lovely hillside and valley are of a beauty beyond compare. Few are the travelers whose eyes have feasted upon it; but the day is near

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when Antioch will be near the main tourist route through Turkey, Syria, Palestine and Egypt. Ere then archæology may have made other finds, like unto the Antioch Chalice, which will dramatically remind the world that this is one of the central spots in Bible Lands, a source city of the Christian religion.

CHAPTER XXI

AN ADVENTURE IN ARABIA



PERHAPS this chapter should be entitled *Jonah Trials on Jonah's Trail*. Or it might appropriately be used as a motion-picture scenario, for its main events swiftly succeed each other in pictorial fashion, like a bit of stagecraft. Possibly it could profitably be dedicated to Henry Ford, as proof that, at the ends of the earth, the flivver can outrace the fleetest Arabian steed, so saving the lives of American travelers. During our wanderings in the remoter stretches of Bible Lands, Milady had been looking in vain for some real, blood-and-thunder, life-and-death adventure. We had often made merry over travel tales of foreigners who had "almost" been held up by robbers; and we had speculated as to just what really constitutes a near-adventure. Now Milady no longer sighs for excitement; she has had it, with more frills and thrills than Hollywood could desire.

We were trekking the Great Trail when the adventure befell, the route of so many tragedies that even to tabulate the outstanding ones would read like a comprehensive school-book lesson in ancient history. For the broad highway that runs from Aleppo to Babylon—from Syria to Persia—has been the scene of adventures beyond all recounting. This is the route

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of Abraham, as he made his way up from Ur of the Chaldees to Haran and to Canaan. Along the road is Rebecca's well. Here Jacob served his uncle fourteen years for two wives, one of whom he did not want; and here he outwitted the old man so completely that he had to run away to the west, with his curiously acquired prosperity. This is also the route reluctant Jonah went, as he bore his prophecy to Nineveh, which is the modern Mosul. By this dreary river and desert road the Hebrew exiles were driven down to Assyria and to Babylonia; and by the same way bands of them returned under Ezra and Nehemiah. Xenophon's Ten Thousand pioneered a path across part of this region; and the armies of Assyria, Persia, Egypt and Alexander marched along it, as did later the Mongol hordes. Crusaders got halfway across to the East; and, in recent years, herds of tragic Armenians were sent by the same route as far as the Euphrates. This desert is as thickly dotted with Scriptural memories as with camel bones.

Our start was not propitious, though subsequent events proved it fortunate. The big, boastful and assertive Armenian chauffeur of our veteran Ford, hired for two days at a price that would buy its mate in America, tried a conventional Oriental trick upon us. He had clumsily tied our baggage to the side of the car, and along with it was the bundle of another man, an Arab, whom he meant to take along as "guide and protector through the Bedouin tribes." Of course, that was but a subterfuge for carrying the extra fare whom the native chauffeurs so often try to add to a car hired by foreigners. When I objected, my blus-

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tering Jehu tried to be overbearing, and it became necessary to demonstrate on the spot who really was skipper of that craft. It is good counsel for a traveler always to take his stand at the beginning of a journey, so that no doubt may arise subsequently as to where authority resides. It may be that we owe our lives to the fortunate incident of my having taught this presumptuous Armenian a little lesson at the outset. After he had rearranged the luggage according to direction, we got away from Aleppo, having first had our papers scrutinized by the police at the city's edge. A short distance further on, beyond the eye of authority—in itself a suspicious circumstance—the extra passenger, a smiling young Arab, awaited us in the roadway. His consternation was great when the chauffeur explained that he could not ride with us: the man pleaded, and tried to kiss my hand and my coat in entreaty; but in vain. Then, after the Armenian had reluctantly made a refund of the Arab's fare, the latter stood in the road and with upraised hand called down curses upon us.

Across the great level plain of northern Syria, past villages of windowless beehive houses, made of mud in this form because of lack of timbers for building, we followed a smooth road. Many fat flocks of sheep, en route to the city, skipped out of the way of our car. Given safety and irrigation, this plain would become one of the world's granaries. Travel over vast, unpeopled stretches is exhilarating. Our only incident was an encounter with a stranded car on the edge of Haran, where a man had kept lonely vigil throughout four days and nights, while the owner went to

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Aleppo for a new axle. We gave him food and water, and sped on to the Euphrates, where the hills break down and show gleaming white faces of chalk. A rare traveler is the Euphrates River, knowing as many vicissitudes as a human life. Far up in the Caucasus it takes its rise, where, in 1917, I knew it as a formidable stream, from which Russian soldiers bombed big fish. It swells to a mighty river in Syria and upper Mesopotamia; but by the time the thirsty soil of Babylon is reached it has become an insignificant creek, the water having been diverted into canals and absorbed into the land. Our road, an unkept trail, was sometimes on the smooth uplands, and sometimes on the bottom lands by the river bank, and sometimes amidst the bumpy little hills between. Weather and use have done strange things to it: once we went up and over a small, steep, round hillock, barely wide enough at the top to hold the machine, because the roads at the sides had become impassable.

Our wayfaring musings were divided between thoughts of the Hebrew and Armenian exiles who had perished on this highway of bitterness; and the delightful wild flowers by the way. Here I saw my first lavender daisies; and a dark purple flower like a cyclamen, as well as fields of red poppies. Occasional encampments of black tents were passed. Along the river, halfway to Deir ez Zor, we were halted at a police post, where the Armenian chauffeur got into trouble. He had failed to pick up a load of stones en route, for the building of a new police station, which was a tax imposed upon the native drivers by the lazy, high-handed Syrian police. When I entered the room



THE OUTFIT WHICH THE ARABS ATTACKED—THE TWO FORD CARS, TWO ARMED CARS AND AIRPLANE ON THE SYRIAN DESERT.



THESE SYRIAN VILLAGERS BY THEIR BEEHIVE HOME ARE INTERESTED IN THE NEW BIG AUTO BUS FROM THE DESERT.



Photograph by H. Lampard

THE ARCH OF CTESIPHON, ON THE TIGRIS.



THE OLD MOSQUE OF SHAH ABBAS AT ISFAHAN.

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I found the poor Armenian in an abject condition, and about to be beaten. Such is the volatile nature of the Armenians that, as soon as he discovered that I knew how to master a situation of the sort, he began to bluster offensively toward the soldiers, where two minutes before he had been whining. I silenced him, and sent him out to start on our way. Then I had to suppress his boastings!

It was pleasanter to watch the brilliant iridescent green and brown bronzed birds which came in sight in large numbers, and were our pleasant acquaintances all through Mesopotamia and Syria and Persia. They are about the size of a robin, with a long beak, and short neck and a single spike in the swallow tail which shows as they fly. At the side of the head is a white band. Darting to and fro in the sunlight they are a lovely spectacle, ranking first among the vividly colored birds of this region.

At Deir ez Zor, a substantial town on the Euphrates, which we were destined to come to know well, we found an American Presbyterian missionary, an old acquaintance, Dr. Ellis Hudson, who, with his wife and baby and sister, represents America and western Christianity in this lonely outpost of civilization; and better representatives could not be desired. We had scarcely exchanged greetings in this hospitable home above the town's most popular café, or made our first overtures to Bruce, the baby sovereign of the household, when an urgent message came that I was wanted at French headquarters, where our passport had been left as we entered the city. Now what could be up? Were we to be kept from Mosul, after all, on some unforeseen

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passport technicality? The British consul at Aleppo, supposing that we would ask him for a visa for Mosul, had already informed American friends that he would not let us go into this zone of trouble. Fortunately, our Irak visa had been secured in America, so we had no occasion to see him.

This prompt and imperative summons from French military headquarters proved to be only the impatience of the French consul from Mosul to meet us and invite us to accompany him and his armed escort on the morrow. This was the second invitation of the sort we had received from the same source. At Aleppo, upon our return from Antioch, we had been invited to go along with the French consul and his armed cars to Mosul. But we were too experienced in conditions in Syria to accept. The likeliest way to get into trouble in this restless region is to be caught in company with a French official. The latter, naturally, was desirous of having a foreigner of another nationality along; for then any "incident" would become an international affair, and not merely a reprisal upon the French. So at Aleppo we had sent the consul word that we were spending the next day in the city, and so declined his invitation with thanks. Yet here he was at Deir ez Zor, waiting for us; and no other course was open but to accept.

So the next morning at five o'clock we bade farewell to our American friends, and started off in our Ford, with the French consul and his wife in another; and two French cars, carrying each four soldiers and a mounted machine gun, as our escort. There was an hour's delay in crossing the Euphrates ferry; and then

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off we whizzed across the vast alluvial plain, level and flower-strewn. An armed car led the way. Next came the consul's car, with ours following; and it was only by the exercise of rough-spoken authority that I could keep our heady Armenian from driving ahead of the consul. The second armed car brought up the rear. An airplane was to follow shortly, and scout ahead of us.

Aside from an occasional puncture, the ride proceeded without incident until half-past ten o'clock, when we came upon immense flocks of sheep and herds of camel, both with young. They numbered many thousands and stretched as far as the horizon. The distant camels, with their long legs, looked like hedges of small trees. Much as I have traveled over the East, I have never emerged from the spell of these great herds and flocks on the desert. They are an older spectacle than the pyramids or the "tells" that mark ruined cities. Humanity's continuity is symbolized by these camels and flocks of sheep which have been a familiar sight in this plain since long before Abraham moved across it. The changeless factors of history are the simplest forms of life.

These flocks and herds belonged to an unusually large encampment of nomad Arabs, which was situated on both sides of the trail, at the crest of a rise in the ground. I counted forty-one tents on the near side of the hill, and a larger number were pitched beyond. These were Shammar Arabs, probably the same group which a week before had been engaged in a real battle with the Bedouins across the Irak border. The timely succor of British planes and armored cars had saved

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the Irakians from a smashing defeat. As we passed through this town of tents I noticed that there were no men about, except in the sheikh's tent. Travel in the desert makes one watchful, and I had already observed that there were no men with the camels or sheep.

At this point our airplane approached, and a veery light from an armed car signaled it to descend. The pilot reported "all well" and, that he would return to Deir ez Zor. We visited together for a few minutes, and took photographs. When the plane tried to take off, engine trouble developed; and we were obliged to say our farewells and proceed before the plane rose; little dreaming of the circumstances under which we should soon again meet.

Less than a mile farther on appeared a still more ominous portent than the absence of men from the black tents. In the fields on both sides of the road, amidst pasturing horses, were scattered a large company of men, paying no attention to us, but assiduously engaged in ostentatiously picking objects from the ground, as if harvesting potatoes. That would have been a quite natural scene, except that the ground was not cultivated at all; and there is no wild plant known to me which the Bedouins gather in this fashion. My suspicions became assurance when I looked back, after we had passed, and saw the nearest man abandon his ostensible agricultural pursuit, and run toward some object hidden in the grass, presumably a rifle. A short distance further on, we had a puncture and the rear armed car stood by while we repaired it, the consul's car and its escort continuing on until they were out

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of sight over a rise in the ground. Repairs over, we drove rapidly forward for perhaps a mile, seeking to overtake our companions.

Suddenly they came in sight over the rise, headed towards us, amidst one cloud of dust, with a larger, wider cloud behind them. Their speed was terrific. The consul and his wife were leaning out of their car, frantically gesticulating for us to go back the way we had come. The men in the armed car were doing the same. We nevertheless halted, and as our companions drew near they shouted to us to fly for our lives. They had been attacked by a large body of Arabs, who were pursuing them, and firing as they came. I insisted upon learning how they were being pursued—by men in cars or by men on horses. It was with difficulty that I could ascertain the simple facts that the Arab horsemen, numbering about fifty, had suddenly appeared in front of the armed car, which was well in advance, and had opened fire upon it. This was no chance attack by robbers, but a prepared onset in force which sought life, not loot.

Later, I learned that as the armed car had run into the unexpected fire it suddenly swerved, causing one of the soldiers to fall out. The Bedouins concentrated their fire upon him, but before he was hit the car had swiftly maneuvered and picked him up again. The commander of the car told me that he fired fifty rounds at his pursuers, with what effect he did not know; and that they had sent possibly fifteen rounds after him, but succeeded only in repeatedly puncturing the rear of the car. Parenthetically, it may be observed that this type of machine-gun car, with unprotected

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gun and men mounted high in silhouette, is an ideal mark for an enemy.

Since its mission was to guard the consul, rather than to fight Arabs, the armed car raced back to warn the Ford, which was waiting for us to come up, while the consul and his wife ate their luncheon; and together they madly back-trailed toward us. All four cars thereupon began the flight toward Deir ez Zor. After proceeding a short distance, two ragged Arabs and a donkey appeared on the road, and our convoy stopped to question them as to the identity of the Arabs near by. They professed ignorance. Soldiers kicked and cuffed them vigorously, our Armenian chauffeur being foremost in this work of valor. No information being forthcoming, one man was dismissed with a parting kick. He thereupon started to run off in the grass. An officer seized a rifle and fired at him, missing him at the first shot. Both the consul and I expostulated, and prevented a second shot, for this would have been outright murder.

Meanwhile, the cuffing of the other Arab was proceeding, when my chauffeur, chancing to look back, dramatically put his hand to his head and cried in English, "My God! There comes another lot!" Sure enough, approaching us obliquely from the direction in which we were going, appeared another large troop of mounted Bedouins with rifles in their hands, racing toward us. These were the peaceful cultivators whom I had earlier observed! The ambush had been carefully prepared. By his day's delay in Deir ez Zor, the French consul had afforded time for word to be carried out to the desert that he was on the way. These Bedouins

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were doing their bit toward the cause of the Syrian and Druze rebels at Damascus.

With two jaws of the Bedouin pincers thus closing in upon us, from the northwest and from the northeast, there was only one alternative, and that was to flee southeast across the unmarked desert. And flee we did. Few speedways have ever seen wilder driving. Led by the swift French armed cars, and followed closely by the consul's Ford, which had hitherto been a laggard, we struck out toward the horizon. Fortunately, the plain was flat, and covered with sparse, high grass.

We had sighted the second troop of Arabs before they started to shoot. Their speed in pursuit was remarkable. I said to Milady, who was in the front seat, "When the firing begins, crouch down in the car." Thereupon I was given what the colloquial calls "a dirty look," as if to say, "Do you think the mother of your sons would cower in the presence of danger?" Other than that, Milady made no expression throughout the flight. She evidently thought I had my hands full with our panic-smitten chauffeur. In a voice of indescribable agony he had cried, "They want my life! They want my life!" He was all for abandoning our convoy and going off on his own, had not my authority intervened. "I have plenty of water, plenty of gasoline, plenty of oil, plenty of food [ours], and I can run till I reach the river!" he said. We kept him in line, however, behind the armed car and the consul's car (we never did catch up to that fear-driven chauffeur until he stopped for us) and watched for directions from the ranking officer. It was not pleasant to be with-

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out arms in this flight, and so a wholly passive participant. After a few miles of fleeing like the wind across the unmarked prairie—our own car a snorting geyser of scalding water the while, the radiator cap having been jolted off—the foremost armed car slowed up, and signaled us to go ahead, while the two machine guns made a stand to cover our retreat.

That glimpse of the soldiers as they turned to face the foe which so heavily outnumbered them is an indelible memory. Their caps were off, their hair flying and their faces inflamed and working with passion. Three of the men crouched with rifles ready to shoot, while the other aimed the machine gun. Our last sight of our escort was as they stopped together, facing the oncoming Bedouins, while we raced on at unbelievable speed toward the horizon.

It never occurred to me to use a compass to direct our course: I had my attention engrossed by our fear-crazed chauffeur, who was muttering and moaning his terror, with never a single expression of solicitude for his passengers or companions. Thus it came to pass that, in obedience to that strange law which causes wanderers in an unmarked way to travel in circles, we found ourselves fleeing back towards the road which we had earlier traversed. For in front of us appeared an airplane on the ground, our own. All unwittingly, we had described a large arc, and were back on our original course. The pilot and his mechanic were leisurely tinkering with the refractory engine when we came up. Words of explanation were cut short by a cry from our danger-dreading chauffeur. "There they come!" With a dramatic gesture of seeming to draw

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a sob from his contorted lips by the closed tips of the fingers of his right hand, he cried again, "They want my life! They want my life!"

Evidently, the second party of Arabs had witnessed the defensive maneuver of the armed cars, and had also observed our circuitous course; so, shunning a battle, they had cut across the desert to intercept us. They were at the moment only a few hundred yards distant, riding full tilt at us and the stranded plane, brandishing their rifles.

It did not take many seconds for the aviators to board our cars, the pilot carrying a rifle, getting into the consul's car, and the mechanic, carrying the ammunition and a basket containing two carrier pigeons, finding a place for himself amidst our baggage. Scarcely had the flight down the road begun than, "Pop!" went one of our rear tires. Another outburst from our craven chauffeur. "There goes a tire! My life! My life! They'll get my life!" I would not let him stop, for now we were headed straight through the center of the great Bedouin encampment. Concern for his life and for his car curiously commingled in the outcries of this delirious Armenian. When we were directly in the midst of the Shammar tents, the tire completely rolled off, and we were riding upon the rim! Thereupon the chauffeur insisted upon stopping right where he was to make repairs. Fortunately, our initial fracas the day before had shown him whose authority ruled in the car, and I forced him to continue until we were well past the encampment. Then he was scarcely able to work, because of stopping so frequently to look back for pursuit. The French air-

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plane mechanic, who had first written a call for help and affixed it to the leg of a pigeon and despatched it, really did the work of putting on the new tire. That French soldier was a real man.

While we were thus engaged, a solitary Arab came toward us carrying a rifle. We did not know his intentions, nor how concerted were the Bedouin plans against us; but, although we were unarmed, I decided that the three of us could rush him at the first sign of hostility. As the man approached he saluted, and I replied, and then he asked for "*moya*." Never did I give a drink of water with more willing spirit; for the acceptance of that refreshment assured the friendship of a potential enemy. In the distance the consul's car was waiting for us; and at incredible speed, it led us for five hours back to the Euphrates and to Deir ez Zor.

Our carrier pigeon had never reported. But, anxious for news of the plane which had been out since early morning, the military authorities had sent out another plane, which we signaled. It came down, and as it carried no bombs, returned to base, bearing the pilot of the stranded plane to report.

When we got into Deir ez Zor we found a French staff meeting in excited session in the commander's office. There was much examination of maps and diagrams, and words, words, words. All the while, Milady and I were sick at heart over the fate of the two armed cars. If those men had perished, they had given their lives for our safety. Why the military authorities did not instantly send out at least scouting planes to investigate—there was ample time before

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sunset—I could not understand. The protracted staff meeting ended with a blow on the table by the colonel as he announced, "We'll bomb in the morning!"

That was not good news. For I remembered the dozens of children who had run out from the tents to call after us, as we whizzed through the great encampment, and the mothers who had anxiously called them out of danger from the automobiles. Destroying these innocent ones from the air seemed a poor sort of retaliation upon the warriors who had put to chase professional soldiers armed with machine guns and riding swift motor cars. I confess that even as we fled from them, admiration for the sheer courage of these Arab horsemen who sought our lives had held a place in my thoughts. So that evening I called upon the colonel, to intercede for the women and children, and I found him in a somewhat mollified mood. If the squadron of planes that were to go out at sunrise should report that the abandoned plane had not been destroyed, he would refrain from bombing.

It was near the middle of the next morning ere a wireless arrived from one of the planes, reporting that the two armed cars and their occupants had been found guarding the deserted plane, and that everybody was safe. With the escape of the civilians, the Arabs had refrained from further attack upon the armed cars. The two hostile parties had already taken refuge from French reprisals with neighboring tribes. But for many a year the black tents will resound with songs of how the warriors of the tribe had put to flight the foreigners and their armament.

Early the next morning our convoy, augmented by a

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third armed car, and with a new commander, set out to retrace our route to Mosul. Ours was a new car and chauffeur; for our demoralized driver of the day before had announced that he would never again drive an automobile: for the rest of his life he would work in the safety of a garage! There is a combination among the Armenian chauffeurs of these parts; and I paid an outrageous price before I could secure another man to undertake the trip to Mosul. The journey proved entirely uneventful. When we came to the scene of the attack, not a tent nor a Bedouin nor a sheep nor a camel was in sight. The fear of French planes had caused the Arabs to vanish completely into the blue. We reached Mosul about seven o'clock at night, glad to say farewell to the courteous consul and his wife. An American is safer alone in the Orient than when under the "protection" of any foreign power.

CHAPTER XXII

"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON"



FEW persons will ever get away completely from the idea that the Holy Land—that is, tiny Palestine—is the scene of the whole Bible record, Song and story, sermons and travel tales, books and maps, all conspire to strengthen this impression which doubtless arises from the fact that in Palestine the Saviour was born and lived His life and exercised most of His ministry and was crucified. Nevertheless, as an instant's consideration makes clear, the events of the Book were enacted over a far wider area, extending from west of the Adriatic to east of the Persian Gulf. The opening and closing history of the Old Testament, and much that intervened, was laid in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley, a romance-ridden region strangely neglected by travelers and commentators. As it was of old vital in the story of the rise of the Chosen People, so this corner of the earth is to-day crowded with many-sided human interest.

Picturesquely phrasing the present importance of this cradle of the human race, this original center of monotheism, this scene of the Hebrew Exile, this theme of the Old Testament prophets, a British officer, resident in Bagdad, stated the case somewhat after this fashion: "Surrounded by a self-conscious and victorious Turkey, a restless Arabia, an uncertain Egypt,

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a Syria in revolution, a newly-assertive Persia, a discontented India and a turbulent China, Mesopotamia is to-day the very focus of world problems. To hold it steady and safe"—he was speaking in justification of Great Britain's control of Irak—"is about the most important task in the world. All the big problems to-day meet here at this crossroads."

Imagination easily catches fire at the portrayal of a possible new world decision on this old battlefield of ideas and of empires. Here the Bible places the Garden of Eden. Here surely the Hebrew religion and the Hebrew nation had their rise in the family of Abraham. Here also the fickle and faithless Jews, with their monotonous record of lapses into idolatry, were finally welded during the Exile into new unity and into unshakable belief in the One God. Here was the seat of world-rule for Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Alexander the Great (who died at Babylon) and Islam.

To what extent the major arts and sciences of civilization arose here and were carried to the West, or arose in the West and were carried hither, is a matter of dispute among the historians. We know of a surety that the earliest written records of organized human society have of late been dug up from the "tells" of Mesopotamia. Within recent months, the discoveries at Ur of the Chaldees have proved that civilization, with recorded language and codified laws and an elaborate system of society, extends back at least sixty-five hundred years. Science is catching up to the Bible in placing the beginnings of history in Mesopotamia. A curious tribute to the dominance of the thought of Christendom by this Book is the way in which the

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archæologists stress the identity of Ur as the home town of Abraham.

Before we allow ourselves to be led away by considerations of any other of the multiform aspects of this cradle of civilization, let us get a firm hold upon the simple proposition that Mesopotamia—strictly speaking, the land between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers—is a part of Bible Lands. All the great conquerors of the ages have tried to leave their mark upon it; but it is first and last as a scene of momentous Scriptural events that this strategic center of the earth has its importance. Irak has got into the world's press of late, especially in connection with the Mosul question; and it is convenient to identify this made-to-order nation as that southeastern fringe of Arabia which once held the Garden of Eden, Babylon, Nineveh, Asshur and Ur of the Chaldees, Bible Lands all. As a barrier for the defense of India, and as a central base of Oriental communications, Great Britain is attempting to create here a country that will reclaim a share of the almost fabulous former prosperity of this region which, in the time of Herodotus, was so productive that he said he did not dare to tell the whole truth about it. Human pomp and pride once reached their apex amid what are now the desolate wastes of Irak.

Something like a feeling of awe toward the old Hebrew prophets, whose utterances were so largely devoted to Assyria and Babylon, fills the mind of the traveler in Mesopotamia who knows his Bible. Contrary to all human probability, and to the reasonableness of history and of geography, these Old Testament

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prophets predicted that the glory and might of the ancient world-empires of Mesopotamia would disappear. They specified the complete destruction of Nineveh and Asshur and Babylon—and all three of these capitals are to-day mere heaps of uninhabited ruins. There is a mellowing mood of devotion which ensues upon a leisurely visit to Bethlehem and Nazareth and Olivet and Jerusalem; but a thrill and glow of the consciousness of the awful sovereignty of Jehovah is imparted to the devout person who stands on the heaps of dirt that once were the capitals of Assyria and Babylon and Persia. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The prophets have been vindicated. The proud peoples who oppressed Israel and defied Jehovah have been humbled literally into the dust.

In the days of Nebuchadrezzar, his contemporary, Jeremiah, of Judah, predicted:

And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling place for jackals, an astonishment, and a hissing, without inhabitant. . . .

Her cities are become a desolation, a dry land, and a desert, a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby. . . .

And Jeremiah wrote in a book all the evil that should come upon Babylon, even all these words that are written concerning Babylon. And Jeremiah said to Seraiah, "When thou comest to Babylon, then see that thou read all these words, and say, O Jehovah, thou hast spoken concerning this place, to cut it off, that none shall dwell therein, neither man nor beast, but that it shall be desolate for ever. And it shall be, when thou hast made an end of reading this book, that thou shalt bind a stone to it, and

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cast it into the midst of the Euphrates: and thou shalt say, Thus shall Babylon sink, and shall not rise again because of the evil that I will bring upon her."

A person may go to London or Paris or Berlin or Tokio or Cairo or Constantinople, without ever knowing anything of the realities of foreign lands; and without ever having been for a single day out of the protecting, cherishing hands of the tourist agencies. But anybody who can say, "I have been to Mosul"; or "I have been to Babylon"; or "I have been to Shushan," may be written down as a real traveler, who has gone far beyond the beaten paths, and who knows something of the life of the Orient as it is. Mosul has been much in the world's press of late years; but has the reader ever met anybody who has ever been there? Before the heyday of the automobile, the Turks used to regard Mosul as the most inaccessible spot in the Ottoman Empire. And, as will straightway appear, Mosul is Nineveh.

By an adventurous journey described in another chapter, we reached Mosul from Aleppo. Our attention was divided, as we neared the city, between the bad roads and the numerous "tells" of antiquity, recalling the imagination-quickenings days when proud Assyria ruled the world from here. A tangle of red tape threatened to enmesh us upon our arrival: for in Irak, as in Egypt and Palestine, Great Britain has built up a system of meticulous official procedure which exasperates every traveler entering these lands. In the many cases where there is no Britisher on hand to whom a foreigner may appeal, the routine and precedent-en-slaved native official is prone to subject the visitor to

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annoyances that are really uncivilized. Thus, upon entering Mosul after nightfall, over inexcusably bad roads (why Irak does not put the salaries of a few hundred of its superfluous petty officials to hiring workers upon the neglected highways is inexplicable to a person of common sense), we were taken to the customs house, where a swarm of attendants surrounded us. As soon as I could reduce the babel of voices to intelligible proportions, I learned that all our luggage must be left in the customs house overnight, down to tooth-brush and pajamas. An attempt to show the unreasonableness of this, especially in the case of travelers who had been fourteen hours on the desert, met only the reply, "It is the regulation." The highest authority within reach was a native, who repeated that every bit of baggage, little and big, must be deposited overnight in the customs house, to be examined some time the next day.

Memories of the old days, when a foreigner had rights and privileges in Mosul, came to my rescue; and, taking out my card, I penciled upon it a line saying that I would be personally responsible for the contents of my luggage, and that I could be found at the home of Rev. Dr. Edward McDowell, the American missionary. I thrust this into the hand of the ranking official, and bade my reluctant chauffeur drive off, in the face of official protests. There were no consequences of this high-handedness, except access to bags which permitted a general clean-up of the travel-stained wanderers. Similar experiences were encountered upon leaving Bagdad. It took two full days to pass some Persian purchases through the labyrinth of red tape

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in the customs, although there was never an instant's question about the nature or liability to duty of the articles involved. In fact, I was told that my foreign impatience and "pull" had shortened the usual time by two days! For all of that clerical work, and consumption of the time of dozens of employees, the Irak government received the princely sum of five dollars! Is it any wonder the British taxpayers complain of the cost to them of running Irak?

Mosul is a mess. It is a city that is neither East nor West; and it baffles an observer to know whether it is coming or going. There is no dignity or individuality to the city. Streets and houses are in a state of semi-construction, unfinished Turkish "improvements" which seem to be at permanent pause. An Arab trading town, it is full of a motley assortment of heterogeneous and picturesque peoples, none of whom the city seems really to represent. Kurdish dandies fill the traveler's eye, with their huge domed hats, rimless and swathed in bright colors; wearing vivid trousers cut fuller than "Oxford bags" ever dared to go, and many-hued socks alongside of which a college student's hosiery is conservative; and waistcoats of rainbow-effect, under an Eton jacket of sheepskin, wool side outside. Assyrian rag bags, with an incredible number of vari-colored patches, amble along every thoroughfare, scarcely seeming to be the same people as their upstanding kinsfolk of the Assyrian Levies, who are dressed in natty khaki uniforms that resemble those of the Australian Light Horse. Bedouins from the desert abound, unabashed by the splendors of this metropolis. Women wear squares of black horsehair

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as veils, after the Bagdad fashion. Only an old resident can distinguish Yezidis, or devil-worshippers, whose religious center is near Mosul, from Chaldeans, who are Roman Catholic Assyrians; or from the assorted sects of Moslems, who predominate in the population. Few British troops are found in the city, except gray-uniformed members of the Royal Air Force.

There are no impressive buildings in Mosul, although the leaning minaret has some celebrity; and no large modern business houses. The best bank has rooms in an old-fashioned khan, and it is entered through a courtyard filled with bales of hides and rugs and bags of grain. Before the traveler can draw cash on a letter of credit he makes a ceremonial call on the polite mudir, or manager, and sips Turkish coffee. Business is bad, but with the settlement of the frontier dispute between Turkey and Irak an improvement is expected. The actual beginning of oil operations should aid conditions. At present, the contiguous territory is overrun with geologists nosing out the likely sites for drilling. The Turkish Petroleum Company, with its shares internationally distributed, has a monopoly of the field.

Soldiers are naturally abundant in the streets—most of them being the Assyrian Levies, Christian mountaineers from Kurdistan who espoused the Allied cause during the World War, with tragic consequences to the Assyrian people. When war lately loomed between Great Britain and Turkey over Mosul, the families of these Assyrian soldiers, being within the Turkish lines, were removed, none too gently, into the interior of Turkey, and some twenty thousand of them fled

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miserably across the border into Irak. This gave rise to the tales of “atrocities,” certainly true in part, so widely circulated at the time. Will the day ever come when the public may reasonably expect the clear, two-sided and uncolored statement of facts concerning any conditions or events in the East that touch European politics?

Noisy, dirty, idle, undistinguished Mosul, which is neither wholly Oriental nor at all Occidental, a hodge-podge city, without qualities or characteristics to compel either admiration or affection, squats on the western bank of the Tigris River. A bridge that is half pontoon and half masonry connects it with the eastern bank, where rest in dignity the earth-covered ruins of old Nineveh, which yielded to Layard, seventy-five years ago, the treasures of Sargon's Royal Library. More than twenty years ago, the British Museum resumed excavations here, and, according to agreement, covered up its diggings when through. Despite this precaution, many precious Assyrian marbles have found their way into native limekilns. All that is now visible of the once-proud city which so cruelly harried Israel is a heap of earth. The outlines of the extensive walls may be traced as one stands on the ruins of Sennacherib's palace, where goats and sheep now pasture. To the eastward the mountains of Kurdistan lie beyond Arbela, where Alexander the Great wrested world dominion from Persia. The river bank of old Nineveh is now used as a public laundry by the women of Mosul. All glory has departed, quite as the Hebrew prophets predicted, from the city which in Bible times ruled the known world.

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*He will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness,
And flocks shall lie down in the midst of her.*

With one striking and curious exception: while the very name of Nineveh has disappeared, that of the prophet most closely associated with its history survives; for *Neby Yunis*—"Prophet Jonah"—is a village which enshrines the tomb of the reluctant Hebrew preacher within the confines of the ancient city. A notable mosque has been built over Jonah's reputed grave; apparently on the foundation of an earlier structure, a Christian church; which, in turn, was erected on the ruins of the palace of Ashur-bani-pal. The decorated *turba*, or tomb, is shown to the visitor who takes off his shoes and enters, but the attendant says that the real grave is in a crypt underneath. The saw of a swordfish hangs on the wall as a relic of the veritable fish which swallowed Jonah! The Neby Yunis Mosque is unusually well carpeted, and decorated with texts from the Koran in fine calligraphy.

The unexpected may be set down as the expected in traveling inland over the Near East. Thanks to the hospitable helpfulness of the Presbyterian missionaries in Mosul, we were set on our way to Bagdad in a new Ford car, belonging to an English-speaking Armenian, whom they vouched for as the most reliable driver in the city. Of course, we paid a whacking price for the one-day ride. In a few hours, we came to Shergat (ancient Asshur) the rail-head of the Bagdad line. For reasons unknown to us, our car turned into the station, and there ensued considerable

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mysterious colloquing with sundry Armenians. Then we drove up briskly alongside of the rustiest Ford in Mesopotamia, the last stage of a flivver, driven by a dirty, ragged Armenian who could have filled a stage rôle as a bandit without further make-up.

"Get into this car; it will take you to Bagdad; mine can't go," announced our chauffeur, without a word of warning that we were to "change cars at Asshur."

Not so fast: we are from Missouri; what is wrong?

"My car is broken down, and cannot go any further."

"What is broken?"

"Engine all broken. Get in this car, this man will take you to Bagdad"—starting to unlash our luggage the while.

"Wait a minute. We are not going in that car. If your car won't run, you must get us a good one. And whatever car we take, you will have to drive it yourself."

What could an enterprising business man do with foreigners so unreasonable as this, who acted as if they might turn one over to the British authorities at a moment's notice? Here had presented itself to our chauffeur an opportunity to sublet a transportation job, at a big profit, to an irresponsible Bagdad conational, whose identity was not known to any foreigners, so that he might use his own methods of supplementing the money he would receive. Could it be that all Americans are not wholly clay in the hands of a shrewd Armenian? Our chauffeur looked at us in perplexity; we had simply sat in his automobile and issued an ultimatum that would take all profit out of the maneuver. Suddenly, with an ill-tempered, "Oh!

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what's the use?" expression, the chauffeur quickly resumed his seat at the wheel, and drove off with us, in the car that could not go any farther!

If the automobile was not broken then, it soon bade fair to be. A few hours farther on, as we saw in the distance the sacred and picturesque city of Samarra, on the other side of the Tigris—its golden-domed mosque and famous ziggurat (the only complete survival of this Tower of Babel form of architecture in the world) rising conspicuous above the city's unique walls—our chauffeur lost the road. Be it remembered that the country between Mosul and Bagdad is practically all desert. To lose the road is no trifle. My own judgment was that the road lay to the east, toward the river, certainly that was the direction of landmarks. But the driver was not in a mood to hearken to me; and went bouncing on across the unmarked waste, until—crash! We had struck an old irrigation ditch; and by the sound, had broken both the front axle and the steering-gear. We got out, in the blinding glare of the fierce Mesopotamian sun, and looked about. A mile or so distant was a Bedouin encampment. We would go to them as guests, invoking the law of hospitality, before they could discover our plight and come to us, with possible unfriendly purpose. The driver should trudge off to the nearest settlement for other transportation. Before we could put this plan into effect, the man's examination of the car showed that neither axle nor machinery was broken; the only damage was two badly burst tires. So we waited in the heat and sun, for repairs to be made; and eventually off we started again, the chauffeur's temper in no wise



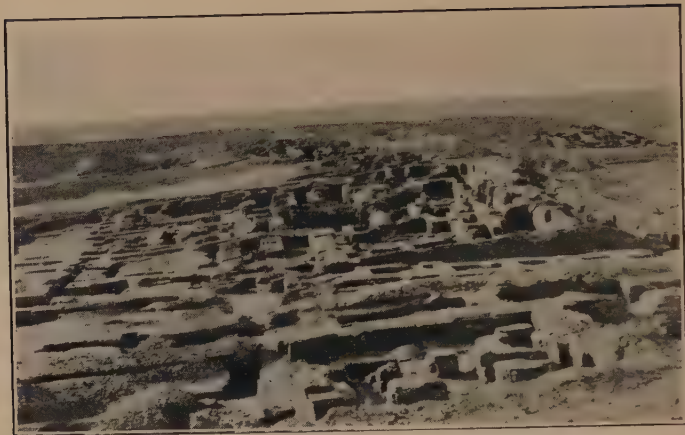
Photograph by H. Lampard

ONLY FROM OUTSIDE OF THE GATE MAY
A CHRISTIAN SEE THE MOSQUE OF
KAZMAIN, BAGDAD.



Photograph by H. Lampard

ASSYRIAN CHRISTIANS IN BAGDAD.



ARCHÆOLOGISTS HAVE UNEARTHED AT UR OF THE CHALDEES THE
STREETS AND HOMES OF ABRAHAM'S TIME.



RUINS OF THE GREAT ZIGGURAT AT UR OF THE CHALDEES WHICH
ABRAHAM SAW IN ITS GLORY.

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sweetened. This time my suggestions became orders, and we turned east and found our highway.

I hope Ezra and Nehemiah and Jonah and Abraham and the Exiles found this road more interesting than we did. By this time, we had grown weary of breathing air like a blast furnace, and of inhaling the fine, powdered dust which, when in its proper place and watered, produces wonderful crops. Even such historic sites as old Asshur and its excavations; and Tekrit and Samarra, could not produce any thrills, so deadening to the brain were the sledge-hammer blows of the sun. Even the native refinery, wherein the Arabs utilize, after a crude fashion, the outcropping petroleum, on this occasion received only a casual glance. Of landscape there is none, save the small hills which denote ancient cities: this is the flat alluvial plain of Mesopotamia, which stretches clear down to the Persian Gulf. Certain of these clearly marked irrigation canals were dug by Xenophon and his Ten Thousand; but our interest is only casual.

Our automobile adventures were not yet over. Near nightfall, twenty-eight miles out from Bagdad, we were halted at a gendarmerie post and warned that the remainder of the way was not safe, being infested with bandits, and unpatrolled. Well, what about it? We could not return to Mosul. Would the officials give us a guard? Oh, no; their duty was simply to warn us; and to require us to give a written receipt that we had been warned; which we did, with much amusement at what Mulvaney would have called "a Solomon of a regulation!"

The effect upon our Armenian chauffeur's nerves

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was not good, however; for, as he drove madly toward Bagdad, he took us into a mud puddle that was a modern version of Pilgrim's Slough of Despond. Instead of using his head to extricate the machine, he simply drove his engine, in low gear, at full power. Despite all remonstrances, he persisted, carrying us deeper and deeper into the swamp, the radiator steaming furiously the while, when—bang! the whole front of the car seemed to blow up.

Although no habitation was near, we were within sight of the golden domes and minarets of Kazmain, a suburb of Bagdad that is a shrine of Shiah Moslems. Yet we were apparently mired for the night. I reconnoitered and found nearby a large, dry railway culvert, where, to utilize the few minutes of daylight left, I cleared the ground for the night's camp, laying up a pile of stones as missiles against prowling animals. Going back to the car to report my preparations, I found that it was only the rubber connection between the radiator and the engine that had exploded; and the chauffeur was busy making a new one from an old inner tube. I will say for that unsatisfactory Armenian that he was something of a genius at repairs. Oriental-like, though, his lights were not working; and we had to feel our unlighted way along the edge of pits and embankments, until we reached Bagdad; where the police held up the car for its lack of lights. So we drove to our Bagdad hotel in an *araba*, or carriage.

Bagdad should be a high point in any tale of travels. Something of the glamour of the Arabian Nights clings to the name. It preëminently is the world's city of traditional romance. Since the great days of the

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Bagdad caliphs, Haroun er Raschid first among them, Bagdad has symbolized Oriental magnificence and marvel. It is a goal of trade and travel, the center of caravans and of conquests. “By asking questions, one may go to Bagdad,” says the Turkish proverb. Harems and houris, wealth and wisdom, adventure and Aladdin-achievement, distinguished pashas and distressed princesses, genii and geniuses—these are what untaught fancy expects to find in Bagdad, the palm-girt city which sits astride the Tigris, between the gates of Persia and the walls of Babylon.

As a matter of cold fact, in the eyes of one familiar with the whole Orient, Bagdad is neither the old nor the new, but a hybrid of times and of peoples and of architecture and of usages. It is without form or comeliness. Like Mosul, it is a combination of narrow alleys where two donkeys may scarcely pass, and wide, unfinished streets, with a disappointing mixture of modern business houses and oriental shops, the former being partially Oriental and the latter partially modern. The War has brought sophistication and restlessness to leisurely old Bagdad. Jewish women, wearing square, horsehair veils as long visors, and dressed in brilliant abeyahs and high-heeled shoes, rub clothes with Englishwomen in the newest fashions from “home.” Motor cars, both military and civilian (“Keep to the left” is the law of the road, as in London), are regulated by the traffic police who wear the overseas cap of the A. E. F., which form of headdress is also affected by some civilians, especially young men, and by the king, as being the sign of Irakian nationalism.

Few things in modern Bagdad are more interesting

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than this attempt to create a national feeling amidst this heterogeneous population of Arabs, Jews, Persians, Assyrians, Armenians, Kurds, Yezidis, Sabeans, Syrians and untagged racial admixtures. One Englishman said to me, anent an attempt to work up a display of enthusiasm for King Feisal, "These people simply do not understand patriotism. Their country was given to them ready-made, and their king also was given to them, both by the British, at no cost to themselves. So they do not know what patriotism means." After the long native rebellion against the British in 1920, the people seem outwardly quiet, although they grumble at the cost of government; and frequently say they would rather have the Turks back. That ungrateful commonplace is doubtless merely a picturesque way of expressing political discontent. So far as I could learn from the British themselves, they are in Irak to stay. Grave concern for this gateway to India, Persia, Russia and Turkey animates Downing Street.

Bagdad was only beginning to recover from disastrous floods when we were there. So we saw, and smelt, the city at its worst when we circumnavigated it in an *araba* on the day after our arrival. We had called at the American consulate, but no Americans were in at the moment, so I asked the English-speaking kavass to tell our *arabaji* to drive us around the city. Evidently he told him literally and explicitly just that; for we were taken upon a complete tour of all the graveyards, refugee camps, rubbish dumps and flooded area which mark the limits of Bagdad. Later, of course, we got to know the charming residential quarter, with its gardens and its club, which the British have built

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up; and we met the small American community, made up of missionaries and consuls and visiting oil men.

Bagdad is a modern Babylon; that is, the living center of this region which is forever pivotal to life and to history. Literal Babylon is nearly fifty miles distant: other ruined cities of fame surround Bagdad on every side. In less than two hours an automobile whizzes the visitor across the glaring, sun-dancing plain to the ruins of Babylon, which was earth's greatest city about the time the united kingdom of Israel was flourishing. Babylon is a byword of power and pomp and parade: how uniquely great was this city against which the anathemas of the Old Testament prophets were hurled, is understood only by delvers into the lore of the ages. In the days of Abraham, about 2000, B.C., King Hammurabi of Babylon, held sway over all of a wide Mesopotamia, and his famous code of laws was cut on stone steles set up throughout his far-stretching borders. At the time of Moses, as the Tell el Amarna tablets show, the written language of Babylon was in use even in Egypt for official purposes. Long afterward, King Sennacherib, of Assyria, the dread foe of Israel, destroyed Babylon; but its greatness could not be wiped out; and his son had to rebuild it. The palaces of Babylon witnessed the ignoble closing scenes of the reign and life of Alexander the Great.

Such was the Babylon that the Old Testament knew and dreaded. Mindful of this ancient glory, as well as of the present ruins amidst which I wandered, I read, on the spot, Isaiah's daring word of prophecy (Isaiah 13: 19-23):

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And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldean's pride, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall shepherds make their flocks to lie down there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures: and ostriches shall dwell there, and wild goats shall dance there. And wolves shall cry in their castles, and jackals in the pleasant palaces: and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged.

Imagine my feelings when I saw a jackal slinking before my feet amidst the ruins of Nebuchadrezzar's palace! Fugitive bits from the seers of Israel float through the mind, as one surveys this uninhabited heap which once was haughty Babylon:

"How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! Jehovah hath broke the staff of the wicked. . . . How art thou cut down to the ground, that didst lay low the nations!"

Strange and stirring thoughts tumble over one another in the mind of a visitor to Babylon's ruins: thoughts concerning the transitoriness of human power and grandeur as contrasted with the persistence of the purpose of the Almighty; and thoughts concerning the many mighty kings at whose tread the world once trembled, who are now but uncertain names in the archæologist's chronology,—whereas the despised and enslaved Children of Promise lift up their heads in might throughout all the earth.

*By the rivers of Babylon,
There we sat down, yea, we wept,
When we remembered Zion.*

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*How shall we sing Jehovah's song
In a foreign land?*

*O daughter of Babylon, that art to be destroyed,
Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee,
As thou hast served us.*

What does one see who goes to Babylon? At first approach, heaps and heaps of bare, brown dirt. These are as ramparts of excavation. Inside, are the priceless uncoverings made by the German archæologists, until the War terminated their work. They laid bare the Sacred Way of the gods Ishtar and Marduk. Before the War, I traversed this route which, thousands of years before, devotees of Babylon's idols paraded in high festival. Green faïence covered the walls: it is all gone by now, by the hands of souvenir hunters and their servants. Curious bas-reliefs in brick, of sacred dragons and bulls, stood out perfectly on the walls; these, too, are being rapidly demolished; for which historians a century or two hence will curse our day. When first I went to Babylon, it was possible to trace the entire plan of Nebuchadrezzar's palace at the bases of the various apartments. Nowadays the palace is reverting to irremediable ruin. The floor of the throne room of the palace, with every brick intact, and the whole covered with bitumen cement, was shown to me, even to the alcove for the throne, as the probable scene of Belshazzar's feast. On this visit I find most of the bricks gone, and the identity of the spot disappearing. The uncovered city walls, of mud bricks, high and wide, are becoming once more mere heaps

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of dirt. The shops and dwellings so meticulously exposed by the Germans are no more. The Government of Irak, which has a department of archæology, has left unguarded this priceless ruin, an inheritance to be kept sacredly in trust for the ages; and tourists and ignorant Arab vandals are laying Babylon waste anew. Soon the recently uncovered walls and floors and foundations and highways will be, like the hanging gardens and the ziggurat, or Tower of Babel, a mere historical reminiscence.

Something of the dramatic art of history suggests itself to the Bible student at work in Bible Lands. From the vocal and vindicating ruins of once-arrogant capital cities and empires, he turns to such strong religious persistencies as the Sabeans, a mysterious people, dwelling in Bagdad, Amarra, and along the lower Tigris, who seem not to belong to any of the heterogeneous races hereabouts; but who claim to be followers of John the Baptist. Gentle, handsome, kindly folk are these Sabeans, with their strange rites and frequent immersions, and their cult of the stars, which links them also to the Magi. Famous as silversmiths, these artist-artisans have kept secret their process of free-hand designing in antimony upon silver. They are a more marvelous survival of the centuries than Babylon or Nippur or Nineveh.

Older than Babylon, and associated in the public mind only with the name of its most famous citizen, Abraham, who, four thousand years ago, forsook the place and its idolatry, is Ur of the Chaldees, a great and interesting ruin. It lies well down on the line of the railway between Bagdad and Bosra, and is

“BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON”

reached only after a journey of a night and a day. Fortunately for the traveler who would escape the terrific heat, there is a comfortable *dak bungalow*, or rest house, with an efficient Indian servant, who provides good European meals in this remote desert. Consider the incongruity of going to Ur of the Chaldees by railway train! Seen from a long distance on the level plain of Mesopotamia, Ur is simply a great tower of earth; suggesting, whimsically, the outstanding and enduring personality of Abraham. On nearer view, this central ziggurat is found to be surrounded by complete excavations, quite equal to those of Babylon when the Germans were still working there. The stairway to the top of the ziggurat, where doubtless was a central shrine, has been restored. The sheer mass of this great solid construction—a plains people's substitute for a mountain—is as impressive as its abundance of skillful brick work, laid in bitumen, is astonishing.

Major C. Leonard Woolley, of Carchemish and Sinai fame, is in charge of the expedition, which is jointly directed and financed by the University of Pennsylvania and by the British Museum. He has unearthed successive layers of civilizations that have surely carried the records of a ripe civilization far back of the days of Abraham. One of the certain sites uncovered is a convent, built, or restored, by Nabonidus, father of Belshazzar, for his own daughter, Bel-Shalti Nannar, sister of Belshazzar, who was the high priestess, or lady superior, of the Convent of the God Nannar.

In popular interest, as well as in archæological lore, the diggings at Abraham's home town have yielded extraordinary results. The domestic fireplaces and

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cooking jars and kettles take us back into the unchanged life of the common people. These closely-crowded small dwellings would be called slums in a modern city. Yonder stands architecture's first known arch. Large collections of clay cuneiform tablets have been found mirroring the daily life of the temples and of the city in that far-distant period which used to be regarded as a sort of fairyland of history. All the researches of Major Woolley have shown that civilization was highly matured at the time of Abraham. Among the tablets are innumerable records of business transactions, in the way of receipts and vouchers. Nothing archæological seems too extraordinary to forecast: so what if the archives of Ur should still preserve the clay transcript of the sale of the property of Terah and Abraham, as they left this magnificent center of idolatry for a land wherein they could worship in freedom the One God?

As one walks over the uncovered streets and buildings of ancient Ur, Major Woolley's reports in hand, the city seems to live again with shadowy men and women. These altars, these temples, these symbols, these festivals, to which the archæologist's finds so dramatically bear witness, are the very expression of idolatry against which the souls of Terah and Abraham revolted, when they heard the Voice calling them forth to the Great Adventure. An impressive commentary upon the Book of Genesis, and upon the history of the Jews, is this exhumed city of Ur, brought forth from beneath the dust of ages, the safe-deposit vault of Jehovah, to testify to the setting of the Book which strikes its roots so deeply into the Land.

CHAPTER XXIII

PERSISTING PERSIA AND ITS SCRIPTURE SITES



PERSIA lives, while its rivals have all perished. Israel's prophets pronounced doom upon Babylon and Assyria; and these great nations are dead. The same prophets praised Persia, because its kings honored Jehovah and dealt generously with His Chosen People: and Persia has continued a nation to this day. Such is one of the startling facts which appear when the Bible is laid parallel to secular history.

I am grateful to all the Bible characters whose trail has led me so far afield over the romance-crowded area of the ancient world; but my debt is especially deep to Queen Esther and to Prophet Daniel, and to Statesman Nehemiah and to The Three Wise Men, and to the Jewish Exiles, whose stories constrained us to penetrate to far Persia, the land beyond the tourist's ken. Not only have we brought home more travelers' trophies from Persia than from anywhere else, but we also possess rich and varied memories of wayfaring experiences for which there is not room in this short and crowded chapter. To have seen the palace homes of Esther and Daniel and Nehemiah at Susa; and the Peacock Throne in the present palace of Persia's new sovereign in Teheran; to have wandered over the mighty remains of peerless Persepolis; to have looked

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upon the tri-lingual inscription at Behistun, the most important monument in Asia, which gave Rawlinson the key to the cuneiform language; to have seen the garden cities of Shiraz and Isfahan, after perilous journeys through Persia's highest passes; and to have lived leisurely with Persia's people, both the great and the lowly, in this land of roses and ruins and rugs—that is to have tasted the real rewards of foreign travel.

Somehow, it is difficult to visualize this distant mountain country of the "Great King" as part of Bible Lands. Yet it was one of the really determinative regions of the later history of the Old Testament. Outstanding as a site is Shushan, the Susa of the modern maps and records; which place, however, is still called by the natives "Shush." To reach it, one must go down into the stokehole of the world, at Bosra and Mohammerah, where the Shatt-el-Arab (which is the name of the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers) meets the Persian Gulf. Weather is warm in Egypt and in the Sudan; and hot in Bagdad and on the desert; but in Mohammerah and Bosra one breathes the air of a sevenfold heated furnace. How those fine-quality American missionaries at Bosra, and the British business men and officials, manage to stick it out is a marvel to a wayfarer.

At Mohammerah one meets that powerful institution, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which wields all-potent influence in the hinterland. It is scarcely possible to go to Susa without the consent and coöperation of the "A. P. O. C.," as the name is usually spoken. Fortunately, we had the requisite introductions, and so were the recipients of hospitality so comprehensive as

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to be embarrassing. Lodging, food, transportation, by automobile and by launch, and every service flavored with gracious friendliness and expert counsel, were all from the hand of this politico-commercial corporation. From Mohammerah to Ahwaz, by motor boat through palm-girt waters, and by car through flat, alluvial, mirage-bordered lowlands, one goes to Ahwaz. The native life on the way is of as low a level as the plain. As in lower Mesopotamia, the Arabs dwell in frail reed huts, sleeping on woven mats of palm leaf, such as left their print on the bricks of Babylonia. These natives are illiterate, half-naked, semi-savages; and one wonders how they have survived the malaria of the millenniums. Here at the center of ancient civilization, human life is incredibly primitive and impoverished. Life seems lowest where it first began. The doctrine of social evolution gets scant support down Garden of Eden way.

Ahwaz is a prosperous town, "made" by oil. By the thoughtful pre-arrangement of the A. P. O. C. officials, an American car was to be in waiting for us on the other side of the river; but when we got to it, the semi-nude chauffeur informed us that the radiator, and certain other parts, were temporarily missing. Even an all-powerful British corporation cannot "hustle the East." Back to Ahwaz we went, where the English-speaking political agent of the company, Mirza Ali Khan, undertook to get the machinery back into the car. Mirza Ali Khan would devastate Newport society, with his handsome, dreamy face; his cream-colored European clothes, the coat long and tight, covered by a flowing black gauze abeyah, and all surmounted by

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a black pill-box hat. His urbanity was as charming as his attire. And, somehow, he got that wreck of a Ford reassembled; and off we started for Susa, in the midday heat, our driver's nakedness now completely covered. Across a fertile irrigated plain we sped, negotiating successfully a curious assortment of improvised bridges over the waterways. All of them, whether of earth or of poles or of iron railway ties, were of exactly car width. At times, the trail ran close to the crumbling edge of a high bank of the Karun River; but great is Moslem fatalism. This was not our day to be killed.

After three hours of swift and sporting and bone-shaking riding, within sight of snow-capped mountains to the north which refreshed our eyes, even if they did not abate by a degree the torridity of the atmosphere, we came to a great square "tell" on the plain, surmounted by a modern castle. This is what is left of Shushan. South of it, to our right, we had passed a long line of smaller "tells," or hillocks, which also seemed artificial. At the foot of the ruins of Shushan, lies a small village; and a large graveyard. A curious steeple, or tope, rather of Indian design, is the deeply-venerated "Tomb of Daniel," to which pious Moslems make pilgrimage.

We climbed the hill and entered the castle, which was built by the French archæologists in the early nineties, as a defense against snipers. But it was erected on a corner of the ruins to be excavated; which reminds one of a man's sitting on the limb of a tree which he is to saw off; for the excavations of Susa cannot be completed while the castle stands. Visi-



TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES HAVE NOT OBLITERATED THE MAGNIFICENCE OF PERSEPOLIS.



THE TOMB OF ESTHER AND MORDECAI AT HAMADAN, PERSIA. THIS IS THE ONLY RELIGIOUS SHRINE OWNED BY JEWS.



GLORIOUS PERSEPOLIS, WHICH QUEEN ESTHER KNEW, IS A JUMBLE
OF RUINS



MODERN SHUSHAN AND THE TOMB OF DANIEL.

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tors to the Louvre, and all students of ancient history, know of the great treasures of art and of inscribed records that have been dug out of this pile of dirt. This is the palace of the Persian kings. Here are the remains of the very building wherein Queen Esther went to plead for the lives of her countrymen. In these excavated streets and houses were carried on the intrigues of Haman. By yonder palace gate proud and wise Mordecai used to stand. In one of these halls, sad-faced Nehemiah bore the cup to the king; and received the mandate to rebuild Jerusalem. Here Daniel proved that fidelity to faith's principles wins rewards beyond imagination. At least three of the most dramatic episodes in Old Testament history had their setting amid the splendors represented by this great pile of earth. Few are the travelers who have seen Susa, the great ruin of a great reign; but yearly, at the Feast of Purim, the thoughts of all devout Jews, the whole world around, go back to this spot. It is not of Cyrus or Artaxerxes or Darius or Alexander at Susa, but of Esther, that the world to-day thinks; one of innumerable evidences of the hold of the Bible upon public imagination.

Our return journey to Ahwaz was hectic. Fear of darkness rode on the shoulders of the chauffeur, who knew more about his lights than did his passengers. We forded the Karun without mishap—watching some natives, who were crossing afoot, lap up water in their hands as they went, like Gideon's chosen band—and we got safely by the crumbling river bank, and over most of the bridges. Only one deep irrigation ditch, to be crossed by means of two inverted iron railway

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ties, remained to test our driver's skill and fortune. Possibly made reckless by previous success, the Persian boldly approached the ties at a slight angle. But his aim was poor. He got each front wheel onto its proper groove, but missed with the back wheels. So we came down with a crash, our rear axle resting on a railway tie, the wheels spinning in space. Nothing but a straight lift up could extricate us. And the sun was setting, with Ahwaz more than an hour away.

Near by was the miserable camp of a band of Arabs. To them the chauffeur went for help. Thereupon ensued a long period of quarrelsome shoutings and gesturings. One unused to the East would have suspected a deadly affray; really, it was only price-fixing talk. Our chauffeur soon gave in, and the Arabs trooped toward us. They were finely built fellows, as we were well able to see, for the dozen of them possessed altogether scarcely clothing enough for one man. Their features were classically chiseled and full of animation. I liked them, in spite of their barbaric capers. Taking hold of the car, with one heave they lifted it out of its difficulties. As passenger, I thought I should pay, that the memory of the foreigner might be fragrant in the tents; and I offered the sheikh a five-rupee note; the rupee being the currency of Mesopotamia, including Mohammerah and Bushire. The old sheik did not understand its value, and asked for Persian silver instead. Our extra passenger, a well-dressed young man whom the chauffeur, in thrifty oriental fashion, had picked up at Susa, at once offered to change the bill. For the five-rupee-note, in value about a dollar and seventy-five cents, he proffered to

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the Arabs twenty cents' worth of Persian silver. I interposed, making known to everybody present my condemnation of this Shylock by cuffing him, since I had not the language. As for the Arabs, they were helpless in their ignorance. I understood afresh why primitive peasants in the East, since they cannot match the wiles of money-lending Christians, retaliate upon them by physical force. At my insistence, our Shylock offered more and more in Persian currency, until he had given somewhat above half the value of the note; whereupon I desisted in despair. The little incident is a picture of Persia, and of the East in general, where the ignorant are shamelessly exploited by the sophisticated. With lights out, or occasionally glimmering, we limpingly made the last stage of our journey back to Ahwaz, after the driver had repeatedly lost the road within five miles of his own home. Soon we were enjoying the luxurious refreshment of A. P. O. C. hospitality, and the company of cultivated Britons.

To reach Persepolis, after the return to Mohammerah, meant a voyage down the Persian Gulf to Bushire, an insufferable perpendicular city on a peninsula, which is Persia's greatest port, the end of the caravan trade from Shiraz, Isfahan and the eastern interior. Here again we became guests of the British, this time of the consul, and henceforth, until Teheran was reached, of the Indo-European Telegraph Company and of the British C. M. S. missionaries. These last named, at Isfahan and Shiraz, are, on all counts, doing the best missionary work known to me in the whole world to-day. I wish there were space to tell the story here. Bishop Linton deserves a chapter by

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himself; and his physician-wife another. It is worth the long, hard journey to discover such a rare Christian group as this, and such an extraordinarily successful mission. To the north and west, the American Presbyterians have a monopoly of missions, with a large, fine personnel, and potent schools and hospitals in the capital and elsewhere. Through them America has exercised a shaping influence upon the new Persia. What they have done with and for the ancient Assyrian Christians—now scattered and impoverished and homeless, because of their loyalty to the ungrateful Allies during the War—is one of the notable stories of Christian missions.

There is no denying that this trip is not easy. The true tale of that adventurous ride over the historic high passes between Bushire and Shiraz would be a record of thrills and escapes; relieved by views of wonderful mountains and glens and streams and native life. This is one of the world's oldest highways; and still a caravan route, after the ancient mode. Trains of donkeys and camels, laden with bales and boxes, browse by day and travel by night, carrying all the commerce of eastern Persia. This is a land without railways; only recently has it begun to go awheel, in automobiles. Most of the land is a high mountainous plateau, potentially fertile, with water available for irrigation. Various influences have diminished the population, so that in the whole of vast Persia there are only about nine million persons, nearly all of whom are Moslems of the Shiah sect. The people are tragically poor, as well as illiterate. Only the herculean efforts of the American Finance Commission prevented a nation-wide

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famine last year. Even so the distress and poverty in some sections are heart-rending. Nevertheless, Persia strikes a traveler as being a land of a great to-morrow, as well as of a great yesterday. The people are up-standing and capable. A new zest for education, and a new spirit of patriotism and of national unity, have swept the country. After the War, the deadly grip of the two rival imperial powers, Russia and Great Britain, which have long sought to possess Persia, was shaken off. A new "strong man," Riza Shah Pahlavi, has been seated on the blazing Peacock Throne; and law and safety have come to the uttermost borders.

Safety is a new boon for Persia. In all of our weeks in Persia, we never lost the sense of personal security. Summary punishment by the central government has wiped out the banditry so recently prevalent. During many hundreds of miles over the lonely trails of Persia we encountered not a single unfriendly expression. Even distant Persepolis, which lies on the two-day automobile trek from Shiraz to Isfahan, seems as safe as the Metropolitan Museum.

Here were palaces of splendor elaborately built on and of solid rock. Lavish and magnificent fragments survive. The famous royal stairway, so gradual in its slope that a horse and rider could ascend it, still remains, as when it echoed to the footsteps of Daniel and Nehemiah. Sight-seeing Persian ladies, rather careless of their veils, and giggling in mock fear lest the foreigner should photograph them, and quite excited over a conversation, while unveiled, with this stranger from overseas, patter about the stately ruins of the once-resplendent palace where Esther reigned

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as queen. Lofty pillars, immense portals, carvings and inscriptions, royal tomb-chambers in the rock—these remain to testify to the majesty and might of the Persia of Bible times.

More impressive to this chronicler than any of the famous antiquities of Persia is the simple structure which enshrines the tombs of Esther and Mordecai. Shushan's ruins are a sermon upon human vanity; Persepolis is a place of wonder, certainly ranking with the first three of the greatest survivals of pre-Christian civilization; golden-domed and verdant Rhey, near Teheran, to which the Jews were exiled, has various claims upon the traveler; the tri-lingual rock inscription of Behistun has immortal fame (though nobody has sung the praises of the sweet, cold spring which flows from the rock at the foot of its mountain of stone); the shah's palace in Teheran, with its newly-installed Peacock Throne and its glorious old rugs, carries on a great tradition; rock-sculptures and tombs along the highways that were famous thousands of years ago, enkindle the imagination; but none of these things took hold of me like the seldom-described shrine of the lovely Jewess, Esther, and her patriot uncle, in Hamadan, which was the Ecbatana of the Old Testament.

In form not unlike the common Moslem shrines—a small whitewashed square building, surmounted by a dome—this burial place of two of the best-remembered figures in Hebrew history appeals by its simplicity and by its continuity. The tiny entrance is closed by a little stone door. Inside, one enters a sort of vestibule, or chapel, which leads directly to the



Photograph used by permission

THE PEACOCK THRONE, TAKEN FROM THE MOGULS AT DELHI BY
THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

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chamber containing the two old carved wooden caskets, which, oriental fashion, are above the real tombs below. The venerable Jewish custodian of the shrine, and his two alert descendants, seem sincerely religious and unusually intelligent. They say that there are inscribed dates in the subterranean chamber which show that, although the outer building is less ancient, the structure has been continuously in the keeping of the Jews for twenty-three hundred years. This is the only shrine of their faith and nation which is to-day in the possession of the Children of Israel. In the building is a small space for synagogue services, as these graves are a place of pilgrimage for the Jews of Persia and Bagdad.

A considerable Jewish population is to be found in Hamadan, as in all other large communities in Persia and Mesopotamia. Once I held a conference with the Chief Rabbi of Bagdad and his associates, concerning the ever alluring question of "the lost ten tribes of Israel." They did not answer my questions lightly. There was much talk among the turbaned and long-gowned doctors of the law, and no little wagging of great gray beards, before the Chief Rabbi told me that they were unanimously of the opinion that the so-called "lost ten tribes of Israel" never were lost at all; but that they continued in the land of the exile, and remain there to this day. He amplified the point that the Jewish population of Persia and Mesopotamia (all of which was under the rule of Cyrus the Great, at the close of the exile), has ever since been large, and continues so. One important group, said to be the tribe of Gad, settled in the Yemen, in Arabia, and are

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still there. The Chief Rabbi told me also of the interrelation of the Jews of Bagdad and America, and showed me a picture which had been sent to him from New York. Concerning Zionism (this was in 1911) he expressed skepticism, adding: "The Promised Land of to-day is America."

An incident of our homeward journey illustrated the uncanny continuance of the identity and faith of the Children of Promise. We were crossing the desert from Bagdad to Beirut in the same big Lancia car that had carried us from Shiraz to Teheran and thence to Bagdad. Three or four hours out, on a detour made necessary by the unusual floods of the past winter, we came upon a truck with a broken axle. We ourselves were stuck in the sand within sight of it. Men and boys ran to us seeking succor, and their tale was tragic. The truck contained twenty-one Persian Jews, en route to Palestine—the latest detachment of the returning exiles, led, more than two thousand years ago, by Ezra and Nehemiah! So long has the lamp of faith kept burning in "a strange land." This large company of Jews, mostly women and children, had been crowded cruelly into one truck by a Syrian transportation company, which had charged them five hundred dollars for the desert-journey of only two or three days. Thus early on the road the overloaded automobile had suffered a broken axle. So for four days, through the burning heat of noon and the cold of the night, that unfortunate company had been stranded in the desert. Their food supply had become exhausted; although, fortunately, the neighboring flooded area had provided water. I shall not soon for-

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get the expression of one mother, with a Madonna face and a babe at her breast, as she pleaded with me, in a tongue I could not understand, for rescue.

Naturally, we shared our own food supply, and took one of the company with us to seek succor in Ramadi, the last frontier post of Irak, which was only a few hours distant. There I brought the plight of the stranded company to the attention of the British officer in charge of passports and of police. As one may always count upon a British officer's doing, in occasions of distress and injustice, he vigorously took hold of the situation and straightway had the pilgrims brought into town and fed and sheltered before midnight; promising to make the transportation company pay all charges. Tragic as was the plight of these Jews, bound for the land of their fathers, over the same bitter trail traversed by their kindred in the long ago, it was comfortable as compared with the horrors undergone by the exiles themselves. I obtained a new light on the Book of Ezra in mid-desert.

"Bread upon the waters" this service to the Persian Jews proved to be. We ourselves had got only two hours out of Ramadi when we were halted by a blow-out; and Philip ruefully told us that he had no more spare tubes or tires—with more than five hundred miles of unpeopled desert ahead of us! It turned out that he had thriftily sold his set of new tires in Bagdad, trusting, Oriental-fashion, to fate to see him across the Arabian desert on his old ones. Obviously, there was nothing to do but to turn back to Ramadi, which we reached at two o'clock in the morning, spending the remainder of the night in the car. Our outlook was

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dark, for we had a boat connection to make at Port Said. Before a messenger could arrive from Bagdad with new tires, our margin of time would be consumed. Then it was that the British friends whom we had made in our zeal for the stranded Jews came to our rescue. Not only did Captain Loader entertain us in his home, but also through him we learned that an experimental auto-bus of the Nairn Transportation Company was at the neighboring station of the Royal Air Force, and about to start for Beirut without passengers.

This was a trial trip for an American-built, sixteen-seated, six-wheeled omnibus, with all of the luxury and conveniences of a Pullman car. Its advent into the desert marked an epoch in transportation. It means comfort for the traveler and a sure schedule. Automatically, it eliminates the long-cherished project for a Haifa-Bagdad railway. Irresponsible native companies will soon be a thing of the past, since Mr. Norman Nairn, the all-alive New Zealander who pioneered the trans-desert automobile service, four years ago, plans to instal three classes of big busses, the cheapest being under the rate that private touring cars would have to charge. This land leviathan, with its special "low-low" gears and extra pair of wheels, to defy sand and mud, puts the journey between the Mediterranean at one end and Mesopotamia and Persia and India at the other, on such an established foundation that many days and much money will be saved by travelers who formerly sailed through the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Mr. Nairn himself was along with this specially-constructed car, and

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cheerfully accepted us as the first passengers in the new car, along with two Bagdad journalists.

So it was a comfortable and sure run that we made for two days and two nights of continuous going, save for a few hours' sleep at Tripoli on the second night. Surprisingly few camels and sheep and Bedouins were seen; and surprisingly many sand grouse, or quail. Only an occasional herd of gazelles crossed our vision, with now and then a solitary bustard. Our midnight meeting with the eastward-bound convoy of three Nairn cars was theatrical, all hands turning out to behold this new wonder of the desert. The pink-cheeked English boy fresh from home, on his way to Bagdad to take up his first job—poor chap—was no more interested in Arabia's newest exhibit than the desert-tanned chauffeurs of seasoned convoys.

Even those who know it best seem not to outgrow the strangeness and romance of motor transport across the wide spaces of the silent desert of Arabia, for so many millenniums the inviolate refuge of the Bedouins. Always there is sufficient spice of danger to add a fillip to the experience. Ordinary cars, which set out alone, with the foolhardiness of the East, often come to grief. We passed a big Bentz limousine and eight native passengers, stranded by tire trouble, with no spares, midway between Ramadi and Rutba Wells, a good six hours of fast going in either direction; and we could offer no aid to the helpless chauffeur, except the advice to stuff his tires with grass.

Of the countless tales of automobile adventure upon the desert that one hears, none seems more extraordinary than that there have been two head-on collisions.

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With seven hundred miles of room in which to maneuver, and less than ten cars in all that space, there have been two smash-ups. One of these was the occasion for a bit of poetic justice, to the truth of which I can testify. An American missionary secretary was returning home across the desert. Because he is a large man, and unwilling to crowd the two other rear-seat passengers, he especially reserved the front seat alongside of the driver, paying ten dollars extra therefor. At the first halt in the desert, another passenger, of a notoriously assertive race, possessed himself of the front seat, and shamelessly refused to surrender it, upon the representations of the chauffeur and of the missionary secretary. The latter, with Christian forbearance, accepted the situation rather than raise a real row. Within an hour the automobile collided with another, and the usurper of Dr. C——'s seat was killed outright. The American himself escaped with only a broken rib or two.

Our own journey was drawing to a close: most of the desert lay behind us. Palmyra, Solomon's "Tadmor in the wilderness," was a breakfast stop with time to scramble over the impressive ruins of the once-splendid capital of Queen Zenobia, who in her day defied imperial Rome. The city is now a French frontier post. Our interest is confessedly keener in the present Syrian revolt against the French, with reports of recent raids and fighting along our way between Palmyra and Tripoli. Both natives and soldiers we encountered aplenty, but no action. And when we reached the road of wonders that borders the blue Mediterranean, our desert-weary eyes feasting on the spa-

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cious views of vegetation and sea, we were as good as in Beirut, which seemed, after the long journeys which we had undergone, but a short stage distant from Port Said and America.

We have accomplished our task. All the lands of the Bible lie behind us. This narrative of our unique journey has omitted much that should be written—especially the trip to Jiddah and to the very gates of Mecca—but the book has far exceeded its allotted limits. And there may be other volumes.

If the foregoing pages have made at all clear the overwhelming reality and fidelity to its setting of the Bible, that ever living book, and its eternally contemporaneous adequacy for human life, we shall feel ourselves abundantly rewarded for our toils and travels.

THE END

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